



THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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May.

A NOBLE LIFE.
MRS. LILLIE HAYES WAUGH.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

PRINCIPLES must pass into performance, precepts must crystallize into character, before they can arrest the swift gaze of the present century. This fact explains why the charm of biography, great in all ages, has reached an intensity in the youngest and the busiest of nations, which was before unknown even among the oldest. James Parton, prince of biographers, is one of the inevitable outgrowths of an epoch in which "seeing," *only*, "is believing." "What man has done, man can do," oracularly repeats "the father of the period," as he places in his son's hand the history of "The Bobbin-boy," "The Mill-boy of the Slashes," or "The Tanner of Galena." "The Lives of Lincoln" bid fair to form a library in themselves; the simple biographies of Jacob Abbott constitute the bulk of Young America's historical acquirements, and the human aspects of that incomparable life,

"Which left along the summits of Judean hills
A light that made them lovely."

have inspired the whole diapason of contemporary authors, from the greatest preacher of America, to the most famous novelist of France. Brought to the test by the accumulating resources of biography, and the insatiable demand for its delineations, how admirable is it to see the good life, even in this most practical of ages, outstripping all the rest in its attractions! Noble lives! They are the Church's choicest heritage, the unanswerable argument against her enemies; and, in all departments of her work, they are required as credentials of its mission and proofs of its success.

To-day, the dear old Methodist Church "of

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ours" is sending forth "the Macedonian cry" in the sweet and tender tones of a woman's voice. In the face of much prejudice and not a little opposition, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society has won its way to a hearty recognition from our most representative tribunal. Almost coincident with this was the death of one who, by less partial voices than those of friendship, has been pronounced "the foremost lady missionary of our Church." And now, through the pages of their own magazine, comes to the daughters of our beloved Zion the story of her life, which, in its gracious completeness, combines the credentials, the successes, and the inspiring prophecies of this new enterprise "of the women, for the women."

May it not be, that many a bright eye shall be lifted from these pages with far-off, thoughtful gaze; that as you read, dear, fortunate girl of "the New America" (who have so often longed for labor worthy of your powers), a warmer zephyr from a land more distant shall fan your cheek; that to your ear, so ready to catch the cry of pain, shall come the echo of soft and plaintive voices from shores unseen; and that in your brave young heart may spring up a fountain of such love for the unloved of India, as shall lead you to replace upon that distant field the gentle herald whose early death we mourn?

Lillie Hayes Waugh was born, Washington, Connecticut, November 25, 1839, and died at Ravenswood, near Chicago, Illinois, June 14, 1872. Mrs. Waugh was that rare compound, the ideal missionary actualized. Let us study the surroundings of her early life and the make-up of her character. She was born among New England hills, and incorporated much of their bravery and breeziness into her disposition, but none of their granite into her heart. As a child,

she was one of the precocious who have good health, and the conscientious who like fun; she was, indeed, that unusual combination, a "remarkable child," who yet "was not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." She studied Latin at the age of seven with her father, who was the Congregationalist minister of the parish. Her love for books did not isolate her from other children of her age, in whose circle she was the chief attraction. Never demonstrative, but quiet, witty, often exciting bursts of laughter by her drollery, while a smile only played on her countenance, she was loved by her companions, of whom she never complained, and with whom she was never angry. Indeed, it has been said of her, by one who knew her life from its beginning, that she was altogether free from indications of ill-temper. Her interest was not confined to those of her own age; but, as years wore on, she gathered the little folks around her, wherever she happened to be, and was never happier than when amusing or instructing them. They flocked to her side as if she had been one of their number, and never ceased to hold her in kindest remembrance. This feature has been dwelt upon as revealing much of character. Noble and genial is the man or woman whom little children love! She had the good fortune to be educated, during all her earlier years, at home. Her father and eldest brother were the teachers to whom she owed the thorough training that brought her fine endowments under her command. In the academy at Bennington, Vermont, she also studied under their guidance, and in 1856 she left New England and entered the North-western Female College at Evanston, near Chicago, then recently established by her brother-in-law, Professor William P. Jones, A. M., and now merged in the Evanston College for ladies, connected with the North-western University. Of this institution she became the first Alumna, completing its Classical Course in 1858. Here, for two or three years, she sustained the double relation of teacher and pupil, and, with complete success, played the difficult and complex rôle of teacher in school, pupil in recreation hours, and loyal ally of "the government" at all times.

She was married to Rev. J. Walter Waugh, March 2, 1859, and immediately after, with her husband, set sail for India. Of the voyage she says: "It was, all things considered, a pleasant one. It was certainly conducive to elevation of thought and greater spirituality. In those long months, isolated from worldly cares and distractions, we had time for that reflection which is so essential to the soul's development."

Of their trip from the coast to their destination in the interior, she writes:

"We were not quite a week in Calcutta, and while there were very closely occupied. Many articles must be purchased in those few days for our comfort on the inland journey and afterward. In the few European stores every thing was held at exorbitant rates, and in the bazaars, where we did our shopping, we were in constant perplexity, owing to our ignorance of the language and the deceitfulness of the people. Then came our journey up-country, which I enjoyed exceedingly.

"The inland scenery of India is really beautiful, and, as this was immediately after the rains, we saw it in all its verdure and freshness. Our *modus operandi* was this: We carried part of our own provisions; rode all night, either at a full run or a full stop; took breakfast at ten or eleven o'clock at a 'dawk bungalow' (or cottage for rest and bath, no hotels known), and dinner, after another stage, at sunset. We had an arrangement in our 'garries' (a cumbersome kind of stage-coach, or *diligence*), on which we could recline to rest or sleep. Thus we traveled for eight days—crossing great rivers, as the Loane, the Indus, and the Ganges, and passing through immense cities as Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore—when we arrived at Lucknow, where we received a hearty welcome from the members of the mission, who had met for our first Mission Conference. Here we passed through the trying scenes of Mr. Downey's illness, death, and burial, mingling our tears with those of an anguished, widowed heart.

"When the Conference was over, we came on to Shahjehanpore, where we are now housekeeping, and happy as we can be, in our own home. That father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and dearly loved friends, are thousands of miles from us, is our trial; but their dear presence we forego for Christ's sake, and this sweetens the bitterness."

The following letter gives an insight into Mrs. Waugh's life as a missionary, and is pervaded by the quiet earnestness which was, perhaps, the most salient feature of her character:

"To the Alumnae of the North-western Female College:

"DEAR SISTERS,—The secretary of your Association asks me to write you a letter 'about India,' which I do with pleasure, in the hope that I may be able thus to awaken in your hearts a deeper interest in our dusky sisters, who are deprived of the blessings which we so highly value, and an appreciation of which will call you together at the time appointed for your reunion.

"In the years that have passed since I gradu-

ated, in 1858, my affection for our *Alma Mater* has not diminished ; and, though many who will meet there are strangers, yet, bound be by one common tie, they will feel like old acquaintances, and dear friends. Thus the varied experiences of each will become of interest to all. With this apology for egotism, I am emboldened to tell you, by letter, since I can not by word of mouth, about my home in India.

" Could you, to-night, instead of gazing upon the charms of Evanston, be borne over the billows, over the hills, plains, and valleys of India, till you reach the 'Upper Country,' and there enter one of its native cities, and following down the narrow streets, crowded by half-naked Hindoos, turn off a few steps from the common thoroughfare, this scene would meet your eye : A thick wall, ten feet in height, above which rises a pretty bungalow, displaying its neat veranda and white pillars. Entering the inclosure by a gate in the rear wall, and mounting the steps for a nearer view of the indwellers, you would see faces, to some of you familiar—two on opposite sides of a small center-table, bending over letters outward-bound. You would find all the doors thrown open, and a 'punkah' (suspended fan) swinging overhead. The bright sunshine, the songs of birds in the large trees around our 'bungalow,' with the lowing of herds in the distance, and the voices of native men, women, and children, would strike you with a sense of pleasure, mingled with bewilderment. But you would quickly recognize the land of changeless verdure and perpetual sunshine. A few hours later, you would shut out, at every door, window, and crevice, the blasts that become fiery, even in April and May ; for my home has not the climate of a poet's dream. From four to six o'clock A. M., the air is cool and pleasant ; from six to eight it is endurable, under the 'punkah,' while throughout the remainder of the day, existence is a burden. From October to the middle of June, a few dark days at Christmas, and in April an occasional dust-storm, followed by a shower, are the only interruptions to cloudless days and glorious nights.

" Exposure to the sun's rays is so fatal to the European, during the six Summer months, that the English soldiery are severely punished if they leave their barracks from eight o'clock A. M. to four or five P. M. ; while the better class of natives who venture out in the heat of the day, do so under the protection of heavy white turbans, and umbrellas. Many, however, pass the hours of intense heat gathered in groups in the deep shade of the mango-trees, or bathing beside the deep wells, which are

shaded, cool, and delightful in their surroundings, and where, in talk and laughter, they while away their idle hours.

" Nothing could be more picturesque than these groups of slight, gracefully formed men, in their white garments ; and they give a true idea of Oriental life—its indolence and love of ease, its carelessness about to-morrow, in contrast with our Western restlessness and energy. And I am ready to confess that the Orientals, in their calm enjoyment of life as it passes, seem to me truer philosophers. But is there not a happy medium between the old and new in this regard ?

" But while the men of India, particularly those of the higher and middle classes, enjoy all the pleasures of an out-door life, doubly desirable in a climate like this, their wives and daughters are shut in by four bare walls, with few comforts and no luxuries. A matting on the floor, one or two cots, spread with a single quilt, one or two old chairs, and, where there is some pretension to wealth or 'style,' a few glass dishes and baubles and gaudy pictures unframed,—these constitute the furniture. Wealth, where it exists, instead of being used to make a pleasant home, is expended in fine clothing and costly jewels, which are only displayed on holidays and 'state occasions.'

" As to the education of these women, a few can read and write ; but their reading is limited to Persian poetry and stories, and the Koran in Arabic, which the wisest seldom profess to understand. With such material to feed upon, you can imagine what development their minds can reach, and what their lives must be. A class of young ladies to whom I taught embroidery, were delighted with this addition to their stock of resources, and said : ' Once we were accustomed to think it answered well enough to lie on our cots, and laugh and talk all day ; but now we are uncomfortable if we have nothing about which we can busy ourselves.'

" A friend of mine, a native lady of wealth and position, was shown a copy of *Harper's Weekly*. She was delighted no less than amazed, and said, ' What a beautiful world, and how happy you must be who can go where you please, and see all these wonderful places and things ! '

" The more intelligent and thoughtful feel their seclusion keenly, and secretly rebel against it ; yet so accustomed are they to hide themselves from the sight of men, with the exception of their nearest relatives, that even after they become Christians, and begin a new life, whose very key-note is liberty, they are ashamed

to throw aside their veils, and involuntarily screen themselves from view.

"Their dress is unique, and by no means ungraceful. The flowing drawers are very much gored, so that, although voluminous below, they almost fit the form at the waist, and in walking are gathered up and tucked into the belt, making a huge frill in front. In hot weather, a very short lace jacket, and a lace shawl thrown around the shoulders, complete the costume. The hair is either combed straight back and wound in a *wad*—to use a term more expressive than elegant—on the top of the head, or, braided with red cloth, it hangs from the crown of the head down the back; this latter method is thought to be in better taste.

"The few schools that women can attend here, are carried on either by a teacher who goes from house to house, or else the pupils are carried to and from their teacher's home in covered 'dolies' similar to palanquins, or covered carriages borne on the shoulders of men. Those who, coming in contact with missionary ladies, receive translations of religious and other books, are very happy and enjoy keenly their opportunities of improvement. I have been thanked most heartily for sending them books and teachers, and for venturing among, and talking with, native ladies, while their regrets that their privileges were so few have made my heart ache; especially when I have contrasted their condition with that of young girls in our schools at home.

"Are there none among our Alumnae whose hearts turn toward these who sit in darkness, with a longing desire to elevate their aspirations and affections, and to make of our youth teachable and tender-hearted sisters, pure-minded Christian women? There is no more ennobling work on earth. America has many teachers and bright examples. India is in darkness, and must ever be, until light enters the minds and hearts of her mothers, daughters, and wives."

While Mrs. Waugh possessed rare powers of expression, hers was pre-eminently the life of deeds as distinguished from the life of words. In all that she has written, the references to her own constant and fruitful labors are so few and fragmentary that we must have recourse to the accounts of others.

Rev. James Baume, for seven years a missionary in India, and in 1866 President of the Indian Mission Conference, but now the genial and eloquent pastor of the Church at Evanston, thus writes concerning his personal knowledge of Mrs. Waugh:

"Our sister went to India to do the work of

a missionary. Her first task was to master the Urdu or Hindustani language, as also the Hindoo—a task which she accomplished with great credit to herself and profit to her work—carrying her studies into the Persian language also, in order to enrich her Hindustani. On the mission-field, Mrs. Waugh was a quiet, steady worker, and made her labors tell wherever concentrated.

"For a while, Dr. and Mrs. Waugh had charge of our 'Boys' Orphanage,' numbering nearly one hundred—a most responsible position, and one that they admirably filled. After that, Mrs. Waugh was associated with the 'Girls' Orphanage,' and made her influence felt both in the school and in the domestic department of that important institution. Later, she is found in the congenial work of assisting in the translation of some much-needed volume into the vernacular.

"For some time before leaving India she was zealously employed in what is known as the 'zenana work' of the mission—visiting the lady members of the well-to-do Hindoo and Mohammedan families, to give them instruction in needle-work, teach them to read, and tell them about the true way, the only Savior and woman's best Friend. In this work, her knowledge of the language, her well-balanced character, and her sincere piety gave her great influence and commanded the respect and confidence of all whom she could reach.

"It was her delight to be employed for Jesus. There was nothing spasmodic, demonstrative, or merely impulsive in her religious life. She possessed a remarkable balance of mind and heart—reason, judgment, feeling, conscience; and her life flowed on with a calmness, and yet with a steady persistence, that was at once evidence both of the clearness and the depth of the stream."

An article in the *Christian Statesman*, written by Mrs. I. L. Hauser—for years associated with Mrs. Waugh in our mission in India—gives a vivid account of her life there:

"Her youth, her well-trained mind, and her earnest desire to be useful, made the acquirement of the Hindustani language a quick and easy task, and with more than ordinary facility she attained its peculiarities of idiom and pronunciation. Her first missionary work in Barreilly was among a class of coolie women, who were incomprehensibly dull and slow to learn. For nearly two years she worked earnestly for them, never blaming them for their dullness, but only weeping over her own inability to make any greater impression on their minds. Mrs. Waugh only ceased her efforts for these women

when they removed from Bareilly to a new Christian village.

"Upon the establishment of the Girls' Orphanage in Bareilly, Mrs. Waugh began to teach regularly in that school. In the Orphanage she was very successful, and greatly beloved. When the sad news of her death reaches India, many a bright eye, which she guided through the mazes of Hindustani text-books, will overflow with bitter tears; many a ruby lip, to which she never refused the motherly kiss, will grieve with heart-felt sorrow. Upon Dr. Waugh's removal to Lucknow, Mrs. Waugh soon found in the zenana schools a still more congenial field of labor. Through the long hot season, though frequently the sirocco had blown all night, by six o'clock in the morning she would be ready to leave her three or four little children, to leave her cool, comfortable home, and go forth, through heat, dust, blinding glare, and narrow alleys, to the close, dingy women's apartments of some native house, where a little school had been gathered. Until ten o'clock she taught, guided the poor and incompetent teachers, and dispensed carefully the Word of Life, often feeling well repaid, and often disengaged.

"Three afternoons or more in the week, some of the native teachers came to her house for instruction. Besides all this, were prayer and class-meetings to be attended; the sick to be visited, and frequently supplied with food from her own table; the poor Christians to be looked after, and, as far as possible, supplied with work; her children requiring unusual care in that hot climate, and often needing to be carefully nursed through tedious illnesses; and not least of all was she a true helpmeet to her husband."

To this truthful and excellent notice of Mrs. Waugh's work it may be added, that she first, in our Lucknow Mission, inaugurated the system of "Bible-readers" for women. It was in 1867 that she noted in her "Diary" her first attempt in this direction, and mentioned with how much interest she was watching for the first signs of success in this new phase of missionary labor. She lived to see much done, and the efforts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society greatly blessed. Among the zenanas, however, was her great work; and it is hardly possible to exaggerate the good she thus achieved or the loving memory in which she is there cherished.

When I bade dear Lillie Waugh good-bye, I little thought it was to be my pleasant fate to go more than half-way to her distant field to meet her when she should once set sail for

home; that of all the troops of friends, cherished in "auld lang syne," I should be first to clasp her hand.

From my Oriental journal are here transcribed notes of our meeting, and of the place where it occurred:

"28th Feb., 1870.—The stars shone brightly as we reached Suez, where Moses and his people crossed the sea. I looked out over the shining waters. Above them was the friendly constellation—friendliest of them all—the dear old 'Dipper,' that father taught me how to trace from the sweet hills of Forest Home.

"A queer hotel we had—just by the water's side—looking out upon the clear and quiet sea; 'so that you're not obliged to step from the door, even to see where Pharaoh and his host was drowned, Miss,' explained the proprietor with almost a Yankee's sense of what is enterprising!

"Going soon after into the great dining-room of the hotel, I found my seat opposite a portly, pleasant-faced gentleman, whom I soon recognized as Bishop Kingsley, though I had never seen him before, save once in the pulpit of an old church at Evanston. Some one beside me mentioned to his *vis-à-vis* that an English steam-ship, the *Neera*, was just in port from India, and that among the passengers was a lady with her children from Lucknow, bound for Chicago, Illinois! Without a word, I left the table, went up-stairs to the hotel register, and there, just under our own names, I read, 'Mrs. Waugh, four children and servant, room No. 15.' Going directly to the number indicated, I found the door ajar and several children being put into their 'night-dresses' by a Hindoo woman, black as ebony, and, standing by the window, a lady, whose sweet face I should have recognized no matter where, and who knew me instantly, clasped my hands with eagerness, responsive to my own, and said, 'This seems almost like getting home!'

"Long we sat hand in hand, talking over the lessons of the years—their gains, but most of all their losses. She loved my sister Mary, and spoke sadly of her early death. And then she told me that, aside from the necessity of bringing home her children, her chief reason for returning was to see her parents, who were growing old, and had written of their great longing, after all these years, to see her face once more. But even while she was on her way to the port whence she sailed, a letter came saying that her mother—whose youngest daughter Lillie was—who had lived on tranquilly in health all these years of her absence, had died now on the eve of her return! Dear Lillie Waugh! Life must

look very sad to her—going home to find vacant the most cherished of all places; going to leave her children and return to India. How little they dreamed her grief, the merry, bright-eyed little boys, as they climbed up the tall bed-posts, playing 'sailors,' while their mother talked with me of all these things!

"Early next morning, before I rose, I heard my friend going, with her three active little boys, her sweet young daughter, and her Indian servant, to take the train for Alexandria, and so on toward the West and home."

She found a warm welcome from her large circle of friends, both East and West, and a pleasant home with her sister, Mrs. Professor Jones, of Ravenswood, and one year later Dr. Waugh rejoined her.

A letter, written but a few months before her death, in response to the request of a young lady who wished to study with her, preparatory to going out to India, shows (in spite of its brevity and the haste in which it was written), how deep and abiding was her interest in the work of her life.

"WASHINGTON, CONN., April, 1872.

"MY DEAR MISS M.—I am very glad, indeed, to know that you wish to study at Ravenswood this Winter, and I shall be most happy to give you lessons in Hindustani. I am sure it will be a great advantage to you to be able to begin the language before going out to India, and it will be very pleasant for us to become acquainted with you here.

"You have our warmest sympathies in your preparation for a work that is very dear to our hearts. Life seems worth living when it can be devoted to a purpose so noble. There are many pleasant compensations in our life in India, for the pleasures we forego in leaving a Christian country; and I believe it is always best to look on the bright side of life wherever we may be. I wish I could study medicine with you before returning to India; and this I could do were it not for the care of my little ones. I have read a great deal of medicine for my own instruction; but not enough to give me confidence in practicing.

"I hope the time may soon come when it shall seem less a sacrifice to go to foreign lands, and hundreds of our young men and women be eager to bear their part of labor in the foreign field as they now do at home."

Bravely and well had our dear friend "borne her part in the foreign field." She was never to see it again. Her pleasant face would never more light up the gloomy homes of her sisters by the Ganges, the Goomty, or the Ramgunga.

In May of this year, the youngest of her five

young children was taken seriously ill with cerebro-spinal meningitis. Faithfully as she did every thing; tenderly—as for her children she did every thing—she nursed him night and day. When he grew better, she sickened suddenly. In her delirium she would speak nothing but Hindustani; her thoughts were of the far-off Orient, the unfinished work, the sad-faced friends she had loved and labored for.

And when she seemed better, and the fever went away, and she lay rational and quiet in her room with her husband by her side—when they least looked for it, the hour for which all other hours are made, struck softly its summons of release, and the sweet wife, the gentle mother, the unselfish Christian, passed "beyond our sight, above our ken."

FURTHER GLIMPSES AT OLD ENGLAND.

BY MRS. E. S. MARTIN.

THE remembrance of Pevensey Castle, which stands close by the sea, near Tunbridge Wells—where we parted, in a former chapter, from our reader—has become almost as a myth to the world outside the British Isles; although it was, in its day, a spot of great renown; and is now, after the lapse of centuries, in a good degree of preservation. Our party visiting Eastbourne, went over to explore the old gloomy fortress, the walls of which were built by the Romans. In the bay, just below this wall, the fleet of William the Conqueror lay, as he landed in 1066, where the castle now stands. We find, in a history of the Norman Conquest, a quaint picture of this disembarkation of the duke and his armament.

"The knights and archers landed first; after the soldiers, came the carpenters, armorers, and masons, with their tools in their hands—planes, saws, axes, and other implements, slung to their sides. Last of all came the duke, who stumbled as he leaped to shore, measuring his majesty's height upon the beach. Forthwith all raised a cry of distress. 'An evil sign is here!' exclaimed the superstitious Normans; but the duke, who, in recovering himself, had filled his hands with sand, cried out in a loud and cheerful voice: 'See, Seigneurs, by the splendor of our Lord, I have seized England with my two hands. Without challenge no prize can be made; and that which I have grasped, I will by your good help maintain.'

"On this, one of his followers ran forward, and snatching a handful of thatch from the roof of a hut, brought it to the duke, crying merrily:

Sire, come forward and receive *seizin*! I give you *seizin*, in token that this realm is yours.' 'I accept it,' replied the duke, 'and may God be with us!'

Then they sat down and dined together on the beach, this most remarkable picnic party; and after the meal, they sought a spot on which to rear a wooden fort, for which they had brought disjointed pieces in their ships, from Normandy.

The intelligence of the arrival of these unwelcome guests, from a foreign nation, was conveyed to Harold, the King of Britain, by a knight from the neighborhood of Pevensey, who had heard the outcry of the peasants on the coast of Sussex, when they saw the fleet arrive; and being aware of the projects of the Norman Duke, through the treachery of Matilda's father, he had posted himself behind a hill, where, unseen himself, he had watched the disembarkation of the mighty host, and their proceedings on shore. When they had built up (which was performed with great rapidity) their wooden fortress, and intrenched themselves within its inclosure, with so inconceivable haste had it been accomplished, that to the knight it is said to have appeared like a work of enchantment. Sorely troubled at what he had seen, the knight girded on his sword, and, taking lance in hand, mounted his fleetest steed, tarrying not by the way for rest or refreshments, till he had found Harold, to whom he communicated the alarming tidings in these words: "The Normans have come; they have landed at Hastings, and have built a fort, which they have inclosed with a fosse, and palisades; and they will rend the land from thee and thine, O Harold, unless thou defend it well!"

King Harold, by every means, strove to pursue the departure of the foreign duke, offering the most fabulous amount of silver and gold; yet with no avail. At the battle, fought near Pevensey, ordinarily called the Battle of Hastings, where William had for an ally the treacherous King of Norway, Harger, Harold was slain by a random arrow, which passed through his left eye, penetrating the brain. The mother of Harold buried her son at his royal foundation of Waltham Abbey, placing over the tomb, this simple but expressive sentence: "Harold Infelix."

Matilda, the queen, has, in a curious section of the Bayeux tapestry, shown us the manner in which the trusty followers of her lord carried the disjointed frame-work of this timber fortress to the shore—the duke, on his good steed, which had been presented to him as a token of friendship by the King of Spain, to which noble

charger Matilda has done full justice in her Bayeux tapestry. It is represented as caparisoned for battle, and led by the duke's squire. There is also, in the same group, the figure of a knight, armed *cap-a-pie* in the close-fitting ring armor and nasal conical helmet worn by the Norman chivalry of that era, with a streamer attached to the lance, something after the fashion of modern lancers, with this difference, that those of the ancient knights were adorned with his armorial bearings, and thus served as a rallying point for his followers. This knightly figure in the Bayeux tapestry, just described, is generally believed to have been designed for an effigy of the redoubtable conqueror of the realm, or as correct a likeness of him as his loving spouse, Matilda, could produce in cross-stitch.

We must not linger among these generations of the past, whose memorials stand up so grim and lonely and dark. Our feet tread to-day the soil on which hundreds of dead kings and knights and lusty retainers built their mud huts, erected their wooden forts, and made rich the ground by war and carnage, for future generations to till and sow and reap, and gather into barns; erecting, meanwhile, these proud castles of defense, which seem imperishable as compared with the brief life of those who reared them. We look upon the England of to-day as having attained an almost perfect ideal of what a monarchy in the nineteenth century ought to be, and compare it, with an undisguised horror of the past, as it was developed through centuries of tyranny and crime. And yet, to our feminine conception, old England still needs a moiety further of Christian renovation, stanch Churchman though she be, before her work shall be pronounced well done.

Does it not seem unnatural and hard that a few titled men, many of them marked by a most reckless and profligate life, should be the possessors of all the large domains of land throughout the kingdom, while the poorer sort toil so strenuously, simply with the aim of keeping soul and body together for a few brief years, and then to die as the galley-slave dies, leaving no inheritance to his children? The old plowman, with whom Mrs. M. spoke a few words, and who was at the moment holding the plow, as he had done in the same place for nearly three-score years, was bent and distorted by rheumatism; getting meat, as he said, never oftener than once a week, and many of his co-laborers only twice during the twelvemonth—at Christmas and Easter—while Lord Abergarney can look out over miles and miles of beautifully ordered parks, kept solely for the game, which would be future starvation.

to any menial retainer who should dare lay hands stealthily on fox or deer.

There are seventy miles of rides for equestrians through it, to which none can be admitted save members of the noble family themselves, and their privileged guests, who, in the Autumn months, tread down the purple gorse with their fleet, high-mettled steeds, and make the dim forests gay with baying hounds and merry bungle-call.

Estate joins lordly estate in this way through the whole dominion of England, where landlords rent the soil to farmers—always excepting these parks—at such high rates that they can not afford to pay the under hirelings more than three dollars per week (twelve English shillings) for the best among them. At the present high rates paid for all edible articles and personal apparel, one can easily decide what amount and quality of food and clothing can be purchased for a family of ordinary dimensions, with so meager wages.

And yet, with this depression upon them, the household servants of England, as a class, may in verity be styled nonpareils, so perfect are they in their own specific departments. Each day some one of the party gave expression to a longing desire that a few of the great, well-trained legions might suffer themselves to be transported to our own United States, which now groans, being burdened with a wretched foreign element, not only at political caucuses and at the polls, but, more than every-where else, in the culinary sections of our domestic economies.

There is a curious prayer, found in the Liturgy of the young King Edward VI, bearing upon this point, which evinces a clearer sense of justice and right in that twilight age than the advanced civilization and Christianity of the nineteenth century: "The earth is thine, O Lord, and all that is therein; notwithstanding thou hast given the possession thereof to the children of men. We heartily pray thee to send thy Divine Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling-places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack, and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands; nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings; but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may be both able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families, and to relieve the poor. Give them also grace to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come; that they,

remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the nourishment of others; but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands, and pastures, that, after this life, they may be received into everlasting dwelling-places, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

There are, however, great practical benefits to the people at large, that flow to them from these high, aristocratic sources, tinctured as they now are, from the crown downward, with liberal proclivities. The royal lands and parks are thrown open for the enjoyment of all classes, and the poorest of the realm trundle or carry their children unmolested in Hyde Park, and the wee bairns frolic and tumble, and toddle about on the velvety greensward and broad gravel-paths, side by side with the noblest of her majesty's subjects. Kensington, Kew, Richmond, and Hampden Courts are equally free to the heirs of poverty and toil. They are each laid out with artistic taste, and most exquisitely embellished and adorned.

Numberless galleries of paintings and statuary, as also halls of science, are open to their inspection free, or perhaps a sixpence demanded for admission. Within easy access of London are large commons and forests, whither, on Sundays and other holidays, the poor and middle classes carry their lunch-baskets and spend the day. The boys and girls riding on donkeys, kept for that purpose, for a sixpence a mile; hundreds of these tame, ungainly animals are always in waiting, tended by enterprising youngsters. So common is equestrian exercise and amusement throughout the island, that Don Piatt, in *The Capital*, says, "The English are born on horseback;" and to watch the never-ceasing tide of riders, one might well decide this to be the case.

We must devote a brief space in this article to the present signs of the times politically in England, with a glance at her sacred majesty, the queen, as it relates to her past, present, and future, as gathered from an almost personal observation. The revolutions and overthrow of absolute autocracy throughout Europe has by no means left the monarchy of Great Britain untouched. A democratic element has so permeated every stratum of society here, and attained so vast proportions, that no statesman can be blind to the fact, whether in or outside of Parliament. The Crown has exhibited most astute logic in that it has gladly sustained the policy of a Gladstone, a Bright, and even a Disraeli, and is now to be governed by the calm, pure, liberal ministrations of Sir Roundell Palmer. I

think the queen rejoices at the overthrow of a Tory cabinet, and welcomes any *régime* that will give more enlarged and dignified views of government to the Commons and people at large in her dominions. At any rate the Radicals have been compelled to yield inch after inch, and foot after foot, in order to pave the way of the disfranchised for the franchise, to obliterate the privileges of mere title, and to discard the traditions of serfdom, until at last the popular will shall govern England nearly as completely as it does the United States. But although the ministry be democratic at heart, no revolutionary tide will ever set in against Queen Victoria; and why? Because England is an honored throne among all nations of the earth, and because the present occupant is so strong in her private virtues that none in the realm would ever break the peace of her remaining life; although it is silently prophesied that no other queen will ever be a monarch of Great Britain and Ireland.

And now let us pass from all lower platforms in sublunary life, that we may mount fearlessly the gilded steps leading to a throne.

In the sweet month of June, in the year of our Lord 1837, the French cry was verified within the splendid bed-chamber of a royal palace in England, "*Le Roi est mort; longue vive le Roi!*" for, on a couch of royal purple and gold, William IV, son of George III, lay dead. In the early morning that succeeded this fatal night, a young maiden, not yet eighteen years old, lay sleeping in her rural home at Kensington, with only such dreams, we opine, as are known to the pure in heart. And these were the solemn words that broke upon her startled sense, even while still drowsy from undisturbed rest, "Long live Victoria, Queen of England and Ireland!" The reception, so humble, so shrinking, so tender, of tidings so important and overwhelming in their nature, and their effect upon her destiny, may be considered characteristic, not only of the modest, unsophisticated girl of eighteen, but furnishes an index to the delicate, unpretentious nature of the woman through every passing and changeful phase of her career.

Brought up by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, on a very restricted income, and an almost entire seclusion from the great world around her, so that dissatisfaction was felt by the nobility on this account, the princess had nearly the same simplicity of habits as her own peasantry. She yet differed from this class in the complete and perfect educational facilities of which she was the never-wearying subject, and that constitute her to-day one of the most

thoroughly accomplished women of her times. Her conversation is at once graceful and full of force in her own tongue, and she writes the English with great ease, and even elegance, being perfectly familiar with the works of poets and philosophers who have been the ornaments of every age.

Not only was her intellectual training in English so complete, but she spoke and wrote the German and French languages with as much correctness as her own. An enthusiast in music, she is an accomplished performer on several instruments, and has a highly cultivated voice in singing; added to these was a decided talent for drawing and sketching from nature; so that one personally familiar with the queen says, "In her girlhood there was hardly a romantic rock or tree or water-fall or moss-covered tower or an embowered cottage, in the vicinity of Kensington, which Victoria did not with her pencil transfer to paper."

Her first presentation at court took place in her twelfth year, when the drawing-room of her majesty, Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV, was decorated with a degree of splendor which dazzled the eyes even of those who had ever lived in the midst of the most gorgeous scenes of courts. Victoria arrived at the palace in state, accompanied by her mother and quite a retinue of noble ladies. "With much self-possession," writes an eye-witness, "and yet exhibiting the deepest interest, she stood in the graceful simplicity of her childhood by the side of her majesty on the throne, and gazed upon the bewildering scene around her, perfectly unconscious that she herself was also an object of intense interest and admiration to the crowd that surrounded her."

We delight in that memory of the royal girl, which tells us that, when the hour came for Victoria to leave the old Palace at Kensington, to enter upon the more stately and imposing splendors of Buckingham, St. James's Palace, and Windsor Castle, tears of regret flooded her eyes, and, sobbing almost convulsively, she was unmindful of the brilliant future in this loving retrospect of the joyous past. The old palace was endeared to her by every pleasant association, and all that wealth could lavish upon it in embellishments had been done, so that to Victoria's artistic taste it was enchanting in its loveliness. Here the young Albert, her cousin from Germany, was occasionally her guest and companion; and the queen takes great satisfaction in recalling the hour, when, as children, the two trundled their hoops, or played "tag" among the shrubbery, with as earnest zest as the little waifs of more plebeian descent.

In these early years, the queen betrayed no weak points of character, nor was deficient in mental or physical strength. Indeed, to our own perception, after a careful analyzation of her private and public life, whatever croakers may assert, there has been, in nearly every act, much innate force of heart and brain manifest, from the first bewildering cry that reached her half-awakened ears, uttered by the Archbishop of Canterbury nearly forty years ago, to the doleful year which inaugurated our Civil War, and took away from the throne of England its best and grandest ally and support, the Prince Consort.

We look back, also, to that 29th of May, 1837, when the princess attained her legal majority, to the coronation scene, and may be permitted to quote from Abbott as to their magnificence, and the way it was all sustained by the gentle maiden of eighteen years :

"In the midst of scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the courts, dignitaries of the Church, and chancellors of the universities, stood this youthful princess, with an eye moistened with tears, and heart throbbing with emotion. The herald announced: 'We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.' Then, in a paroxysm of excitement, overwhelmed by the scene, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and wept with uncontrollable emotion.

"At her first drawing-room, she was surrounded by the most chivalrous enthusiasm. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. All that England could contribute of the illustrious in wealth, rank, and dignity, were there assembled, to gaze upon and revolve around this fragile child. The potentates of Europe had sent their ambassadors, and the thrones of Asia were represented in barbarian pomp.

"Parliament was prorogued on the 17th of July, not one month from the time when the young queen had been rambling a girl, free from care, in the gardens of Kensington.

"As Victoria entered the presence of this most august assemblage of the world, the vast apartment was thronged with statesmen, nobles, and ambassadors from foreign courts. Every eye was riveted upon her as she ascended the throne, not like her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, tall and commanding in figure, but a gentle, sylph-like girl, even more youthful in appearance than in years. The room was hushed to almost perfect silence, as the clear, silvery tones

of an almost infantile voice fell distinctly upon every ear, in uttering the speech of prorogation, with a manner at once self-possessed, graceful, and modest. On the coronation morn, the attention of all the courts in Europe was directed to the pageant in Westminster Abbey, decked as the venerable pile was in most unusually gorgeous attractions. With royal robe and golden diadem, Victoria kneeled, and fervently implored Divine guidance, when the archbishop proclaimed aloud: 'I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted ruler of this realm; wherefore, all ye who are come this day to do her homage, are you willing to do the same?'

To our conception, neither history nor romance, painting nor poetry, has ever depicted a more unique, tender, and thrilling love-scene, than Victoria herself has given us, in the "Life of Prince Albert," regarding her betrothal to her beloved cousin. There is a shy, almost shrinking womanly delicacy in the whole transaction, that indicates so much unaffected sensibility of feeling on the queen's part, that our hearts are irresistibly won over to the suppliant. For State etiquette demanded that the offer of marriage should come from her majesty.

Queen Victoria has never been a cypher in her realm, as, while Prince Albert lived, she never relaxed her attention to public duties, and yet, from the period of her marriage, we insensibly realize that the monarch is merged in the domestic love of husband and children. Her reign has been an eventful one, including a Canadian rebellion, an Afghan war, a war with China and with Persia, with ever increasing discontents and agitations in Ireland; in all of which, however much the calm judgment and wise counsel of the Prince Consort influenced her decisions, she has ever evinced much executive ability in her administration. All that is brilliant in her court or domestic life, belongs to the past. During the last decade of her reign, Victoria Regina has literally been walking under the cloud, and passing through deep waters of sorrow, apparently oblivious of her splendid position before the world, and of the complications in State affairs, of which she is the nominal head. In the marital negotiations for her children, however, she has been far from exhibiting the inane, grief-paralyzed mother, as, on the contrary, the wise and cautious policy in the selection of these alliances is almost without precedent in their brilliant success—the Prince and Princess Royal with the oldest and most patrician monarchies of the world; and with amazingly astute forecast as to England's future democratic tendencies, she has conciliated her subjects, winning their love and respect, by

the alliance of a younger daughter, Louise, to a noble subject, which satisfaction of the people in England and Scotland will be further strengthened, no doubt, when the pretty, willful, keen-witted Princess Beatrice shall wed the highly although not royally born Marquis of Stafford.

CONSECRATION.

BY JULIA RIPLEY DORR.

MARK FORSYTHE and Rachel Wetherly stood at the foot of a long, low, dashing, scrambling water-fall, gathering harebells.

She was past the first flush of girlhood; a gentle, quiet woman of twenty-five, with tender brown eyes and a sweet, sensitive mouth. He was tall and dark, with a colorless face, overhanging brows, and eyes deeply set in their sockets. His lips were thin, his chin sharply cut and decided. He was a man who would have impressed you strangely as an ascetic, a dreamer, and an enthusiast all in one.

High, wooded banks shut them in on either side. The place was weird with shadows, save where, through an opening in the dark hemlocks, the long, slanting sunbeams streamed in, kindling the ragged rocks, and enveloping the two figures in a golden glory.

There had been silence between them for some time, when, at length, he spoke:

"The sun is just going down, and to-morrow I preach my first sermon."

Rachel clasped her lover's hand more closely, and laid her cool, moist harebells against his hot cheek; but she did not speak. After a while, he went on:

"To-morrow I preach my first sermon; and I do not feel as I expected to, or as I ought."

"I do not know as to the 'ought,'" said Rachel; "for my part, I am always conscious of a provoking inclination to laugh at funerals. Our emotions go by 'contraries,' as dreams do."

"But that is because we are weak, because we are not self-poised," answered Mr. Forsythe, gravely; "it ought not so to be. Now, to-morrow, for the first time, I am to minister unto the people in holy things; I am to speak to them in God's stead, declaring unto them his oracles. I ought to be in a 'lifted' frame of mind; in a state of holy exaltation; I ought to be upon my knees, wrestling in prayer. Instead of that—"

"Well?" questioned Rachel, after a pause, "instead of that, what?"

"Instead of that, I have idled away the whole afternoon picking harebells, watching the purple lights on the cliff yonder, and—making love to you."

Her countenance changed slightly, and she played nervously with the fringe of her scarlet shawl for a full minute ere she said:

"Is that so dreadful? But, Mark, I think you mistake the case; you are to speak to the people, not as an oracle, not as a prophet, but as one erring man speaks to another. Whatever brings you nearer to humanity, nearer to the very heart of nature, helps to fit you for your work. So don't make yourself miserable because of one September afternoon you have been happy with harebells and purple grasses, and sunlight and shadows, or," and here she hesitated, "because your promised wife has won you from your books awhile."

But Mark Forsythe did not smile; on the contrary, his face grew still darker.

"I wish I had not promised to preach to-morrow," he said. "I have half a mind to run away, and go back to the seminary to-night."

"But there must be a first time," said Rachel. "Besides, the people expect it; they have waited for it for two years—ever since your father died. You have no right to disappoint them, Mark."

They parted at the gate of Rachel Wetherly's home. But ere he went, she held him fast, reading his face with her clear, steadfast, yet tender eyes.

"You are fanciful and morbid to-night, Mark," she said; "promise me that you will not go near the study, nor quarrel with your frame of mind. Do not try to work yourself up into a state of exaltation. Do you hear me, Mark, and do you promise?"

"I promise," he answered, smiling faintly.

The sermon was preached; a sermon full of thought and power, which pleased the congregation, listening with wet eyes to their old pastor's son; and, what was a harder thing to do, satisfied Rachel. There were the customary formalities to be gone through with; for there is red tape in the Church as well as in the army. But it was fully understood that when, at the close of the scholastic year, Mark Forsythe should leave the seminary, he was to be at once placed in charge of the flock his father had led for forty years.

Mark went back to his cloister, and Rachel kept on her quiet way, making all things bright for the two old people who found in her their sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. Wetherly had married late, and Rachel was the one sole blossom of their Autumn-flowering lives. They should have named the child Theodora; for she was God's good gift, given out of due time, and they rejoiced over her as over an unexpected joy.

The Winter months wore on. Rachel busied

herself at odd hours—for she was daughter, housekeeper, and business agent all in one—over the modest trousseau that would be wanted the ensuing Autumn. What dreams were wrought into the delicate embroideries!—what sweet thoughts and hopes and tendernesses—only maidens may know. She had loved Mark Forsythe from her childhood. Her love had grown up with her, and had become part of her being almost unconsciously as her size and stature had, or the wealth of brown hair that crowned her as with a royal coronet.

Something in the tone of his letters that Winter made her uneasy. They were very variable. Sometimes they betrayed a morbid self-examination that filled her with a vague dread; sometimes there was an air of repression, of restraint, about them that seemed to remove him to an immeasurable distance, and made her feel that he was as remote as a dweller in another sphere; sometimes they were icy cold, and chilled her through and through, till suddenly some burning word, some quick, impassioned utterance, some burst of heat and flame, would startle her into a recognition of the hidden fires seething and struggling beneath the crest of the volcano. She was not surprised, when he came home for the Spring vacation, to find him looking pale, haggard, and as one worn by internal conflicts.

One day she lured him into the pine-woods, in search of the pink and white blossoms of the trailing arbutus. The air was soft and balmy as the breath of June; grasses were springing fresh and green by the way-side; the Winter grain was lying in emerald patches upon the brown hills; the air was burdened with the sweet pain and yearning of the Spring-time.

"What is it, Mark?" she said, taking his hand in hers, when she saw that neither the gay sunshine nor her presence had power to charm him; "tell me what it is that so presses you. I have a right to know, Mark."

"It would do no good to tell you," he answered moodily. "We are so unlike that you can not understand me. It would only grieve you to no purpose."

"But tell me!" she said with a slight touch of imperiousness that became her well. "You must tell me, Mark!"

"I can not," he replied; "I can not find words in which to do it. I am dissatisfied with myself and with my surroundings. I am tired of this half-and-half way of living. I long for fuller consecration. Rachel, Rachel! I envy the old martyrs to whom He revealed himself so gloriously, when they cried out to him from the midst of their torture."

There was an unnatural tension in his voice;

there were bright, red spots upon his cheeks, and fiery gleams shot from beneath the overhanging brows.

"Does not he reveal himself to us just as wonderfully?" she asked gently. "If he chooses to lead us through green pastures, and beside still waters, rather than through blood and flame, ought we not to rejoice at it, and be thankful?"

"No, no!" he cried, holding her hand in so tight a clasp that the blood purpled beneath the nails; "no, no, Rachel! For only they who bear the cross shall wear the crown; only they who suffer for Christ shall reign with him. And how is it with me?" he went on impetuously; "what sort of a life lies mapped out before me? I leave the school with all the honors; I enter at once upon a path worn smooth for me by my father's feet; I marry you, the beloved of my youth; I live in perpetual sunshine. O, Rachel, I would lay all upon the altar of sacrifice, and so gain Christ's favor, and win his peace."

"Buy it, Mark! Christ's peace is given, not sold. Yet if you will make sacrifice the dominant thought in your *credo*, it may be that that very yearning is the offering that God would have you lay upon his altar; who knows? It seems to me that consecration to his service means the doing of his work in the very place and manner that he has appointed."

In this way the twain talked on until the sun went down, and the breath of the May-flowers grew sweeter in the twilight. Perhaps the shadow upon Mark Forsythe's brow grew a little lighter during the weeks he spent at home; but it did not disappear.

After he went back to the seminary, there was a change in Rachel. She had the air of one who waited. She did not mope, she was not silent, she was not sad outwardly; she simply waited.

But she did no more work upon her trousseau. How could she, when she remembered that, more than once, her betrothed husband had spoken of their marriage, their love, as one of the possible hinderances in his way toward God?

No one noticed this; indeed there was no one to notice it. Her father and mother were old people now; they left every thing to Rachel. What she did was well; what she left undone—that was well also.

The Summer days came and went. The last term at the theological school was over; and Rachel sat at her low window, watching for the stage. The tender light was in her eyes once more, as on the day when she stood with Mark Forsythe in the golden spray of the water-fall,

gathering harebells. For the time she had put aside all that pained her, and given herself up to dreams of the coming joy.

The stage climbed slowly over the brow of the hill, it rattled down the long descent, it turned to the right, sweeping under the great elm, and clattered over the bridge; but it brought no precious freight to Rachel's door.

"He is travel-worn and tired," she thought; "he will surely come to me to-night."

But the stars came out, and the great round moon hung like a silver shield in the heavens; and Rachel still sat in the window, watching vainly. Yet she knew that her lover was at home; for the light of his study-lamp streamed from the windows of the parsonage.

Another twenty-four hours passed before he came to her.

There are women into whose natures the motherly element so largely enters that all their loves are in a certain sense colored by it. Where they love, they instinctively brood, cherish, shelter under downiest wings. Such a one was Rachel. She had felt aggrieved and injured by her lover's delay in seeking her. But when she saw his wan face and looked into his troubled eyes, she at once opened her arms and drew his head to her warm, pitying breast. She asked no questions, she made no complaints; she simply soothed him with low loving words and soft caresses, as if he had been a tired child.

The next day he came again, and the next. But nothing was said of the matter that most nearly concerned them, although this was in September, and they were to be married in October. On the fourth day, Rachel felt that she could bear the uncertainty, the suspense, no longer, and deliberately tore down the wall that seemed growing up between them, by some remark as to the altering of a bay-window in the parsonage.

Mark Forsythe was striding back and forth across the room, after a fashion of his in moments of unrest. Wheeling suddenly round, he said:

"Rachel, I am a coward, who dares not meet his fate. It is time we understood each other. Can you bear to hear me say what seems a hard, a cruel thing?"

Her lips blanched, perhaps; but she answered, steadily:

"Mark, I can bear any thing better than this silence."

"There is something that I should have told you long ago," he continued; "but, as I said, I am a coward. Rachel, I have determined to become a missionary. I have offered myself to

the 'American Board,' and they have accepted me. I only wait now for an appointment."

Rachel sat for many minutes like a carven statue—as cold, as still, as pale. Mark stooped at last, and kissed her forehead. But she drew back.

"Why have you not told me this before, Mark? Why have you shut me out from your confidence during all the weeks or months that you have been contemplating this? I had promised to be your wife, and you had no right to keep this secret from me."

"I feared to tell you," he said, in a low voice. "I dared not trust myself in your presence until I had fully committed myself to the work."

"Think of it!" he went on, after a pause, which Rachel did not fill up. "Think how sublime a thing it is to be God's ambassador to the nations that sit in darkness! Think what it will be to live in uninterrupted communion with him, and know nothing but Christ and him crucified!"

"And you think this uninterrupted communion is certain to follow upon a missionary life?" Rachel said, at length. "But you must know already, Mark, that this glorious prospect is not for me. If God has any work for me to do, it lies right here at my very feet. I do not need to go beyond the seas or over the mountains to find it."

"You have given the matter no consideration, my Rachel," he answered. "But with your strong, steadfast, earnest nature, you are the very type of a missionary's wife. I claim you as such in God's name, and bid you leave the 'flowery beds of ease' whereon you have dallied until now, and climb with me the mount of conflict and of victory."

He had arisen, and stood before her with outstretched hands. His voice rang out like the call of a trumpet. His eyes flashed fire.

"Come!" he went on. "I call you, in God's name, to most glorious work—to work that has none of the pettinesses, the littlenesses of daily living here. You shall stand by my side as fellow-worker, helper, counselor, and friend. You shall share my labors and my triumphs, and wear my crown at last. Rachel, come."

The words, as I write them down, were nothing. You should have heard them uttered in his fiery speech, emphasized by his impassioned gestures and illustrated by his dark, burning eyes, to know how they thrilled the heart of the woman before him.

"Come, Rachel," he repeated, still with outstretched arms, "come to my heart once more, for I claim you now, not only as my wife,

but as God's servant; and he calls to you through me."

Tears were raining from Rachel's eyes. I do not know that one fiber of her heart responded to the call to missionary work. But I do know that at that moment it would have been sweet to her to have placed her hand in that of the man she loved, and to have promised to go with him, if need be, to the farthest verge of the green earth. But what she did say was this:

"You ask an impossibility, Mark. Do you not see it? I must stay here where my father and mother have daily, almost hourly, need of me. I shall never leave them."

His arms fell to his side; his face darkened.

"Whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," he said, sternly. "Remembering these words, how dare you resist God's voice?"

"It is not God's voice; it is yours," she answered, while a glow of indignation flushed her cheeks. "Do not strive to wrest from that passage a meaning that Christ never meant it to bear. I can match it with another: 'He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel.'"

"But you can provide for them," he said. "You can procure a good housekeeper—"

"Housekeeper!" she cried. "They are old and feeble. They need warm, daughterly love and care. Will any housekeeper give that? It is useless to discuss the matter, Mark."

"But you promised to be my wife, Rachel. You—"

"I know it. But if you build between us a wall so high that I can not scale it, is it my fault that I do not come to you?"

"There is no wall so high that love can not scale it," he cried, impetuously. "If you loved me, Rachel, all else would be but as the small dust in the balance."

"It is not now a question of love," she answered, sadly; "it is a question of duty; and, despite all sophistries, you know as well as I do, Mark, where mine lies."

"Then you never loved me," he repeated, passionately; "you who can sit there so quietly, weighing duties and measuring obligations. I tell you that you never loved me!"

"I have loved you all my life, I think," she said; "and, so help me God, I love you to-day, Mark Forsythe, better than father or mother—better than my own soul. But—"

"There shall be no 'buts,' then," he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms, and pouring eager kisses upon her brow and lips. "O, my Rachel, you will go with me! In some far,

lonely land, beneath tropic skies, we will spend our days devoted wholly to each other, and to heaven. Say that you are mine, Rachel; say, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"Do not torture me, Mark," she cried in her extremity. "I can not say it; I dare not. Have mercy upon me now, and leave me. I must think; I must pray."

He went at last. That night, when the house was still, and there were no eyes to see her tears, she wrote thus to Mark Forsythe:

"I have thought, Mark; I have prayed. And this is the result: I can not go with you. I must stay here, in the very spot and place that God has appointed. As for you, are you sure of your own motives? Do not be angry with me; but, out of the love I bear you, I must speak the truth. It seems to me that you seek to enter this new field less for God's sake than for your own sake; less for the good to be done than for the blessings to be received; less for love of the souls of other men than for love of your own. It is as if you would bring yourself into closer relations with God through the sacrifices you may make, or the sufferings you may endure. It is the very spirit that drove the hermits of old to the rocks and caves.

"I pray you, Mark, to understand yourself. Have you any right to drop the burden that God, through his providence, has laid upon your shoulders, and take up another of your own choosing? Shall you quarrel with paths of his making, because they seem to you too smooth?

"This is all I have to say. Whatever may happen, remember, Mark, that I have loved you always."

He was angry, bitterly so. The morbid pride and self-consciousness that was at the bottom of all the man's troubles, demanded canonization at the hands of the woman who loved him. He did not like her analysis of his feelings and motives. He wished her to accept him at his own valuation. Yet Mark Forsythe was not a hypocrite. There was in him the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. Who of us is so free from self-delusions that he shall dare to cast the first stone at him?

He vouchsafed no reply to her letter, and the next day he left town.

Three months afterward, he sailed for a mission station on the African coast; and with him went his wife, a gentle, dark-eyed woman, who was not Rachel Wetherly.

The world, in its wisdom, declared that he had done well; Rachel ill. He had nobly obeyed the call to a harder, a more laborious field

of labor. She had weakly striven to hold him back, and at last refused to follow where duty led.

As for her, she gave no explanations, and made no moans. In what nameless grave she buried her dead out of her sight, no mortal ever knew. She reared no monumental stone over it; and if she ever visited the place of sepulture, it was in the night-watches, when only God and the pitying stars looked down upon her. After a little, she took up the burden of her life, and bore it steadily onward.

It was September again. Seven years were enough, one would think, to cover any mound with thickest, softest verdure, however bare and unsightly the yellow clay may once have been. Yet one may think of one's graves, though the sheltering turf be a hand-breadth deep—and Rachel was thinking of hers that night.

Let us look at her for a moment. The years have not passed lightly by her. There are threads of silver in her dark-brown hair. There are faint lines about the mouth and eyes that were not there when we saw her last. She is still fair, still sweet, still beautiful with the beauty that outlasts youth. But she looks, as she sits there in the fire-light, quite as old as she is; and she is thirty-three.

The house is very still; for there is no one in it save herself and the little handmaiden, who is washing the tea-cups in the kitchen. The father and mother, for whose sake she buried the one dream of her girlhood, have gone together to some far land, where, let us hope it, they were welcomed by tenderer care than hers.

She had clasped hands with Peace long ago, and a certain pale content sat ever by her side. But that night there was a fevered flush upon her cheek, and a look of startled unrest in her quiet eyes. It was Saturday night, and on the next day the pulpit of the village church was to be filled by that noted missionary—that valiant soldier of the cross, Mark Forsythe. Could she go to hear him? Could she?

Lost in a dream of the long ago, she did not hear a quick ring nor the step of the little handmaiden in the hall. The door of the parlor opened and closed again quietly. She did not turn her head.

"Is it the evening paper, Martha? You may lay it on the table. I do not care for it just now."

But "Martha" did not leave the room, and after a moment Rachel looked around.

Mark Forsythe!

All the blood went out of her face for an instant, and her heart stopped beating. He did not see it; for he stood with his eyes bent upon

the floor and his lips in a white tremor, waiting for her to speak. With a woman's quick tact she recovered herself immediately, and rose courteously to receive him.

He bowed over her hand with a humility as evident as it was unfeigned. Was this the man of whom she had been thinking that evening—this man who stood before her with drooping head, trembling in her presence?

"Pardon this intrusion," he said at last, in a low, repressed voice. "But did you think I could preach to-morrow without first seeing you? I dared not do it. I was compelled to come hither."

She looked at him silently.

"I dared not stand in my father's pulpit," he went on, "until I had told you that, seven years ago, you were right and I was wrong. When I threw away the love—"

"Stop!" she cried, while a sudden tempest of passion crimsoned her cheeks and her eyes shone with indignant fire. "Stop! The husband of another must not speak to me of love, even though it be a dead love. Let our past lie fathoms deep in the grave where it is buried."

He drew back a step or two, awed by her majestic womanhood.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but do you not know—have you not heard, my wife has been dead for two years, Rachel?"

"But she comes between us nevertheless," she exclaimed with quivering lips. "If you have any thing of importance to say to me, Mr. Forsythe, I will listen; but our past is a sealed book."

"Yet I must break the seals to-night," he cried, passionately; "for our childhood's sake, for my father's sake, for God's sake, I beseech you to hear me, Rachel!"

She was silent from sheer inability to speak; and taking advantage of this, he went on:

"You were right, and I was wrong," he said again. "It was self-love, rather than love for the souls of men, that led me to Africa. It was my own salvation that I was trying to work out through losses and crosses and manifold self-denials. I thought that, having given up all things, I should receive all things—should have a constant sense of God's presence and know the joys of uninterrupted access to him.

"But," he continued, a faint smile touching his lip for an instant, "God taught me otherwise. The first work given me to do in that far land was the building of a house that my family might have decent shelter. I found that the body was as omnipotent there as here. I found that meditation and prayer, and even suffering—

for I have suffered, Rachel—were not the sum of holy living. I have done some little good, I hope; but I have learned many a lesson of my own weakness; and I have come home a humbled, disappointed man, to take up, if I may, the work I dropped when I sought out paths of my own choosing."

The fire had burned low, and now it filled the room with a warm, red radiance. Rachel's face had softened as she listened, and a tear hung upon her long lashes.

"My whole life has been a mistake," he went on. "I never loved my wife. Nay, hear me!" he cried, the dominant nature of the man asserting itself and compelling the woman to listen. "You must hear me now, Rachel; and hereafter, if you bid me, I will forever hold my peace. I did not deceive her. She knew when I sought her that it was as a co-worker—a fellow-laborer—not as my heart's free choice. But she loved me, poor girl! and doubtless she thought she should win me at last. Heaven help me! I gave her tender care, implicit trust. And, true friend in death as she had been in life, she blessed me with her latest breath, and bade me come back to you, my first and only love. I have come," he whispered, bending over her till his breath stirred her hair, "I have come to-night, a worn and weary man, to lay at your feet a love stronger, deeper, holier than any of which my young manhood ever dreamed. Rachel, Rachel, have I come in vain?"

What did she say to him? Blanche, Maud, Margaret, would you have said him nay?

A MODERN GOLD-FAIRY.

BY PROFESSOR W. WELLS.

WE sit down to the recital of a fairy story which we could wish, for the credit of poor human nature, were such as fairy stories are usually expected to be; namely, a tissue of fiction. But ours is an o'er-true tale, which we tell with a feeling of contempt and pity.

There is at present, in various parts of Catholic Europe, a strange tendency to the marvelous, and a willingness to see revived the age of the miraculous. New wonders are announced as coming direct from the Holy Virgin; and new shrines are springing up in various quarters, to attract the attention and the worship of countless thousands, who flock in endless procession, day and night, to the places reputed to be holy, and effective in curing diseases or absolving sins.

This mania for the marvelous among the igno-

rant and bigoted is cultivated and used by the hypocritical Catholic clergy, greatly to their own benefit in the localities of these pilgrimages, which gather up fabulous sums of gold under all sorts of pretenses, and for a thousand enterprises in the interest of the Church. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that other parties, seeing the wealth of this mine, feel inclined to work it to their own profit, believing themselves quite as well entitled to a share of the earthly treasures as those who are the usual gainers by religious fanaticism. And such a person is the modern "Gold-fairy," whom we now beg leave to introduce to our readers.

The scene of her miraculous power of making all investments more than double themselves yearly, and thus virtually placing in the hands of her patrons a wand that turns every thing into gold, is laid in the beautiful and artistic city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, which is surrounded by a rural region having the reputation of containing the most intensely and blindly Catholic population of the world.

The heroine is an actress of very moderate talent and success in her calling, who had taken to the stage more because she was born in that circle than from any peculiar taste or genius in that direction. After a few quite unprofitable years in traveling about the provinces, pursuing her profession, Adele Spitzeder returns to Munich, where her father belonged, with more debts than assets a great deal, and with little left to encourage her but a peculiarly inventive spirit. She had lived most of her life on borrowed treasure, and tasted the sweets which gold can bring; and would be perfectly happy in the failure of her artistic career, if this could open up to her a new field for her inventive genius.

But a prime necessity was money, from some source; and, as she had frequently done before in other places, when under a stress of weather, so now, in the city where generous souls seem to abound, she inserted in the principal journal an announcement that she desired a certain amount of capital for a very profitable enterprise, for which she would give good security, and pay a large interest.

Some good-natured people, desirous of doing well with their means, called on the lady, and fell a victim to her smooth tongue rather than to her necessities, and were thus led into the folly of granting her a loan, for which she paid in advance a high interest—these simpletons not perceiving that they were receiving back merely a portion of their own deposit. One fool followed another, and then a third, and a fourth; and if any one of these desired a return

of his loan, it was quickly repaid with the money of his successor. This prompt reimbursement of course induced him to reinvest, with another advance of interest; and thus matters truly went on merry as a marriage-bell. Nobody wanted his money as long as it was doing him such good service in the hands of this enterprising lady.

And as honey catches more flies than vinegar, so the enormous per cent offered by her, in comparison with the sorry five per cent of the banks, caused her business rapidly to grow and flourish. She commenced operations about four years ago, as poor as the meanest peasant who was afterward ready to kneel to her. Her office was in the fourth story of a narrow house, and was reached by a dark and wearisome stair-way. Her first customer is said to have been a Jew; and her business was soon bruited to the covetous world by those who exhibited the fat per cent which she awarded them. In the commencement of her career, she was very careful and judicious with her funds, which she placed in real estate, so that one house after another fell into her hands. At last she chose a site in the most frequented and beautiful thoroughfare of the city; and the houses on either side became hers as if by magic. Opposite to her counting-house, she erected a hotel, that the peasants might have a retreat while waiting for their turn, and run a good chance of being in the right mood for business.

This was the foundation, to which she daily needed more accessions. She established a sort of little court; and the gay birds that follow in the wake of success gathered around her. Impecunious literary adventurers were ready to write her into fame, needy newspapers to publish for a good reward, and lawyers in abundance to advise. Her door was guarded by a stately footman, and swarms of servants filled her mansion; and her business apartments were quite as full of assistants.

The curious reader will demand, of course, the secret of her success, and wherein she was a gold-fairy; and this is our reply: As our late war created with us a reckless spirit of speculation, and gave rise to shoddydom, so, in Germany, every thing and every body was seized with an inordinate thirst of gain and show. Speculation and peculation became the order of the day, bogus companies were formed to carry on all sorts of business, and the prices of nearly all the ordinary commodities of life were greatly enhanced. The noble and the commoner flocked to the capital, and a mania seized the poorest artisan to be in the city. Under this impulse, prices rose, and money became of much greater

value than formerly, so that the ordinary percentage would pay no man for its use. Under this pressure, the usury laws were abolished, and the trade in money, as in many other things, was, for the first time, declared free. The people had become accustomed to heavy interest during the war, and fanatical theorists were ready to affirm that the use of money was worth fabulous prices. Twelve per cent had been paid on short loans; and many had taken it who, a few months before, would have shrunk from the transaction.

The soil was thus ready for weeds; and the appearance of the actress came just in the nick of time. The Jews had always been the money-lenders. It was a novelty to see a Christian woman in the trade; and the fact was thought to be a good augury. Her rates, exorbitant at first, became preposterous with her success. As the more prudent ones felt confident that she could not thus sustain her business, and withdrew, she replied by increased offers. Her fame spread among the poor of the city, and from these to the peasantry of all the surrounding country, till at last the poorer classes became almost her only patrons. She finally offered, and paid, the absurd rate of ten per cent a month, and one-fourth of this in advance. A hundred dollars deposited for a year would bring thirty back immediately, as interest, thirty more in three months, etc.

It would seem that such recklessness must soon come to grief; but not so long as the fools kept on depositing; and this allurement induced them to give back immediately the interest-money which they received, that it might also be performing such miracles. The result was, that the stream was always running in one direction, and that her coffers were ever full. The very beggars found their account in patronizing her, for she was generous from policy; and a poor sister actress, to whose tale of suffering she lent an ear, and to whom she gave a generous sum, deposited it immediately in her bank, and used the interest, granted in advance, for her immediate needs, knowing that in three months she could obtain from the bank as much more.

But it was now becoming clear to the least intelligent that this must be an immense swindle which, before long, would burst like a bubble, and scatter misery and suffering broadcast. The woman might keep up her luxurious career a few years at most, and finally escape with a fortune that would secure to her a life of luxury and ease; but the end, so far as her victims were concerned, could not be far off. The mutterings of the public and a few of the news-

papers, in this sense, were beginning to have their influence, and to shake confidence, when the player began to see that she must enlist new agents, if she would longer continue her successful career.

As the city became suspicious of her, the country began to acquire more confidence, and she knew that she must henceforth depend on the ignorance and gullibility of the peasantry. To secure these patrons, she was well aware that the priests and affection of religious fervor were necessary agents. She founded a newspaper in her own interests, and subsidized two of the most intensely Catholic sheets in the city. These immediately began to cast incense in the path of the "good fairy," of the "Mother of the Poor," etc.; and, by her cunning, in giving largely to the Church enterprises, founding convents, building churches, establishing asylums, she succeeded in gaining the most bigoted portion of the clergy, who have the peasants in their control. She kept her business chaplains, whose duty it was to spread the fame of her piety. She herself became a pious devotee, visited the shrines, and exhibited herself to the people in all public places, wearing a heavy golden cross set with brilliants, and adorning every room in her house with a crucifix. In short, she made so successful and brilliant a display of her piety, that she conquered all prejudices, and began her career anew, among the poor of city and country, as the "Modern Gold-fairy," which we make the title of our story.

The Ultramontane sheets that came to her support assured their readers that this opposition to her arose from the Jews, who found their business of money-lending slipping from their hands, and this appeal to the prejudices of the masses was very effectual. The ordinary bankers even fell under this ban; so that, for a while, every murmur was silenced by the cry of "the Jews! the Jews!" reminding one of the watchword of the Middle Ages, when the poor Israelites were hunted down like dogs. Indeed, the prejudice at one time ran so high, that the authorities feared local disturbances in the form of outbreaks against the Jews; and then they began to utter their warnings as to these wild doings, calling the attention of the people to the fact that this crazy career of the Gold-fairy could not be solid, and could not but end in great disaster to all concerned. But the Ultramontanes immediately proclaimed that this was now becoming a political persecution on the part of the Liberals and Nationals, or those in favor of the German Empire, in opposition to the conservative Catholics, who desire to keep Bavaria an entirely independent State. This

appeal to the so-called "Patriots," who felt it their duty to cherish local interests, had its effect, and it was clear that the swindle was not yet ripe enough to be rotten.

So off we start again for the very wildest vortex of this strange event. The love of money, and the desire of living without the traditional sweat on the brow, make people mad, and one fool bears a tensfold harvest. The poorer classes were fairly infected by this mania. The servants brought their savings, the petty officials their pilferings, the widows their pensions, and the artisans what little they could scrimp from their scanty wages. And when the city was exhausted, the malady extended to the country; and this feigned piety, and the indorsement of the priests, enticed the peasantry into the net of the Gold-fairy. First, they drew out all the old stockings from drawers and cupboards, which for years had contained their secreted wealth; then they unearthed all the old pots filled with silver or gold pieces, and buried in stables, cellars, or gardens; and, finally, they even attacked their wardrobe so sacred for ages. The gala-dresses of men and women are frequently ornamented with gold or silver coin, in lieu of buttons; these were ruthlessly cut off to find their way to the Gold-fairy, and the coin necklaces and girdle ornaments of the maidens and matrons wandered into the same channel.

When savings and ornaments were all exhausted, the cry was still for more. Then furniture was pawned or sold; harvests, house, and lands were sold or mortgaged; orphans' and widows' trusts were hypothecated, that every thing might find its way into the remorseless chasm of this magic bank. It is said that the public credit of whole provinces was in this way greatly endangered. But the people felt such confidence in the shrine at which they worshiped, that they were willing to make every sacrifice, confident that a few years of interest at over one hundred per cent annually would repay them for all self-denial, and raise them above want for life. The pestiferous moral influence of these hopes soon became apparent. Many of the depositors were seduced into an extravagant mode of life in reliance on their increased income; the laborers bore their toil less willingly, and, where possible, would remit their labor; the lower class of civil officers, who are very poorly paid in Bavaria, became more accessible to bribery, and yielded to the enticement of corruption, while the insolence and idleness of servants, who felt that a few hundred dollars invested would give them an ample income, became the bane of the house-

hold. In short, the business and social relations of all Munich and the surrounding country were seriously interfered with by the wiles of the Gold-fairy.

And the lady herself was always on the watch for some new source of excitement. When the religious element seemed for a moment to wane, she never failed of a resource. She entered the social field, and exerted her magic powers there. She would buy a great tenement-house filled with the poor, and then call her new tenants together to inform them that they had hitherto been paying an exorbitant rent, which she would then and there greatly reduce. These poor people wanted, of course, no other god than the Gold-fairy, and this new intoxication, fed by the daily notices of the clerical journals which had espoused her cause, brought a still greater stream of people and peasants from far and near, bearing money-bags, which they besought her to accept, that they also might have a chance in this grand scheme of turning every thing into gold.

And, again, she established "People's Kitchens," where thousands could daily eat, for almost nothing, at the generous tables of the "Mother of the Poor." These deluded simpletons could not see what expensive meals most of them were eating; but the few who still recollect that twice five make ten, began to count the expense of all this, and its inevitable result, and again they raised the feeble cry. The commissioners of the city poor raised their voices, the Government began to utter warnings, and the honest papers to speak in still louder tones about this huge swindle. But the clerical sheets still defended their *protégé*, and those founded or sustained largely by her money came up with renewed strength to the battle. The question began to be gravely discussed as to what she did with all her treasure; for it was estimated that she had received some ten millions of florins on deposit, and no one could see where a tithe of this money had been disposed of. Of course, large sums had been paid in interest, but very much of this had immediately been returned on deposit. Then she had paid large sums for percentage to a swarm of agents, who, in various parts of the country, acted as whippers-in. But, with all these allowances, she could show no satisfactory columns to those who began to feel it time to stop and inquire. The more thoughtful ones began to see the coming crash, and resolved to get from under the tottering edifice, if possible. They began to withdraw their funds, and demand the liquidation of notes overdue, which in confidence they had scarcely examined. This unex-

pected call was followed by a little delay in payment of several notes, and thus a means was afforded for the judicial officers to step in with protest, and examine her affairs.

And, alas, what a state of things they found! Account-books that would disgrace an ignorant washer-woman, and every thing in the most sublime confusion. For millions, not the least satisfactory account; as the coin had been brought in bags and boxes, and had been poured into a great wooden gutter leading from the counting-room to the cellar, where it lay in huge piles, exposed to the thieving of all who could gain access to the building; and thus millions had perhaps been stolen, other millions given to the priests, or squandered in some incomprehensible way, while not a little had been used in personal extravagance for herself and friends. The charm was thus quickly broken; the bubble burst, the gold all disappeared, and the Gold-fairy suddenly became a witch.

While the police were arresting her for fraudulent bankruptcy, and examining the premises to get the leavings of this carnival of swindle, a surging crowd of unfortunates filled the space around her palace and all the approaching avenues. Such an assemblage of ruined men, women, and children has not often been seen in the world's history. Tears and sighs and groans, deep oaths and imprecations, desperate gestures and forlorn faces, hands now clasped in horror, now wrung in despair, and now pressed to burning brains,—these were the scenic *denouements* of this fearful drama that had run through all stages of farce and comedy, and was now ending in this dread tragedy. Thousands of families were ruined; many of the peasants were houseless, homeless, landless; widows and orphans were reduced to beggary, and widespread misery was cast over the whole community in the midst of the most inclement season. The event became almost a national calamity, and the city was obliged to take prompt measures to relieve the greatly increased number of the poor and needy; an extra poor-tax was ordered for that purpose.

Now that the crash has come, all parties are blaming each other for it, and laying at their neighbors' doors the grave responsibility of the disgraceful event. The Government gave its warnings, but tardily and weakly; and hesitated to interfere until it was too late to do any good. Some of the Catholic authorities and organs also raised their voices in condemnation of the famous and now infamous bank, but they permitted themselves to be silenced by the arrogance of the Ultramontane organs and priests who had a finger in the pie and were tasting of

its sweets. These alone are the criminally responsible parties, and some of the prominent individuals are now openly named who are to suffer for this outrage on a confiding public. In her very last hours, Adele Spitzeder found at her side the editor of the Jesuitical organ of Munich, and one of the most famous of the Ultramontane delegates to the Bavarian Parliament.

If Bavarian peasants know enough to see, in popular parlance, a hole through a ladder, they must perceive how completely they have been victimized, and how colossal is the load of blame to be piled on their leaders, who have thus proved to be veritable wolves in sheep's clothing. If this does not remove the thick veil from their eyes, and give them a little insight into the motives of these Jesuitical hordes, nothing will; and the Liberals of Bavaria confidently expect that, as the peasantry has lost its money, so it will certainly lose a portion of its faith in priests and their pulpits and their printed organs. The ultra-Romish clergy have been riding of late so high a horse in Munich, that this occurrence may be providential in dismounting them for a time, if not permanently. But they knew what must be the end of this, and that end could not have come quite unexpected; perhaps before their plans were fully matured for the bursting of the bubble of infatuation which has spread sorrow and anxiety abroad like a pest-bearing plague. The arrogant leaders of the party are now receiving the result with a marvelous stoicism, and with accustomed coolness are throwing the responsibility of it on other shoulders; but their guilt is so patent that the wordiest demagogues can not hide it. The verdict of the people is, that these saintly swindlers and priestly jugglers and confidence men must receive their reward; for the calamity is one that can not soon be forgotten, and its financial effects will be felt in the Bavarian capital and a portion of the provinces for ten years at least.

From this event the Bavarians have at least learned the lesson that the Ultramontanes are ready to push any question into the political arena, where they know that they can obtain support on purely partisan grounds, with but little question as to the intimate nature of the cause. The woman and the friends that she had gathered around her found nothing more convenient than to buy the influence which would avail them so much, and both parties were pleased with the compact, and found their account therein. Priestly agents were soon busy enticing willing victims into the golden net, by relating the visible blessing of God that

rested on all that the "pious maiden" did, and of the Christian kindness and humility with which she every-where bore the sign of the cross. She, in her turn, was as ready to play into their hands, and make sacred to the Church a trade which had hitherto been desecrated by unbelieving Jews. And then the credulous peasant read all this in his newspaper, and with a "God wills it" in his heart, he lays impious hands on the heir-looms of his family, and makes himself and his blood paupers and wanderers.

No better field could have been chosen for this unique swindle than the southern provinces of Bavaria; for in these education and intelligence are at the lowest ebb in Germany, and it is quite enough to tell them that the intention of the German Government is to make them all "Lutheran" to excite their deepest ire. The most fanatical paper published in all the German realm finds its largest circulation among them, and they are the coarsest and most turbulent of their class. They are said to carry the dagger and the rosary in the same pocket, and seldom to let a pilgrimage pass without a battle among themselves, or a religious festival without a murder. The thief and the robber promise the "Virgin" a portion of their spoils for the Church if she will grant success to their proposed crime, and the assassin hastens from his victim to the dance. But, with all their depravity, they listen to their priest; and while he declaims to them against Free-masons, Jews and heathen, Protestants and radicals, listen with pleasure to his story of the angel in human form, whose touch can change every thing into gold.

We need hardly state that the Gold-fairy is still the staple of discussion in all circles, from different stand-points, and will long continue to be the theme of Winter evenings. The curious would fain know what has become of her money beyond the comparatively little that now is found. She bought at first costly villas and miserable houses, that paid no interest on her investment; then she acquired an incredible amount of jewelry and dress of a kind to make a sort of pious display on her visits to rural shrines, which sometimes seemed like huge caravans. Her favorites received the richest presents; and, as these confidants were frequently changed, she was always surfeiting a new swarm. In the privacy of her palace, it is affirmed that she held frequent orgies, attended largely by her priestly retinue, who discovered the largest capacity for costly food and the rarest wines.

She found a rich mine of expense in the pil-

grimages which she undertook with a view to spread her fame for piety among the peasantry. In costly coaches and with richly caparisoned steeds, she and her train would drive to the precincts of some shrine, and soon attract the attention of all in the little town. Just at the close of the last season, in a little watering-place and shrine of Southern Bavaria, she appeared with a company of gentlemen and ladies, who were, at first, taken for a band of players. It was soon discovered that the focus of this party was a lady, who was evidently treated with very marked deference. She was tall and thin, of masculine features, and, in all her movements, angular and unrefined. Her hair was cut short in the back of her neck, and over a violet traveling-dress dangled a large golden cross, set with diamonds, to a heavy golden chain.

It was soon surmised that the new visitor, in state and with retinue, was the Gold-fairy; and with the speed of the wind the story of her arrival spread. The streets were quickly filled with the curious, and the farce laid down in the programme had a numerous audience. The hotel chosen by the adventurers was not that usually patronized by strangers and best adapted to the wants of such a party; but rather the one where the peasants of the region are commonly found over their beer. This was chosen for the effect that it would produce, and for the popularity which the party was seeking. Preparations were made in the greatest hurry for the distinguished guests; and the dancing-hall was quickly decorated with flowers, and the tables covered with all the delicacies that the moment and the place could afford.

While the entertainment was being prepared, the queen of the party condescended to walk through the village, preceding her train of attendants some three paces, who, in turn, were followed by the footmen, in gorgeous livery. It was Sunday—the day when the population, for miles around, is usually in the village—and the country people crowded up to her in masses. To some she offered her hand, and to others she said a few words of affected familiarity or studied coarseness. She knew how to produce an effect on her audience; and the peasants whispered knowingly to one another, "She understands it."

Near the end of the village stood the little shrine. With affected haste, she entered and threw herself on her knees before the altar, burying her head in her hands; and thus she lay some five minutes. The curious peasants gaped through the half-opened door and the low windows; they thought it wonderful that one so

rich could be so devout. The lady's trick was a perfect success with these rustics, as it had many times been with others. In the mean time a generous meal was prepared at the inn, and in a few hours, more bottles of champagne were emptied than had been consumed by other parties there during the entire Summer; for every one that came into the house was invited freely to drink, and the Bavarian peasants see such opportunities too seldom to let them pass unimproved.

With the twilight, the distinguished company left the village, with the proud consciousness that the game would well pay this little outlay. And as the Gold-fairy disappeared from view, the silly people thought and said, "So rich and yet so good!" And then directed their own steps to their household gods and the scenes of rural tranquillity, determined on the morrow to invest in this newly found mine of gold.

That evening the notables of the village gathered more numerously than usual in the inn over their accustomed beer, to discuss the rare event of the day; but it was soon discovered that an incredulous crowd had now assembled, who took but little stock in this miraculous enterprise. The lady's career was pretty nearly run, and the radical papers began to talk quite decidedly about the event that had kept the community in excitement so long. An irreverent official from Munich declared that, as student, he knew all about the lady, and had witnessed her first painful efforts at declamation in social circles, in the capital, and voted her a failure from the beginning, although both her parents were persons of rare talent in their line. They soon discovered the lack of this, and tried to persuade their daughter from taking to the stage; for she was even deficient in those personal charms which are so necessary to success in this precarious career.

She, however, was determined to try her fortune in mimic life; and when the narrator was a student in Zurich, the lady was doing tragedy on the boards of that famous town. This was in 1865, and her failure there about closed her career; for she proved to possess more skill in making debts than theatrical successes; and so one night, somewhere between twilight and dawn, she disappeared, leaving no other traces behind than those contained in an indebtedness of some twelve hundred francs. She greatly improved on that in a few years, raising her obligations to as many millions in the larger field afterward chosen.

Even the servant-girl of the inn had her marvelous story to tell of the advantages to be

gained in waiting on Adele Spitzeder. Her aunt was cook to the great lady, who paid her twenty florins a month, and whose guests never left the festive board of her house without leaving behind a present of ten florins apiece for the one who had prepared the dainty dishes they had enjoyed. And even the waiting-maid was treated in princely style ; for, by agreement, all the money found in her pockets on disrobing was to go to her attendant, who thus never obtained less than twenty florins every night.

The village judge told his experience of a late pilgrimage to a famous shrine, where the Gold-fairy was the observed of all observers, and the devoutest of the devotees ; expressing his disgust at the manner in which the priests made common cause with the stupid crowd in doing her reverence, wondering at her piety, and praising her liberality to Churchly needs. Then he drew from his pocket a copy of the *Bavarian Fatherland*, the most bitterly bigoted of the Jesuitical journals of the country, and read therein the fulsome praises of this unprincipled adventuress, even to the pious proverbs displayed in monstrous letters on the walls of her bank : "Do right, and fear no one," "Always practice truth and honesty," and many of this same stripe.

The village banker told his story with frowning mien ; for of late not a dollar of the peasants' money came into his hands, and nearly all they had was being drawn from his drawers to enrich the bank of the fairy. He declared her to be a witch in her influence over the peasants ; and counted in his province no less than three hundred and fifty who were depositors with her, and ended his story with the sad and painful exclamation, "How long, O how long !"

"Not long," replied his comrades ; "for this villainous bubble must soon burst, and woe betide those who get under the avalanche of ruin !" And not long it was ; for this was the late Autumn, and in a month, with the falling snow and pinching cold, came the terrible account of the crash which made the Winter so much more pitiless for thousands of poor deceived wretches.

FRANCIS BACON.

BY REV. J. H. MC CARTY, A. M.

FIN English history, as well as in the history of modern philosophy, the name of Francis Bacon will ever be a conspicuous one. In science and philosophy that name had been one of renown, even at a much earlier day. Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar, had studied at Ox-

ford and Paris, had written extensively on subjects to which men had not given much thought, and had suffered imprisonment for daring to think in new channels nearly three hundred and fifty years before his great namesake was born. So that the name of Bacon was no new one. Among the names which mark the period of which we write, that of Francis Bacon is, perhaps, most expressive of what we might call conflicts between character and experience. If the reader will patiently peruse this article, the facts brought out will explain what we mean by those conflicts. To write a history of Francis Bacon, as Disraeli justly observes, would be "to write a history of the intellectual faculties." The remark of the great English Premier would be emphatically true if we should say the *two* Bacons ; for Friar Bacon can not be omitted when the merits of that name are under review.

The particular period in English history of which we write—namely, the reign of Elizabeth and James I—was somewhat prolific of great men. The age of Elizabeth may especially be regarded as standing alone in literary history.

The names of Roger Bacon, Geoffrey Chaucer, and John Wyclif belong to previous times. The first of this trio, in his work entitled "Opus Majus," though he gained the reputation of being a sorcerer, and was charged with the crime of magic and diabolism in his devotion to the study of the physical sciences, did do mankind the very great service of breaking the chains which had so long held fast-bound the mind of the race to the authoritative dogmas of the Papacy, and showed the world that the laws of nature were not in conflict with the law of grace.

It is well here to observe that, separated as Roger Bacon and John Wyclif were by more than a century—the former born A. D. 1214, and the latter A. D. 1324—yet we can see how the friar, with his retorts and crucibles, made possible the divine and his translation. The monk had entered a wedge into the rock of St. Peter ; the Reformation, of which John Wyclif has been called the "morning star," saw the crevice widen into a chasm, the yawnings of which sent terror to Rome ; the great revival under Wesley and his coadjutors, which is still going on—a "protracted meeting," measured by the centuries—will only cease when the Popish rock shall have been riven into fragments, and Science and Religion are conquerors over the ignorance, prejudice, and sin of the whole race.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the "father of English poetry," followed the teachings of Wyclif, was imprisoned, then recanted his opinions, and

won fame by his writings, which are not much admired—doubtless more on account of their quaintness of style and expression than from any real want of merit. Both Wyclif and Chaucer gave direction to the public taste, and stimulated, by their writings, the popular thought, and exerted no small degree of influence in giving permanency to the language in which they wrote. It is well known that Martin Luther's version of the Bible settled the idiom of the German language.

The influence, in a literary point, which the "Canterbury Tales" of the great English bard, and the Bible translation of the great English divine exerted on the minds of Englishmen, can scarcely be overestimated. And hence we may see how their age made the ages which followed possible. Chaucer and Wyclif were the auroral beams which ushered in the full-orbed day of English literature.

The Elizabethan period may be said to extend from A. D. 1558 to A. D. 1625, and was characterized by such names as that of Edmund Spenser, who wrote the "Fairy Queen;" Sir Philip Sidney, Sir John Davies, Bishop Hall, and many others among the poets, and John Stowe, a gentleman of very extensive erudition; Raphael Hollynshed, to whom even the great Shakespeare was indebted for the substance of several of his most popular plays, as for example "Macbeth" and "King Lear." Then there were Sir Walter Raleigh, Hakluyt, Davis, Hooker, of ecclesiastical renown; Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy;" Thomas Hobbes, etc.

Thus the reader will see that in passing out of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries into the sixteenth, one is leaving a region of literary space where only a few stars reveal, by their rays, the surrounding darkness, and coming into one where the literary heavens are ablaze with stars of the first magnitude. The name of Francis Bacon belongs to this period. He was born in London, A. D. January 22, 1560, and was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a distinguished lawyer, who, under Elizabeth, held the high office of keeper of the great seal.

It was a credit to Elizabeth that she surrounded herself with a class of able statesmen; men of thought, men of great practical knowledge of the world, and whose moderation in religious opinions was a much-needed quality, in view of the agitations produced in society by the great Reformation. The mother of Francis Bacon was a woman of very decided opinions—of considerable learning as well as ardent piety. Besides, she was not unknown in the world of letters. She had translated several works from

the Italian and Latin into her own tongue, and thereby gained some distinction. She also took part in the theological controversies of the times.

Francis Bacon gave very early signs of the great mental excellence which so marked his subsequent career. It is said that at the tender age of twelve he speculated on the laws of imagination; and that, even while a mere boy at the university, he perceived the defects of the philosophical methods of the scholastic or Aristotelian system, then universally in vogue in all scientific inquiries. It was even then that the queen, attracted by his precociousness, was wont playfully to call him her "Young Lord Keeper."

Young Bacon received the most careful education at the University of Cambridge, where he remained for the space of three and a half years, and was then sent, as was the custom with people of rank, to study in the great University of Paris and travel on the Continent. His father, it seems, had in view for his son the department of diplomacy, and accordingly placed him under the care of Sir Amyas Paulet, the English Ambassador at the French Court. Young Bacon spent four years in his post-graduate studies and travels in France, Germany, and Italy, in which he acquired great political knowledge, as well as that of philosophy and letters. Sir Nicholas died in 1580, which at once necessitated the son's return to England.

However ambitious of distinction young Bacon may have been, like Roger, his predecessor, there was a very strong yearning in his mind after the subtile investigations of science, and he begged of his natural protector and uncle, Lord Burleigh, to furnish him with the means necessary to the prosecution of those scientific studies which suited his inclination; but was denied by his uncle, as it was thought, because of a jealous fear that the genius of Bacon might eclipse that of his own son Robert. Young Bacon then gave himself up to the study of the law, and soon became a distinguished advocate and teacher of legal science.

The youthful philosopher still coveted political advancement. There was a splendor about it that charmed him. Court life, to which he had been used from his infancy, had about it a fascination he could not resist, however much his mind inclined to the walks of experimental science. The first office to which he seems to have aspired was that of solicitor-general under Elizabeth; and this he might have gained but for the adverse influence of the Cecils, who pronounced him a "bookish young man," too fond of projects and theories ever to become a

useful servant of the State. That Francis Bacon read books outside of the department of law, was true; that this did not make him any less brilliant and powerful as a lawyer, his whole life abundantly shows. It was only a garb thrown over the mean and jealous spirit of his rivals that led them to offer this as a reason why he should not be advanced to office in the Government. But we can easily see how such an opinion given to the queen by her trusted Lord High Treasurer, William Cecil Burleigh, would affect her mind toward the aspiring Bacon. Elizabeth could not have in her court "theorists" and "bookish men." Such at least was Bacon's reputation, given him by the Cecils and book-men of only professional reading, and to whose mean and jealous spirit young Francis Bacon was surely a victim.

Failing in his pursuit after office, he devoted himself to his profession as a lawyer, in which he gained a considerable fame; for, in 1589, when only twenty-eight years old, he was made counsel extraordinary to the queen. He rose in spite of the jealousies which surrounded him, by virtue of his great talents; and though he had been spoken of in a contemptuous manner by his enemies, as more showy than profound, he must have greatly impressed the queen, whose natural sagacity could not overlook one possessed of Bacon's genius.

But Bacon was not friendless. Earl Essex was a patron of learning; and, from his high regard for Bacon as a man of merit, first undertook to procure for him the office of solicitor-general. Essex was then in favor with the queen; but, failing in the project, he attempted to soothe the troubled spirit of Bacon by bestowing upon him an estate worth nearly two thousand pounds sterling.

That Francis Bacon was possessed of the most extraordinary mental endowments, no one has ever called in question; that he was selfish and mean is equally true. Here are those strange conflicts between character and experience before alluded to. When the Earl of Essex came into disfavor with Elizabeth, all the powers of Bacon's great mind, all his extensive legal knowledge, were brought to bear against his former patron and friend. There was in his proceeding the signs of a treacherous heart, which all could see, and none excuse. It has been said, in justification of his course, that he was a man who wanted firmness of character more than humanity. It is true, he was one of the queen's counsels, and, as such, it might be said, he acted by command of the queen; but at the final trial, he appeared against Essex, when he was no longer a crown lawyer, and

gave the weight of his influence toward bereaving of life a friend whose generosity he had so often shared. The only explanation which can be given of his course is, that he sought the royal favor at the expense of honesty, gratitude, and the most sacred friendship—a characteristic of Francis Bacon all through his life. He who could shake off a true friend, and see him go to prison and death, to gain even royal smiles, deserves the execration of all men.

But, with all these things against him, he rose in public favor. In 1595, he was returned to Parliament from Middlesex. He had won renown as a lawyer, and was withal widely known as a philosopher. Here, in the House of Commons, he exhibited the additional power of oratory. But he who could appear against his friend Essex, in the day of his adversities, could do any thing; and hence, in his career in Parliament, he ever evinced a cowardly submission to the court unbecoming one who was possessed of so much ability. Self-interest was the only real motive that swayed his great mind. He turned friend or foe, flattered or betrayed, just as his own selfish ends could best be promoted. The court of Elizabeth at that time was divided into factions; and Bacon at one time takes the side of the Earl of Essex as against the Cecils, and then turns against Essex to win favor with Elizabeth.

At the accession of James I to the throne of England, Bacon, who had been gradually rising to favor and position, saw it possible for him to gain new glory. At the coronation of James, in 1603, he was knighted; in 1604, made one of the king's counsels; in 1607, appointed solicitor-general; in 1613, attorney-general; in 1617, keeper of the great seal; 1618, through the influence of Buckingham, he was made Lord High Chancellor of England, and in the same year he was raised to the peerage, as Baron of Verulam; and, in 1621, created Viscount of St. Albans.

But, in the year of his last promotion, 1621, began his terrible downfall. On the assembling of Parliament, the House of Commons sent up articles of impeachment against him for high crimes in office. He was found to have been guilty of the grossest judicial corruptions—that of taking bribes in chancery suits. The case went before the House of Lords, and, on evidence which they deemed sufficient, he was convicted. The lord high chancellor made his confession, and threw himself upon the mercy of the judges. A sentence the most terrible and humiliating was pronounced, which involved the payment of about two hundred thousand dollars of our money, and imprisonment in the

Tower during the king's pleasure. Besides, he was ever after to be incapable of holding any public office in the realm, and prohibited from coming within twelve miles of the court. The king, however, was disposed to regard Lord Bacon with leniency. His imprisonment lasted only two days. The fine was remitted by the king, and he was soon permitted again to appear at court. Historians generally believe that James would gladly have shielded Bacon from the charges against him, and connived at his corruptions, had it not been for the odium which must necessarily have attached itself to the Government as a result.

We do not write to vindicate Lord Bacon; but two things must not be forgotten: Others had received bribes in the same way, namely, as presents—a political fault which has, in modern times as well as in more ancient, been justly charged upon office-holders. Lord Bacon married, at the time of the coronation, Alice Barnham, a lady of considerable fortune; and, though he never had any children, he lived in the most extravagant style, which his ordinary income could not support. This did not justify the chancellor in accepting bribes in order to pay his bills, but it did become the source of temptation, which, yielded to, brought upon him his ultimate ruin. Thus it is, even the greatest minds are not free from the infirmities of the common horde. It may be well to state here that Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his Life of Bacon, has attempted to prove that he was not the great culprit which most writers have supposed him to be. To some minds, he quite conclusively proves that at least many of the charges against him were ill-founded. Yet, it is enough to know that many *were* sustained, even by his own confession at that.

Lord Bacon lived five years after his fall, during which time he devoted himself to philosophical pursuits. He died at High Gate, April 9, 1626, leaving behind him a record which, viewed from a moral stand-point, might make any man blush to own; and yet, leaving behind him a name which, for intellectual pre-eminence, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. The name of Francis, Lord Bacon will live in the history of philosophy when the crimes which tarnished his fame as a statesman shall have been forgotten. As before alluded to in this article, he has been charged with plagiarism. That he was indebted to Friar Bacon for some of his knowledge in philosophy—that the plans of the friar gave suggestions to the chancellor—we think, can not be denied. An old Greek poet somewhere divides men into three classes, in their relation to truth: First, those who have the power to

make original discoveries in truth; second, those who have not the power to make such discoveries, but who have the power to appreciate the truth when it is discovered; and, thirdly, those who have neither the power to discover nor appreciate the truth. If Francis did use the thoughts of Roger Bacon, he at least merits a place in the second class in the above division; but he should have given due credit to the friar, while he should not have so harshly condemned Aristotle for doing what he was guilty of himself. It is no justification of plagiarism, that Shakespeare and Bacon were guilty of committing it. Men may resort to other men's brains to keep their own fame; but to do so without credit is simply a species of theft, and should be so treated. From the political history of Bacon, we do not feel in the least surprised that his selfishness should manifest itself in the realm of science as well as in politics.

Still, whatever Friar Bacon did for science and philosophy, the world did not receive the full measure of benefit until Francis Bacon came upon the stage. If the latter was indebted to the former for his weapons, he certainly did use them to better advantage. But then, the age itself was in his favor, which the genius of Roger Bacon helped to wake. As a result of what is called the "Baconian method," the world has made more advance since his day than in thousands of years before.

The difference between the two Bacons may be stated in few words. Roger Bacon was possessed of the power to penetrate with more keenness and to greater depth into the secrets of nature; while Francis Bacon had more power to originate a method or establish a law of mental action. He could point out the law, but had little power to apply it; and hence it has been said of him, he could not justly be called an inventor in any specific branch of knowledge. "He did not teach a philosophy; but he did teach men how to philosophize."

His writings met but little favor in his own age; for, in the first place, he made the mistake of having them translated and published in Latin—a mistake which Milton made, many of whose writings were less popular than they would have been in the English tongue. Latin was, at that time, the polite language, and that universally adopted by all scientific writers. Bacon did not dream that his own tongue would ever attain such supremacy in the world of letters, and become so copious and refined. His works were not only not comprehended, but were often harshly denounced and reprobated, and were the cause of many slights and mortifications.

Some one said, in allusion to the "Novum Organum," "A fool could not write such a book, and a wise man would not." Bacon, however, had faith in the future, and in his will calls himself the "servant of posterity." He firmly believed himself right in his method, and that in the end the world would accord to him due credit.

This article would not be complete without a brief comparison of our subject with other writers on philosophy, especially Aristotle. Bacon started precisely where Aristotle left off. Aristotle started with generals, and ended with particulars. Bacon reversed the process, and from particulars went up to generals. Aristotle made syllogisms every thing. Bacon assumed the ground that they were not things; and instead of establishing theories first, and then reaching experiments, he made use of experiments as a means of establishing theories. Aristotle did not ignore experiment, but believed in the most careful examination of nature, and a wise application of particular phenomena. But his system fostered pride of intellect; and men thought that they were masters of nature when they did not understand her. Bacon held that all science, objectively, must be referred to experience and the philosophy of nature; and, subjectively, it must depend upon the purifying of the senses and the intellect from all abstract theories and traditional prejudices. There had been, for ages, a most unfortunate alliance between the philosophical systems of the schools and the authority of the Church. Between physical science, since its first dawning, and dogmatic theology, there had been no truce. As a matter of course, the Catholic Church never could recognize as true what she had once declared to be false. That doctrine of Papal infallibility has thus been in the way of truth ever since it first poisoned the minds of men, and is so to-day. Rome can not be logical, and recede from positions which she has taken. She is wise enough to know that; and hence she knows no such word as progress. Bacon saw that, by abstract truth in syllogisms and formulas, the race never could be elevated to the highest good—the *summum bonum*. Hence, he sought to make practical good the objective point of his philosophizing—to improve human life in all its phases. The first-fruit of the *inductive* method, as opposed to the *deductive* of Aristotle, he claimed, should be the benefit of society in practical things. Many attempts had been made, long before Bacon, to throw off the yoke of scholastic philosophy, which had been held on the necks of mankind by Catholic orthodoxy, but with very little success.

The Baconian method in philosophy, as embodied in his great work, the "Instauratio Magna," of which the "Novum Organum" constituted the second book, was the *inductive*, as opposed to the *deductive*. The latter was good, "when the right theory was hit upon;" but, if a wrong theory was adopted, the conclusions were fatal to truth. Aristotle's method was the *a priori*—the provisional employment of a theory *prior* to its application in practice. Bacon's method was the *a posteriori*, which denotes that the theory, being evolved from the examination of the individual facts, is necessarily *posterior*, or subsequent, to those facts.

Such was Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England, who, if his contemporaries can be relied upon, was at once the most ignoble and most splendid of men. In the course of nearly three hundred years since his death, his faults have been forgotten in the splendor of his genius, as the spots on the sun are concealed beneath its surrounding brightness.

BETSY TRIGGS;*

OR, RESCUED FROM SHAME.

BY W. E. HATHAWAY.

CHAPTER VII.

IT BECOMES INTERESTING.

THERE is something quite surprising in the readiness with which men will incur obligations, when the pay-day is deferred; casting aside all past experience, and trusting to the future to supply the means of meeting them, with a faith that falls but little short of being quite sublime.

Unfortunately for them, and it must have been perceived by all who will read these pages, the step from that altitude of grandeur to one of low contempt and ridicule, is very short; and time, which always moves on rapid wings, never flies half so fast as when the day of reckoning draws near. To the poor wretch whose note in bank matures within a month, while he is sadly conscious of an utter inability to meet it, the weeks appear transformed to flitting days, and whisk past him like lightning-express trains; made up of separate coaches, to be sure, but forming only one dark streak that trembles for a moment, and is gone.

What might have been, had we not found ourselves with sixty days of respite, would be hard to say; but, as the reader knows already, we did find that, and plunged ourselves into the

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by W. E. Hathaway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

conflict with heroic faith that the uncertain future would provide a favoring issue. The days flew on until there yet remained but twenty more, when we should be obliged to answer to the irate Triggs for having robbed him of his child; when, one evening, we were surprised by the announcement that a professional gentleman had called to see us.

"Show him up," said Tom to the servant-girl, who brought the information; "show him up, of course." And presently she returned, and ushered into our presence the party aforesaid.

"Mr. Dwiggins, gentlemen," said the stranger, who proved to be a short, heavy-set young man, with a somewhat florid countenance, and shaggy red whiskers; "Dwiggins, attorney and counselor at law."

"Ah, Mr. Dwiggins, come in, sir; will you have a chair, sir?" said I, rising and offering the gentleman a seat by the fire. "In what particular can we have the pleasure of serving you, sir?" This I remarked, hoping to open the way for the discovery of his business; but with a strong suspicion that I already knew what it was.

"I have the pleasure of representing my client, who is just now inconveniently detained," said Dwiggins, rubbing his hands and holding them before the fire to warm them; "in durance vile, as you might say—ha, ha!" as if he thought it a very good joke; "but who has a little business with you, gentlemen—a very little, that we can probably soon settle, I imagine." And he commenced extracting a huge pocket-book from a spacious side-pocket, and fumbling among some papers deposited therein.

"May I inquire who your client is, Mr. Dwiggins?" said I, with a pretty confident assurance that I now knew, exchanging glances with Tom, who sat silently regarding the professional gentleman.

"O, certainly," he replied; "no doubt you remember Mr. Triggs—Mr. Triggs of Hardscrabble." And his eyes twinkled wickedly under a pair of heavy, sandy eyebrows, as he glanced up at me, while he unfolded a paper which he had selected from the pocket-book. "I have here," he proceeded, "an order from him for his daughter, to be given into my charge until he is released from his detention. No doubt you will be glad by this time to be rid of her, Mr. Graham—ha, ha!" said Mr. Dwiggins, rubbing his hands again, after handing me the paper.

I glanced over it. Mr. Dwiggins had evidently drawn it, and in purely business and technical form. It ran:

"CITY WORK-HOUSE, —— 1865.

"Mr. Charles Graham, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Waterloo, Esq.:

"I hereby direct and request you to give my child, Betsy Triggs, into the care of the bearer, Mr. T. Dwiggins, Esq., who will take charge of her according to my direction.

"Respectfully, his
mark
BEN. + TRIGGS."

Not much of Bully Triggs about that, except his mark; and I handed it to Tom in silence, who glanced it over and gave it back to Dwiggins without a word. He laid it down on the table, however, and remarked:

"You had better keep the order."

"I rather think not," said Tom, "until we give her up; which is not likely to happen soon; is it, Charlie?"

"Not immediately, as near as I can judge, Mr. Dwiggins. The fact is, she is not at present in our care; we could not give her up if we wanted to."

"Then I presume you will be good enough to inform me where she is," he replied, still keeping to the professional tone and manner.

"Why, as to that, now I think of it, Mr. Dwiggins, candidly, I do not know where she is." It was true; Tom knew, but I had not taken the trouble to inform myself.

"O, you do n't? Well, perhaps your friend, Mr. Waterloo, can enlighten me on that point."

I shook my head at Tom; but there was no need of that, as he spoke for himself:

"I *do* happen to know where she is; but it will be a long time before either you or Mr. Triggs find it out from me. I can tell you one thing, she has a good home, where she will be educated and treated as a daughter should be; but she shall never come back to that villain of a father of hers so long as I can prevent it."

"Really, gentlemen," said Dwiggins, rising, "this is quite an unexpected turn of affairs. I had no idea you would lend yourselves to any such baseness as this. You will bear in mind that my client has a remedy, a remedy that I am certain—and I speak as a professional gentleman, who would not give a hasty opinion—certain, I say, will afford him ample protection against any such attempts to rob a parent of his child. This is a serious business, gentlemen—more serious, perhaps, than you realize. You will save yourselves trouble and cost, and perhaps imprisonment, by giving me, at once, the desired information."

Mr. Dwiggins hesitated, apparently for us to give some sign of yielding the point; but perceiving no such indication, he proceeded:

"You will understand me, gentlemen, that I bear you no ill-will personally; my relations are

purely professional; but I am bound to regard the interests of my client, and I am authorized by him, nay, I am directed, to push this matter to the last extremity, and obtain possession of the child; without recourse to legal measures if possible, but to secure her at all hazard." Again Mr. Dwiggins hesitated for a reply, and again he was left entirely to conjecture the effect of his remarks.

Tom sat regarding him with a quiet indifference which came near expressing contempt; until the professional gentleman turned full upon him, and asked abruptly:

"Well, sir, what is your answer?"

"You've had my answer," was all Tom condescended to say; and this without changing his position or altering a muscle of his face.

"Do you mean to say that you dare to risk having this matter brought into court?" said Mr. T. Dwiggins, Esq., as he wrote himself in his order, becoming somewhat excited.

"I mean to say that you shall never get possession of the girl, or find out where she is, if you do go into court with it," said Tom, quietly.

"Ah, we'll see about that," said the professional gentleman, smiling sarcastically. "People sometimes change their minds upon the presentation of weighty evidence, Waterloo-ha, ha! But I will bid you good evening;" and he bowed himself out with a strictly professional inclination of his body, as much as to say, "I'll fix you presently; wait a bit—ha, ha!—I'll show you a trick worth two of that."

When he was gone, I said to Tom:

"Well, now, my boy, what do you think of that?"

"What do I think of it? Why, I think it may be as he says," said Tom, biting his lips. "But who's a-going to give in to such villains as they are? Why, sooner than surrender that girl to that murderer, I'd give up every cent I've got, and lie in jail the rest of my natural life."

"Bravo, Tom! Then they won't get her," said I. "By the way, here is this order that Dwiggins has left. I'll put it in my pocket; it may be useful yet: who knows? But, really, I never thought before, Tom, until that scamp asked me where she was, that I did not know. Where is she?"

"Suppose I am going to tell you? As long as I know that no one knows but myself, I'm pretty sure of it, am I not?"

"Seems to me, Tom, you are taking this matter pretty much into your own hands now, are you not? Can you not trust me?"

"Why, bless you, yes," he said. "But do n't you see, if only one of us knows, they can only

bring an action against that one. They may sue us both for damages; but they can't attempt to punish you for not revealing what you do n't know. If we are likely to get into jail about this matter, it will be well to keep one foot loose, won't it, Charlie?"

"I guess you are right; but I don't relish the idea of your bearing the brunt of the difficulty," I replied.

"It just happened so, and it's all right," he answered. "And you may be very glad of it, before we are through with this scrape."

"We are in for it now, any way, Tom, and you need not fear my drawing back. But what ought we to do? any thing?"

"There is but one thing that we might do. I have had my mind on this matter, and I have ascertained that there is a law which authorizes the mayor to take children away from their parents, in just such cases as this, and bind them over to some one else for proper care. I think we had better go and see him, and perhaps he will exercise his authority in this case."

"Certainly, let us go at once," I replied. "Why did n't you mention this before?"

"Well, I only discovered it last evening, and it did not occur to me, until since the advent of Dwiggins, that we would need to resort to any such measures for self-protection."

Accordingly, we set out the next morning for the mayor's office, and laid the case before him, beginning with our first discovery of Betsy Triggs in Hardscrabble, until the time of her coming to us for protection.

"You are prepared to make oath to all this, are you, gentlemen?" said the mayor.

"Certainly," we answered.

"Then it does really seem to be a case demanding the exercise of the power conferred upon me," he remarked. "But it is a very ticklish business, gentlemen, very delicate matter, this interfering to break up the relations between a parent and his child, sirs. Public opinion all on the father's side, if it comes to a test, as you will find, no matter about the circumstances."

"Why, then, sir, it appears to me," said Tom, "that public opinion is a fool, if I may be allowed to consider it a personality, and knows nothing about what is good for it."

"Very likely, young man; but you must bear in mind that public opinion is largely made up, in such matters as this, by the Triggses of society. The better class of people have no interest in, and bestow no attention upon, it; or, if they do, they are influenced by what would be their own feelings in the case, and naturally side with the parents."

"Yes; but in such a clear example as this, when the father has abused his family beyond all parallel—"

"There is where you are wrong again," said the mayor, cutting Tom off in the midst of his sentence. "Why, sir, I could tell you of hundreds of cases where parents are abusing their children to-day as badly, or nearly so, as Bully Triggs has ever abused his girl, in whom you have become so much interested. And that is not all, they are teaching them to be thieves, and punishing them cruelly because they shrink from committing acts that even they, young as they are, know to be crimes; and we, sir—society, I mean, upholds them in all this, because of its profound regard for parental rights. A man may rear his children to be any thing he likes, and so long as they are not detected in a criminal act, we are powerless to prevent it. Parents may teach their children to be drunkards, and launch them upon the community to be a constant source of anxiety and expense as long as they live; and we have no means of hindering them. They may determine to sell their daughters to infamy, and pursue their course unmolested until the horrid work is accomplished. You may think that I do not feel interested in this question; but I do, indeed. However, I am powerless to do any thing to remedy the evil."

"You can at least protect this child from her unnatural father," said Tom.

"I can go through the form of pretending to do it," the mayor answered. "But you can not get a court to sustain my decision."

"How so?" said Tom. "The law is clear enough."

"So it is. But public opinion, man, is above law in this country; and you can never get public opinion on the side of law, in this case. But you shall have my certificate, placing the child in your care, if it will be any satisfaction to you."

And so he turned to his desk, and wrote out our statement, to which we affirmed; upon which he gave us his official surrender of the child, and constituted us her legal guardians.

"I wish you good luck with it," he said, as he handed me the paper; "but I have no faith in your success. A community which is not yet sufficiently advanced to realize the absolute importance of compulsory education for the hundreds of ignorant and idle children who swarm in the streets, will hardly sympathize with this heroic method of redeeming society."

"It may be as you say; but it proves something on our side, that we have the law by which this act is possible," I answered.

"O, as to that, you can get any law you want, and especially one of this sort, that every legislator knows will practically be a dead-letter. The statute-books are crammed full of just such acts, of no more use than judges' wigs and lawyers' gowns."

"But we will test this, any way," we said, and took our departure.

CHAPTER VIII. THE VICTORY OF DEFEAT.

It is said that possession is nine points in law. It may be so; but we do not happen to know how many points there are in law. Points or no points, possession was our one strong reliance, upon which we rested with a sense of security. Whatever might be the result of the legal conflicts which we should be compelled to meet, we counted surely on one thing at least: we had possession—by proxy—of the girl. Lawyers might argue and judges rule and sheriffs go on the rampage, we had the girl in safe keeping; and it is an old adage that "one man can lead a horse to water, but ten can not make him drink." It would require something more than a philologist to get at Tom's secret of where Betsy was. I did not know, and I began to rejoice in that fact. And it was well.

But we had the mayor's certificate. We had law on our side. A mighty thing is law, in the eyes of some people. We would shield ourselves behind it. It was at least something tangible to make a fight upon. The days flew past, and we heard nothing more from Dwiggins or his client, until some time after the date that his "inconvenient detention" had expired, and we were beginning to hope that the matter would be dropped entirely. We were soon undeceived as to this, however, by the receipt of a summons, served by the sheriff, citing us to appear before the Probate Court and show cause why we had unlawfully detained and withheld one Betsy Triggs, daughter of, etc. We had five days' respite still, and in that time we set about preparing our defense, relying mainly upon the mayor's certificate and such evidence as we could collect in reference to Bully Triggs. This latter was comparatively a new field, and gave most astonishing results. If we had been convinced before of his desperate character, we were more than shocked at the revelations of his neighbors when questioned as to their knowledge of him. But so thoroughly was he regarded as the terror of Hardscrabble, and so completely had he inspired the inhabitants of that wretched valley with fear of him, that we could not find one who dared to appear and testify to what they knew against him.

"Ach sure, and wud yees have us git ourslels in trubble wid Bully Triggs? An' he'd kill us entirely, indade he wud," was the constant accompaniment of the flat refusal to give any evidence against him. It would be worse than useless to try to compel any such craven people to give any testimony; we must rely upon our own knowledge, and such other general evidence as the police might choose to give. If we could only trust the court to decide according to law, we might produce the girl, perhaps, whose evidence would be most invaluable; but what if the decision went against us, we should then have exposed her to only so much the greater cruelty. No: we decided to leave her where she was, and *where she should remain*, whatever was the result of our trial. It is useless to weary the reader with the dry details of that legal conflict, which we managed to extend, by various pretexts, over several months; but which, at last, resulted in placing us both under five thousand dollars bonds for damages in case the girl was not returned, and threw Tom in jail until such time as he was ready to purge himself of contempt of court by confessing, as the court ordered him to do, where she was concealed. This Tom steadily refused to do, and the sheriff walked him off to a gloomy cell, and locked him in; but Tom sat himself down on his little iron bedstead, and whistled complacently, "The girl I left behind me." We had had our case stated with all the eloquence and thoroughness of which it would admit. Our attorney had acquitted himself nobly, and we had nothing to regret except the adverse decision of the judge, who said: "Law or no law, gentlemen, I shall decide this case for the father. It may be as you say, that he is a murderer, a thief, and double-dyed villain; but we have no patent process, other than nature and Providence has provided, for regulating the relations of parent and child. Once admit this principle, and where is it to end? We shall have the sanctity of the family destroyed and security of parental rights forever shaken."

"Then do you hold yourself incapable of judging when a man is absolutely and wholly unfit to have the charge of his child?" said our attorney; "when not only every sentiment of humanity, but every motive of policy and regard for the best interests of society demand that he shall no longer exercise the privileges that he has abused, or hold the authority that he has outraged? Is there no limit of cruelty and crime beyond which a parent can go, and thus prove his utter incapacity for exercising the parental privileges?

"I ask you," continued our attorney, "as a man

gifted with common sense; as a judge, bound by your oath to respect the laws and the best interests of society, upon what principle of justice or reason do you pretend to decide this case against my clients? Is not the law on their side? Is not reason and decency on their side? Does not humanity and every sentiment of pity for the weak and helpless against the fiendish cruelty of this man plead for them? Then by what right do you presume to order this child handed back to that villain, whose only wish and purpose is to degrade, and, perhaps, murder her? No doubt, as you say, it is one of the difficult and delicate social questions; but are you justified, on that account, in ignoring the merits of it or shirking its responsibility? Or is not the responsibility of handing this child back to a brutal father greater than that of shielding her? In the one case, you would be obliged to answer to men; but in the other, you must as surely expect to give account to God! All about us there are the hundreds of the weak—too weak to know their helplessness, too ignorant to realize how they are robbed of their opportunity—who ought to look to you for protection; and you refuse to give them shelter or interpose the power that society has confided in you in their behalf."

I only desire to give the drift of our defense, but it made no impression; and, as I said before, we were saddled with damages to the amount of five thousand dollars; and poor Tom was led out of the court-room, saluted by the hisses of the motley crew—who are always assembled in the temple where blindfolded justice performs the part of a mountebank for their delight—to the gloomy cell in the jail below.

My first care was to find out how Tom bore up under this outrage, and provide him with every thing I could to make him comfortable; and if Betsy Triggs could have seen him there, and heard him anathematize the judge to eternal contempt, and declare that he would die there in that cell before he would reveal her hiding-place, she might have conceived a new admiration for him, to end in something one can scarcely tell what. As it was, she knew nothing of all this until some time afterward; nor did Mr. and Mrs. Goodloe, who had long since arrived in their new home, and come to regard Betsy as an invaluable addition to their family.

I succeeded in arranging for Tom to occupy a large cell pretty well located, and fitted it up with sufficient furniture to make it quite comfortable; supplied him with books and newspapers, and had his meals carried to him regularly; brought him his letters twice a day, and

attended as much as possible to his business. And things went on so well that Tom said "it did not seem to make much difference, and he could stand it as long as any body."

About a month had passed since Tom's confinement, and I was sitting alone in my room one evening, feeling quite lonely, and, it must be confessed, somewhat disheartened. It was not only that the five thousand dollars bonds would be due before very long, and we should be obliged to raise the money, perhaps—there seemed no other alternative but to give up the girl; but I missed Tom very much indeed, and his constant flow of spirits, which was sufficient to keep any one in good humor. The Winter had come and gone since we had taken that eventful stroll in Hardscrabble, and the warm days of Spring and the early Summer had come. I was sitting quietly by my open window, musing upon what might be the end of this strange adventure, and questioning in my mind whether we were wise or foolish to contest the matter longer against such difficulties, when, all at once, my ear was arrested by the sound of whispers, coming from the little court below. I peered out cautiously to see who was there. Something in the half-audible voice excited my curiosity, and aroused me to take an unusual interest in what was going on below. The kitchen-girls were wont to meet their lovers here; and often, seated on a large stone that was lying in the court, I used to see them embraced by brawny arms, while words of love and rude flattery were poured into their overwilling ears. I had long since grown tired of witnessing these performances; and had the scene that now engaged my interest proved one of them, I should have turned away with half disgust. There was something about the form and voice of the man who stood there talking earnestly to the chamber-maid that I seemed to recognize; and he was not a lover either, I was sure of that, as he did not put his arm around her, but stood directly in front of the girl, and laid down something to her very gravely, emphasizing what he said by bringing down his index-finger frequently into the palm of his left-hand. It may be wrong to eavesdrop; but I could not help it now, and leaned out farther, so that, had they glanced up, they might easily have seen me, and listened carefully to what he said.

"You say you know where the girl is; how did you find out?"

"Why, you see, the lady as took her off told Mrs. —— where they was goin' to; and I overheard her, being in the next room, an' the door open.

"Then your mistress knows also?"

"Yes; but she won't tell, you bet."

"Won't she, though? Ha, ha! Well, no matter. You will, though; won't you?"

"I'll have to see the money first you promised me."

"Well, here it is. Now, where is she?"

"Give it to me into my hand. I'm a mind not to tell you, any way."

"But you see, if you do n't, we'll put you in jail, along with that fellow who is so mighty crank about it. How would you like that?"

"Well, give me the money. There; it's written on that piece of paper. I wrote it down the same day she went away, on purpose to remember it."

"Ah, how thoughtful! It was very fortunate you did. Very lucky I thought of you, and guessed that may be you might know something about it. We lawyers get mighty sharp, though. There, now; mum's the word, girl. Mind you do n't open your mouth about this."

"You can trust me for that. I'd be ashamed to own it, if nothing else."

"O, fie! But, very good. There, good-night;" and the burly form of T. Dwiggins, Esq., vanished around the corner in the dim darkness.

"Blast the girl!" said I; "was there ever a servant-girl in Christendom that does not find out just what she has no business to know? Confound the luck! To be beaten in this way is unbearable. I must see Tom at once."

Ten minutes more, and I was locked up with him in his cell.

"What's up now?" said he, as he noticed my evident flurry. "But I'm glad you've come, for that snake Dwiggins was here this evening, and bored me for a half-hour to tell him where Betsy is."

"Well, he won't bother you any more," said I.

"Why?" Tom asked.

"Because he knows already."

"What! Knows already! How in thunder did he find it out?" And Tom started up, and walked back and forth in his cell like a caged animal.

"By plowing with Mrs. G.'s heifer," said I. "Overheard them myself, less than fifteen minutes ago."

"No; you do n't tell me that! Good heavens! Then our cake is all dough, after all."

"Train leaves here at nine forty-five, Tom. Give me the directions where to find her; and, after day after to-morrow, you can swear you do n't know where she is, and get out of this easy enough. Do n't you see?"

Tom seized my hand, and wrung it hard. "Trump again!" said he; and then he sat

down to his table, and wrote it all out for me, so that I could not miss it.

"Here, turnkey; let me out, if you please. Good-bye, Tom! take care of yourself!"—as if he could do much at that, locked in a seven-by-nine cell; and in ten minutes more I was back in my room; and, hastily snatching a few things, crammed them into a small hand-valise, and was off for the depot.

Fifteen minutes to spare—there in good time. Here we go! Now, steam and iron, pull out your best, for here's a race for a life! And the iron wheels went round faster and faster; and soon the great city, with its black smoke and reeking slums, and its fair palaces that hide so much deformity and ugliness, was left far in the rear. Ho, for the prairies! and a glad good-bye!

CHARITIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY MRS. SUE M. D. FRY.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

AVEN in this city of homes there are many homeless ones. The day was of November type—dark clouds overhead, winds about us, cold slush of snow under foot. My friend and I concluded to go to the Almshouse; not as alms-women, nor yet as almoners; visitors rather. Gaining West Side by easy transit on the Chestnut-street cars, and on foot past the new stone Medical College of Pennsylvania, the pride of the State, right before us stood a town inhabited by more than four thousand poor, with accommodations for full five thousand. "The poor ye have always with you." Armed with a manager's permit, and Nurse Quinn's card (for it was not visitors' day), we pass through the porter's lodge, through locked door-ways (for the inmates do not wander at will); across open courts paved on the sides with brick, and in the center with cobble-stones, lined with lounging alms-men in striped pantaloons, smoking pipes; up long flights of stairs, and through long halls, finally arriving at Nurse Quinn's room. Here we sat until the tender-eyed young men from the college aforementioned finished their learned Latin prescriptions, when this good woman, the matron of one of the most important wards in the institution, kindly devoted herself to our interests.

We were led first through her department, the Magdalens' Hospital. Here, in wide airy rooms, on snow-white cots ranged round the walls, lay the sufferers; while in the center of the rooms, upon spotless deal-tables, nurses cut bread into flaky slices, spread butter, and prepared tea for the patients; every thing very

quiet, clean, and orderly; the scene sometimes brightened by a picture or a flower. But the faces above the white counterpanes! Some were very young, almost children—somebody's daughter; perhaps an only one. The souls that looked out at those eyes!—homeless, friendless, abandoned souls; all having found that the "wages of sin is death," few having learned that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Ah! but here is one—repulsive, almost hideous, in her mien, because of the ravages of disease—having drunk the bitter cup to its loathsome dregs; but at the last, through mighty struggles and many repentant tears, stepped into the cleansing waters of Bethesda. Hear her: "What a blessed Lord, who can save even unto the uttermost!" Yesterday she was crushed under her load of sin, bruised and mangled; to-day she mounts up on eagles' wings, runs and faints not, walks and grows not weary. Her sins, though like scarlet, were made white as snow; though red like crimson, were made as wool! Her heart and tongue and eyes were full of praises and thanksgiving to Him who redeemed her and cleansed her with his blood. Under the guidance of the present matron—this sweet-voiced, plain, unassuming, Christian woman, who devotes herself to the work for the love of God and humanity—and the volunteer services of other women actuated by the same motives, many of these forsaken ones, this life already lost, are led to struggle for life eternal. Would that many more faithful messengers thus remembered these hundreds of erring, suffering ones, poor in soul and body, many of them soon to be ushered into eternity—their beds speedily filled by others in like condition! At least two hundred and fifty deaths of these deserted and dishonored women occur at the alms-house and hospitals of this city every year; and the count is increasing.

We turn from this department, only to enter one appealing even more strongly to womanly heart and sympathy—helpless little children, who have just opened their eyes upon the changeful scenes of this inconstant life. A pauper babe, worse than orphaned, who can foretell thy career? Endowed with disease, beset by gaunt hunger and pinching cold at early dawn of life, the struggle between life and death so even-handed, death shall have his victims; the survivors, if girls, may early sell virtue for bread; if girls or boys, may only know Satan to do his bidding, all the sweet influences of home and Christian teaching from human loving lips unknown to them. But I write not of one such, but fifty—nay, perhaps a

hundred—whose young, thoughtless, almost always ignorant, mothers shall pick them up and carry them out into the struggles of the world, too often but to return again after a season. As I looked at these wee little waifs thus cast upon the sea of life, knowing many of them would swell the tide of wicked ones already thronging our streets, up every garret and down every cellar, I said, There is need of mothers in Israel. We pile up great masses of buildings; expend thousands of dollars; shelter, feed, and clothe these people; but what of the inner man, the soul life? Were as much labor and money and time expended for the prevention of ignorance, poverty, and crime, fewer alms-houses and jails and prisons and penitentiaries would stand as gloomy monuments of the sins and sufferings of mankind; and fewer souls would exchange this world, hard and cold and unfriendly though it be, for one where existence shall be even more terrible.

But here is a more genial scene: The old ladies, with their sewing and knitting-work, sitting by the stove in the middle of the large sitting room; no carpet, to be sure, but the floor spotless, and white curtains at the windows. Their little dormitories, containing bed and chair, open into the large room, two stories in one; the dormitories above having narrow balconies, or galleries, running the length of the room, where the occupants may walk when they do not choose to come below and sit.

"Yes," said one of the old ladies, in white cap and spectacles,—"yes, we do have a nice place, good beds, and warm rooms. We are very comfortable. But," she added, "go over there;" pointing to the other side of the room, "go over there, and see the old woman that died this morning."

Sure enough, there was the straightened form, sharp with old age and death, its angularity well defined through the white sheet. We uncovered the face, and looked upon one who had for twenty years past been cutter in Girard College. She had spent a life of eighty years in activity, only at last to go to the poor-house. I wonder if she had no living children for whom she had toiled and suffered—to whom she had given her best love with all the sacrifice it demands. Perhaps not. But I know an aged woman—a troublesome creature, they say—who has sons and daughters high in the scale of wealth and society, as the world goes; yet she only lives to see the cold charities of the pauper's home. Let us hope such instances are rare. As I gazed on the dead face of the dear old lady—for such she seemed to me—I thought of the babes up-stairs; the beginning, the end

of life. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble."

Out from the presence of the dead we walk long halls, only glancing into many of the wards; for no one can hope in a few hours' time even to walk the miles and miles of stairs and hall-ways leading to the habitations of these more than four thousand people. So we confine ourselves to the departments of women and children, and only look into a few of them. But we see the inmates at every turn and on every landing; all ages and all grades of intellect. Here stands an old woman in the corner singing "diddle, diddle, diddle," without beginning or end, time or tune, sense or rhyme, patting her foot for accompaniment to the cracked voice, evidently much pleased with the performance. Many of these people have been but dawdlings all their days, or the public would not now be their generous benefactors.

Entering the department of the insane, we found, instead of swinging gateways to mark the ward limits, solid doors locked; and, instead of empty halls, seats ranged along either side, upon which sat many of the inmates of the rooms opening upon them. Imagine yourself, if you can, walking between rows of crazy people; some glad to see you; some anxious to examine the cut of your garments; some in tears and wringing the hands; some counting beads in prayer; some dancing in wild excitement; some bowing and smiling with benign courtesy; while others, with a toss of the head, elevation of the nose, and turn of the back, speak disdain and contempt as well as acts can say it.

A rather amusing sight it was to see the short-haired girl-nurses try to manage some of these people, much as children play "keep house" and "school," with an assumption of dignity and authority which generally ended in indignation or girlish giggle. But, it is said, those young M. D.'s over the way much prefer these misses for nurses, to plain, staid, experienced, middle-aged women like Nurse Q. Why should n't they? But, really, it did look strangely to see ruffles and puffs, sashes and frizzes, in such a place. To be sure, we should not have seen so much of it only for the ball that came off that afternoon, to which one of the managers' five hundred friends were invited, and every body else excluded, except my friend and I; and we invited ourselves in this wise: About to leave the home with the intention of coming back in the afternoon, we were told by the porter that orders had been given to admit no others that day, only those invited to the ball; but if we chose to stay, and go in to the entertainment with some of the nurses, he should

have no responsibility in the matter, and he supposed it would be all right. Duly considered, we found our way back again, through an extensive dining-room, ranged by long tables and high wooden stools (this for the use of alms-men of the least particular class, simply poor); through the porter-kept doors, giving ingress and egress to the various courts, divided by high walls (showing our permit again, each time); through a ward of epileptics of perhaps a hundred women and children thus terribly afflicted, and into the insane apartments again. Insanity to me is fascinating. It is sanity intensified. It was sad to see that one of the matrons was herself threatened with loss of her mind. Melancholy seemed to have seated itself in every feature; and tears rained down her cheeks at our approach. She was suffering a state of anxiety about her soul; and it may be that a realization of the presence of the Spirit of the Most High may so change her state of feeling as to save her from a fate which now, to all, seems so imminent. Seating ourselves in one of the most quiet apartments, and where the atmosphere was purest (for, although strict attention is given to ventilation, yet, in many of these wards, the bad breath of the inmates, the disinfectants used, and other causes combined, gave so sickening a smell that we were obliged to make handkerchiefs and veils mediums of purification for the air), here we had an opportunity to witness the process of preparation for the occasion; and found these creatures as much excited about and interested in their looks, the dress, the hair, a ribbon, a flower, or an apron, as the veriest city belle; and that, if allowed, they could put as many dresses, one on top of the other, and tie on as many sashes and streamers, and loop up in quite as fantastic a way, as she could. As we were not invited guests, we thought best to go in early, to be less observed—get a good seat, perhaps—construe it as you will. The inmates allowed to be present were brought in, and seated; the men and women on opposite sides of the room, facing each other, leaving an open space in the center large enough to accommodate two sets. The visitors, as they arrived, took seats on the platform *with us*. My friend and I having taken back seats, we afterward found them most desirable, as we felt at liberty to rise and stand at the most interesting points of the entertainment. We held our permit and card in readiness, should any demand a reason for our presence. Much to our enjoyment, we were treated rather as the favored ones; and as nobody seemed to know any one of all of these particular friends, we appropriated the whole

entertainment, visitors and all, and enjoyed it too. Soon a tall, slender figure entered the farther end of the room. Over his shoulders was a broad collar of many colors, adorned with figures and fringes; on his head a heavy wreath of feathers and flowers. In one hand he carried a huge bouquet, stuck in a small glass decanter, which he grasped by the neck. On one arm hung a basket, filled with flowers and odd ends and bits of gay things. A red bandana, looped through the handle, left it to swing gracefully from the person. On the other arm was a good-sized hoop, and in the right-hand a wooden or leather sword. Erect, dignified, majestic, he crossed the room, and took his place in front of the platform. Not a movement of the muscles, nor once a relaxation of that calm, lofty bearing, as of a gray-haired, mighty conqueror, to whom all owed allegiance. Immovable he stood, with scarce a lifting of the eye, until the band suddenly thundered, from brass throat and resonant drum, a deafening crash of quick, inspiring strains, when, with the first notes, began the maniacs' dance.

The king, as he supposes himself to be, moved off in perfect step and time, and perfect grace—never for an instant taking cognizance of the crowd around him, who, equally quick, sprang to their feet, and shuffled and swooped, and jumped and kicked, and laughed and cried; clasped hands, locked arms, and moved together; or, gazing for an instant into each other's eyes, parted as if forever. One boy only danced by jumping straight up and down, as if a puppet propelled by springs; and old gray-headed women showed how well they'd tripped on the light, fantastic toe when young and fair. But among them all, without jostle or contact, he moved, with hoop poised on the end of sword, or basket circling about his head, or bouquet held as an offering to some fair princess. Now, poised on tiptoe, he bends the knee in homage, or, with uplifted sword, stands in attitude of terrible vengeance; now, slightly smiling, with arms folded and eyes uplifted, he gently moves to the soft, plaintive strains, swinging and swinging, turning and turning, till the music ceased; when, with low bows and smiles, the old man returned the imaginary applause of the multitude.

Here is an oddity! Is it man or woman? Hair cropped short; crown of head bald; face pleasant and intelligent, but somewhat masculine; dress of white goods, short, and trimmed with fringe at the bottom; very small feet and ankles, incased in white hose and embroidered slippers. It sat and talked with the ladies—every attitude of studied grace. Miss Binn he

chooses to be called—his form of insanity only permitting him to be a lady. He sews, embroiders, and devotes himself to fancy-work. One of the gentlemen present gallantly invited Miss Binn to dance, which he accepted with polite address, and executed the waltz like a lady. Then, these young nurses aforetime mentioned must partake of the gentle exercise. Polite students were not wanting at the opportune moment. So here is the surging, whirling mass of old and young, sane and insane, rude and gentle, enjoying it equally well, so far as observation goes. But our time was up, and the exciting scene must be left behind. On the stair-way we spoke with the missionary who ministers to these people in holy things. Our wonder at the well-kept courts, perfectly clean floors of halls and dormitories, and personal appearance of the inmates, denoting so much thoughtful care and labor on the part of some one, was second only to our wonder at the grand scale upon which this magnificent scheme of public charity is carried out.

THE PILOT.

BY ALEXANDER COCHRAN.

THE waves are high, the night is dark ;
Wild roam the foaming tides—
Dashing around the straining bark,
As gallantly she rides.
"Pilot, take heed what course you steer,
Our bark is tempest-driven !"
"Stranger, be calm ; there is no fear
For him who trusts in Heaven !"
"O, pilot ! mark yon thunder-cloud—
The lightning's lurid rivers ;
Hark to the wind, 't is piping loud !
The mainmast bends and quivers !
Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail ;
Our stormy try-sail 's riven !"
"Stranger, what matters calm or gale
To him who trusts in Heaven !"
Borne by the winds, the vessel flees
Up to the thundering cloud,
Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
Conceal the topmast shroud.
"Pilot, the waves break o'er us fast ;
Vainly our bark has striven !"
"Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast—
Go, put thy trust in Heaven !"
Good hope ! good hope ! one little star
Gleams o'er the waste of waters ;
'T is like the light reflected far
Of Beauty's loveliest daughters !
"Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
As He has often given ;
Then learn this truth, whate'er may be,
To put thy trust in Heaven."

EVEN TIDE.

BY FLORA L. BEST.

THE lindens lean, awaiting
A benediction to come ;
And the sweet, sad soul of the river
Hath bidden its sorrows be dumb.

There trembles a dream of perfume
From the rich, red heart of the rose,
As the dew descendeth to woo her
In the hush of the day's repose.

The mountain, in royal purple,
Lifts higher his kingly head,
And I know that the night is coming,
And he lists for her solemn tread.

The last, long sunbeams are passing,
Like pilgrims, away from sight ;
Will they rest in some far-away valley,
And lay off their sandals of light ?

Are they never aweary, aweary,
Like these earth-fettered spirits of ours ?
Is a crown only given to Nature ?
Doth a cross lurk under her flowers ?

In the forest's dim cathedral
I gaze on a ghostly train ;
"T is the march of the murdered moments,
And they sob as in mortal pain.

And the voice of the wrathful phantoms
As a death-bell seems to toll :
"The curse of our blood forever
Abide on thy heart and soul !"

Night cometh, the pale-browed priestess ;
By her rocky shrine she stands,
And soft through the silver moonbeams
Peace falls from her lifted hands.

But the strange, sweet silence bringeth
No balm to my weary brain ;
For the blood of the dead hath blighted
My life with a crimson stain.

From the shadowed aisles of the temple
I turn to the distant heights,
Where the dome is hung like a glory,
A-throb with its myriad lights.

And the forest's dim cathedral
Is hid, that I may not see ;
And the dome seems only a stair-way
That reacheth to heaven for me.

And a form steals silently downward—
Could a *vision* be so fair ?
For her robes, descending, have gathered
The glow of the golden stair.

A fancy ! No matter ; she brings me
The dew of her native skies,
And bears on her brooding pinions
The lotus of paradise.

OCTAVIA SOLARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIGNS OF AMITY.

"I can not say 'tis pity
She lacks instruction; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach."

OCTAVIA intently watched them as every step brought them nearer to each other. Cavour no sooner descried Don Pancrazio, whose broad hat and portly figure made him easily recognized, than he quickened his pace, which soon became almost a run. Don Pancrazio continued to walk, though briskly; and when they met, it was easy to see that the meeting was most affectionate, though their voices could not be heard. After conversing as they stood for a few minutes, they began to walk to and fro, and at length walked quite out of sight. Octavia returned disappointed to the house, where, however, she expected them soon to come in to dinner, which, with Maddalena's assistance, she busied in making rather less frugal for the expected guest, by the addition of an omelette and some dried fruit. Then she sat down to await them. The interview with Don Pancrazio had fluttered her a good deal, and she feared she had poorly supported her part in it; yet, with her natural hopefulness, she looked forward to the prospect of a happy family reunion based on mutual forbearance.

A little after dinner-time, Cavour entered without Don Pancrazio, whom he had started on his journey to Lucerna, where he meant to dine with the curate. Don Pancrazio had made the best use of his time to awaken Cavour's family feeling, and convince him how important it was that he should submit himself to his father. He expressed his hope that, by careful management, Octavia might be won over to their Church, and that then, as he had already told her, they might all be happy together, notwithstanding her want of fortune, which, as he adroitly observed, the count had a right to expect for his son.

Cavour listened wistfully to him, and then assured Don Pancrazio that he could have little idea of the beauty and worth of Octavia's character, the soundness of her understanding, and the extent of her religious knowledge. It would require great capacity to confute or baffle her; and they had pledged themselves to respect each other's convictions, which was really the safest way, since she was so much better an arguer than he was, and a religious observer of her promises. If she were converted in a fair and honest way, which there would be more

hope of when she saw what the true faith really was—in Turin, for instance—well and good; it would be a blessing to all; but he would not have any hard measures used on any account whatever.

Don Pancrazio gave a dubious smile, and said:

"Well, well, all will come right, I make no doubt, if you allow us fair play; for we have the truth on our side. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.* With her understanding how should it be otherwise, especially as she seems to have an ingenuous mind, very little experience, and great affection for you? I never met with a woman yet who had not her soft side; and persons are very stupid, in my opinion, who put them on their obstinacy by setting the wrong way to work. Farewell, my son. May she be as completely reconciled, ere long, to the Church as you and I are reconciled to one another! It would be a pity the marriage should need to be annulled."

"That can never be," said Cavour; "for—"

But Don Pancrazio, affecting not to hear him, cried, "*Pax vobiscum!*" with a beaming smile, and started off at a much quicker pace than he was minded to continue when he got round the corner. Nor did Cavour seek to detain him: firstly, because he thought the matter might just as well remain where it was; and, secondly, because he had accompanied Don Pancrazio as far as he was inclined to go, and was pretty sure it was dinner-time. He knew well his marriage had been legal enough, however the curate might incur censure for having been a party to it; and the irregularities of the time were such, owing to the powerful, that three years from that date a stringent ordinance was issued by the Duke di Feria, calling attention, among other things, to the irregularities of the parish priests, and decreeing that thenceforth they should be severely dealt with.*

Octavia was naturally anxious to know what had passed between her husband and Don Pancrazio; but she was never importunate, and Cavour consequently told her more than he would have done had she been so. He said it had affected him to see again his good confessor, for he could not help loving the old man who had taught him almost all he knew. Certainly this did not amount to much; but Cavour was not conscious of deficiencies, having never lived with reading men or deep thinkers. It drew his heart toward home, he said, thus to meet one who had just come from it; and he had



OCTAVIA WATCHING CAOUR AND DON PANCRAZIO.

great hopes that Don Pancrazio would pave the way for his presenting Octavia to his parents.

Octavia rejoiced at the thought, and Cavour was won to relate many a trivial fond record of his earlier days, to which Octavia listened with the greatest interest. She said:

"And what is the contessa like, *amato bene*?"

Cavour paused, and then said:

"It is so difficult to describe one's mother—to see her as others see her. She is, or has been, considered very handsome; but when I have been cross with her, I have thought her frightful."

"Of course your opinion would not then be reliable; but when you recovered yourself—"

"O, then," said he laughing, "I was fuller of what she thought of *me* than what I thought of her."

"And perhaps that may be my case when I see her," said Octavia. "I hope she will like me."

"I can hardly understand how she can do otherwise, if she allows her good judgment and kind heart fair play. When she does so, she can be very attaching. You must humor her prejudices, my dear Octavia, and bear with her

foibles ; and then I hope you will get on very well together. Otherwise I must bring you back to Silvanella."

"We are very happy here," said Octavia, softly.

"But could you be happy here alone, if I were obliged to be in Turin, or with the army?"

"Ah no ! Without *you*, I could not now be happy, even at La Torre !"

About this time a messenger arrived from La Torre. It was Ginavello, who had found his way, in spite of dangers and difficulties, from the valleys ; for the passes were still closed, and a clumsy bridge over the Clusone had been swept away. Count Solara had more than once started, staff in hand, to try to reach his daughter, but had been obliged to turn back, had been attacked with rheumatism the first time, and had slipped and sprained his ankle the second. So Ginavello had undertaken to bring a packet of family letters, which Octavia was so glad to receive, that she kissed them many times. While she read them Maddalena gave Ginavello a good dinner in the kitchen, and heard all the Vaudois news ; and before she had exhausted nearly all her questions, he was recalled to Octavia, that she might question him herself.

Ginavello told her every scrap of domestic intelligence he could think of, adding that every body missed her very much, and that her place would not be readily filled. The old and sick found nobody nursed them as well as she did ; the boys did not get on half as well with their lessons ; the psalm-singing had sadly fallen off. He thought Count Solara would soon get well ; but, at present, he hobbled "like this" (suiting the action to the word), and could hardly attend the public services. The countess was pretty well, but did not leave the house much. The young ladies—well, he supposed he ought not to talk about such things, but certainly the moderator's son seemed to be very much taken with the Signorina Felicia at Christmas.

Octavia, who was hungry for more news, listened with eager interest, and hardly knew how to part with Ginavello. However, she sent him away while she wrote her answers to every one of the family ; and Cavour, coming in, sat down beside her, with his arm round her waist, because, he said, he liked to see her handle her pen so prettily ; and he said, "Mind you tell them how happy we are, and be sure to give my love," and declared he should watch to see whether she did so ; at all events, he read the greater part of her letter. And then it was folded, and given, unsealed as it was, to Ginavello ; for who would be so dishonorable as to read a letter that was not intended for them ?

People never did so in the valleys, and Ginavello was too much of a Vaudois to be guilty of such a thing.

Octavia had told her mother that she was very happy at Silvanella—always happy, and not at all tired of it ; but that there was some expectation of their being soon invited to Turin, which of course would give great pleasure to dear Attilio, and enable him to watch her father's interests. Cavour said, gently :

"That will do ; do n't put in any more." So she did not.

Meanwhile, Don Pancrazio, having accomplished his journey with rather more difficulty than he had reckoned on, proceeded straight back to Turin, and reported to the count and countess that the marriage seemed to have been quite a binding one, and that Donna Octavia's beauty was such that she would not discredit a family already so distinguished in that way, and that, moreover, she seemed to be of a gentle, ductile disposition, so that she would probably be easily led, by proper admonition, into the bosom of the Church. He was sure that nothing would give greater pleasure to his dear daughter's—the countess's—benevolent and Christian mind. His own desire of converting so engaging a pupil had evidently increased ; and his persuasions were rendered effectual by their being urged on already half-willing minds. The result was, that Count Cavour, desirous of his son's early marriage, and of having him at home, sent him a gracious, though somewhat cold, invitation to return, and bring his wife with him. A mule litter should be sent for that purpose.

Cavour in great joy carried the letter to Octavia, who was much pleased too, though made a little anxious by the formality with which it was expressed. His schoolings—"you must remember to do this," "you must always remember never to do that"—increased her timidity ; but still she thought : "They will surely make allowance for my country training, even if I am awkward at first in the usages of polite life, some of which appear to me immaterial, and others very foolish. It is as much my duty to acquire them now as it was my duty at home to be content with plain living. One can but be ready to learn, and always be obliging and docile."

Maddalena was grieved to the soul at the prospect of losing her mistress, and said many times, as she helped her to prepare for the journey, "O ! what shall I do without you ? You had revived in me so many of my good old feelings, and now I shall slip back again !"

"Not if you pray for strength and guidance,"

said Octavia; "and you must pray for me too, as I will for you."

"That I will, right fervently," said Maddalena, "and that will keep me straight more than any thing else. You are going, dear lady, I am afraid, into sore temptation, and may be drawn into sinful compliance, as I was."

"If so, I hope the Lord will give me strength; I dare not trust in my own."

"Here comes the litter!" cried Maddalena, "with four walking footmen, as I'm alive! That looks grand and seemly. But they are all in black, and the mules' housings and the litter curtains are of black velvet fringed with gold! How dismal! it makes me shudder."

"It is just the beginning of Lent," said Piero, who was hurrying forward, "and the countess is very devout. This is her mass-going litter, and it has four mattresses of velvet and gold, and they are soft, warm, and very comfortable."

"May all go well with her!" sighed Maddalena as the little cavalcade departed.

Moore says that many a girl

"Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes e'en its troubles back again."

But it was not yet so with Octavia.

CHAPTER XIV.

OCTAVIA'S FIRST CROSS.

"I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage." — *Winter's Tale*.

WHEN they entered Turin, Octavia, who had a little opening between the litter curtains, was surprised, interested, and amused by turns at every novelty that struck her.

"Dear husband, look, look," said she to Cavour, who rode close beside her, "there is a man haranguing a crowd of people! Is he preaching?"

"No: only selling quack medicines."

"Another, with a fool's cap on his head, is blowing a horn. What for? See, there is a woman having a tooth drawn in the open street! How grand and noble those soldiers look! how well they keep step!"

"They have just been on parade."

"What a charming band of music! It makes my heart swell." And her eyes glistened. "Ah, they are playing an air I have heard in the valleys." And she shrank behind the curtains, ashamed to let her emotion be seen. The litter stopped. "Have we arrived?" said she, alarmed.

No: but a religious procession was passing. Some fell on their knees; Cavour respectfully took off his hat. As they moved on, a group of mountebanks attracted public attention. The

street cries, the military words of command, the hum of voices, the ringing of church-bells, produced a bewildering effect on Octavia; while the beauty of the public buildings, churches, and rows of private mansions that looked like palaces, inspired her with great admiration.

Meanwhile Cavour was absorbed in thinking of the approaching meeting. Presently they entered a large court-yard, and alighted at the wide-open door of a fine house, where servants in handsome liveries came forward to receive them.

Octavia was awed. She let Cavour lead her through a large hall paved with black and white marble, up a wide staircase with shallow steps and frequent landing-places, into a saloon of noble proportions, and larger than any apartment she had seen since her childhood, gorgeous with paintings and crimson hangings, and gilding and looking-glasses. At the upper end sat a stately couple side by side, like a king and queen upon a throne, to whom Cavour led his shrinking wife, dropping on his knees before them when he reached them.

"Your blessing, sir, my father," said he, submissively.

"You have it, son," said the count, rising and laying his hand on his head and muttering a few words; after which he embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks, though with somewhat of stiffness. Cavour then went through the same form with his mother, and then presented his wife to both. The old count, eying her with what Octavia thought resembled severity, at length softened his expression, and, taking her hand, kissed her gravely on the forehead; then said:

"Young lady, you are, I hope, disposed to promote my son's happiness; and to that end you must conciliate all. You are young, you must be teachable, and I trust we shall all get on pretty well together."

He then passed her to his wife, whose reception was almost equally formal. Two low chairs were placed for them before the count and countess by servants, who then withdrew. They presently returned with large salvers of chocolate, cakes, and sweetmeats, which Octavia was glad of, as it gave them something to do.

Cavour was almost as much under restraint as she was; so that when Don Pancrazio suddenly entered and spoke to both of them frankly and cheerfully, he seemed to break the ice, and was welcomed almost as an old friend. Though his inquiries about their health, their journey, the state of the roads, etc., were very unimportant, they enabled the young people to regain their self-possession. The countess then said:

"It is near our supper-time, and you will need to make some changes in your dress; so I will lead you to your chamber;" saying which, she slowly sailed down the saloon, followed by Octavia, who, if she could have found her own way, would gladly have relieved her of the trouble. The countess said:

"You have not brought a maid of your own, I think?"

"I have never had one, madam."

"Is it possible?" said the countess, with a look as much as to say, I could not have believed in such a state of destitution. She proceeded in silence till they reached a large and beautiful though gloomy bed-room, where a stiff, duenna-like, elderly person in black was waiting with folded hands.

"My own woman, Maria, will wait on you at present," said the countess. "Maria, have you laid out a dress for Donna Octavia?"

"There seems to be none but this black silk in the valise," said Maria, rather contemptuously. "The others are on their way, I suppose?"

"No, I had no others to bring," said Octavia, "except of white muslin, which are as yet too thin."

"Is it possible?" was again said under the breath, and then the countess said:

"We will soon extend your wardrobe, my dear child, into something more suitable for my son's wife. Luckily, only a few intimates will look in on us this evening. Your hair will do very well when you have smoothed it. The style becomes her, Maria, though it is old-fashioned."

"Quite old-fashioned, my lady," rejoined Maria.

"You must shake out that black silk, and make it look as nice as you can. Have you a few ornaments, daughter?"

"None but my wedding-ring and this little agate heart," said Octavia, timidly.

"Fie! that may do in the mountains, but not here. You shall have this cross, my dear," removing a very handsome one attached to a gold chain from her own neck, and passing it round the white throat of her daughter-in-law.

Octavia would have remonstrated if she had dared, but she durst not. Then a transparent veil of fine lace was attached to the coil of beautiful hair at the back of her head, and trained by the skillful maid to fall in graceful folds. The countess, though hard to please, was at length satisfied, though she ended by saying:

"When you have been dressed by one of our

leading milliners, you will look another creature."

The reception that evening consisted chiefly of male guests, though there were one or two married ladies who seemed established gossips of the countess's and who alternately talked to her with volubility and looked hard at Octavia. The gentlemen, too, stared very much; so that being unable to raise her eyes without meeting those of the company, her modest cheeks were dyed with blushes, and she felt very uncomfortable. The countess had placed a large fan in her hand, but she had never been accustomed to its elegant little exercises, and played with it very awkwardly. The general impression of her, however, was that her beauty was very great, and of an uncommon kind, and that her shyness would soon wear off. Don Pancrazio made a seasonable diversion by reappearing, and seating himself beside her, and she was quite relieved by his entering into conversation with her. Cavour presently joined them, and presented some of his friends, who were ambitious to draw her out, but found it so difficult they settled it there was nothing to draw.

At night, before retiring to rest, Octavia removed the diamond cross from her neck, and carried it to her mother-in-law.

"My dear child," said the countess, who was at her toilet, "you need not return it; I never meant you to do so. It is a gift—a wedding present. I should be affronted at your not keeping it."

"Since that is the case," said Octavia, "I will place it in a casket, and prize it as a proof of your generous kindness."

"If you mean you will keep it in a casket without ever wearing it, you will defeat its purpose. The diamonds, which are very fine ones, might as well have remained in their mine. They are quite suitable for your rank, to be worn whenever you go into society; and, indeed, my dear, if you refrain from doing so, I shall think it is from pride, because the cross is not quite new."

"That would be a sad misinterpretation," said Octavia, warmly. "I like it all the better for having been yours; but it is far too splendid for me, even if I ever wore ornaments, or went into society."

"You never wore ornaments because you had none to wear, it seems to me," said the countess, coolly; "and your reason for having never gone into society was probably much the same. I know you could have had none at Silvanella, and very likely there was none at La Torre; for I remember to have heard that your father was the only nobleman there."

"And he a fugitive," said Octavia, with emotion. "Ah, madam, his diamonds were confiscated long ago. Most unfit, therefore, would it be for his daughter to wear any."

"I do not see the matter in that light," replied the countess. "You are now the wife of a prosperous man, the heir to noble fortunes, and one who has a character to keep up in the eyes of the world. With all your love of plainness, you would see at once the incongruity of my entering a ball-room in a homespun petticoat, with a milking-stool under my arm."

"Yes, indeed, madam," said Octavia, laughing; "but you are so different. Robes of state and rich jewels seem in their fit place on you."

"Well, I hope they do," said the countess, smiling a little; "but they will equally become you when we have somewhat trained you. I am sleepy now, and so must you be, I am sure; for I saw you ready to drop off once or twice during the evening."

"The air felt rather close, and I have been used to such early hours," said Octavia.

"Ah, well, you will be all right in time, I have no doubt. *Felicissima notte.* Here, take your cross with you, you pretty little heretic! I should have thought such a purist as you are would value it for its religious significance;" and she kissed it before giving it her.

"As a reminder, not as a relic or object of worship," said Octavia, softly and gravely.

"Don Pancrazio must talk to you about that," said the countess, with a perceptible alteration in look and tone. "I have no taste for controversy myself. I reverence every thing that pertains to our holy and only true faith, and find my greatest comfort in so doing. Good-night, my dear."

And they parted, each with a feeling of having taken the first step on dangerous ground.

Countess Cavour sent for Don Pancrazio.

"Father," said she, "I must have a word with you before I sleep. That beautiful girl is likely to give us a good deal of trouble, I think. At the first word she was ready to stand on the defensive, and if I had spoken a second, she might have become offensive too."

"What was it all about?" said Don Pancrazio.

"I had, with some adroitness, made her wear my diamond cross; which truly was no mean sacrifice, for I am exceedingly fond of it. I did it on the plea of making her a little more fit for company—more like other people."

"Excellent!" said Don Pancrazio.

"After every body was gone, she brought it back to me, and I assured her it was a gift."

"Better still, daughter."

"She still begged off," proceeded the countess, rapidly, "and I then put it to her that it was affronting to return a gift; and that if she persisted in doing so, I should set it down to her pride in not choosing to accept an ornament that had already been worn by me."

"Better and better!" cried Don Pancrazio. "You women have such *finesse!* There is no need for me to counsel you. I should only spoil what you are enabled to do by intuition."

"Ah, I am such a poor creature, father!"

"Not at all—quite the reverse, as far as mother-wit and *finesse* are concerned. Speaking in worldly terms, I should call you a genius. Take courage and have patience, and go on as well as you have begun. That's my counsel. You are aiming to save a soul from perdition. Can there be a higher one? And she is well worth saving, we must all concede. Beautiful as the day, simple, dignified. Having high descent, you see, dignity and grace come to her naturally. So that she is in no wise unworthy to be your son's wife, but for her unfortunate heresy, which is more her father's fault than hers, of course. Away from him and with you, every thing is in her favor—in *your* favor; for I know you will deem it a blessing to yourself if you succeed."

"Yes, indeed, father," the countess replied, clasping her hands.

"Good, good, good. The Lord will prosper you, daughter. It is a work that would have been worthy of Saint Catherine of Sienna. Pray much; pray for her; pray that her eyes may be opened. Be very, very wary how you approach the subject; here a little and there a little. She is as easily startled as a hare; but a hare is not the most dangerous of animals. Be you as wary as a fox. Yes, yes, I foresee we shall succeed; *you* will succeed with very little need of my help."

"Indeed, indeed, father, you must aid me."

"Of course, whenever I can; but I prognosticate great success on your part. Prudence, patience, perseverance—those must be your watchwords. *Benedicite*, my dear daughter."

CHAPTER XV.

CONFEDERATES.

"Lo! she is one of this confederacy."

THE first time that Cavour had an opportunity of asking his wife how she got on, she told him it much troubled her to have a crucifix, a bénitier, and pictures of saints in her rooms. He answered:

"You forget that they are my rooms as well as yours, and that you must concede to me the

emblems of my own faith. It is very easy for both parties to be intolerant ; we must beware how we begin. You are the youngest member of the family, and must not expect to lead us all."

He kissed her gravely, and she felt checked, and did not answer.

"We no more think of worshiping those alabaster Cupids, and that bronze Apollo," added he, "than the tables and chairs, yet we do not make ourselves miserable because they occupy their pedestals. We view them with indifference, as part of the furniture. Do you the same with the symbols of our faith, since you can not feel reverence. Remember how respectfully I treated your worship, even though the long sermons were utterly uninteresting to me, and the singing horrible."

"Ah, Attilio!"

"Come here," interrupted he, beckoning her to the window ; "here are some mountebanks. See that fellow in the tall hat with his pasteboard nose."

"Pasteboard?"

And she was amused for the instant.

After their light breakfast, which they took in their own dressing-rooms, he saw her no more till nearly dinner-time. Then he found her seated beside his mother, who was receiving visitors. He whispered, "How has it gone with you this morning?"

"We have been engrossed with milliners," replied she, softly, "and they have consulted us on what suited me and what did not, and have orders to send me ever so many fine things, which will cost more money than you and I ever spent at Silvanella."

He laughed and nodded, as much as to say, "All's right."

"See on what excellent terms the young couple are!" thought the visitors.

"I should so enjoy a little fresh air," added Octavia, in a timid whisper.

"Out of the question at present, my dearest. In the afternoon my mother will take you abroad."

"Might I not go with you?"

"We will see. If you do, it must be quite *incognita*, for my mother hardly considers your dress sufficiently good yet for public inspection."

"Then she will excuse my going with her, I should think," returned Octavia ; "and I will conceal myself in my veil, so as not to disgrace you."

"Disgrace me, my soul? You will need veiling to prevent being followed by impudent admirers ; but it is not exactly fashionable for married people to go about together."

"Why?"

"O, because they do not care for each other much."

"But *we* do."

He smiled expressively, and walked away. Octavia lived on that smile, and felt happy.

Every hour brought its little trials and difficulties, but she forbore from troubling him with them. She began to think that he really did not care much for essentials or non-essentials, but only for peace and quiet. As for his parents, she felt that they cared for them very much indeed, and laid as much stress on mere formulas as dogmas. They were consistent, therefore, in their rigidity, and her husband in his easiness. But her character had no likeness to either. Her sedentary, useless life within doors began to tell on her health and spirits, and a kind word from Cavour made her ready to shed tears.

Even in the valleys, the Protestants were compelled outwardly to observe the Catholic saints' days ; and she had heard of the lax way in which Catholics kept the Sabbath, but till now she had never realized it. On Sunday there seemed an absolute fair in the great square—jugglers, itinerant musicians, a quack doctor, sellers of fruit and cakes, soldiers on parade, religious fraternities in procession—how unlike the day in which "thou shalt do no work ; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates!"

"Come with me, Octavia," said Cavour, suddenly entering. "Put on your veil ; I am going somewhere."

"Where?"

"Never mind—you shall see."

She put her hand within his arm, wonderingly. He took her out into the open air, and piloted her among the moving crowds.

"How strange, and how gay!" she murmured ; "how different from La Torre!"

"You may truly say so," returned he, smiling.

"Whither are we going?"

"Do not you wish to hear a good sermon?"

"O, indeed I do, Attilio! Are we going to hear one?"

"Yes."

"In a temple?"

"If you choose to call it so."

He took her up some wide steps. As they passed inside, she looked round with awe, and at the same instant felt her face sprinkled with a few drops of water.

"Attilio!" said she, starting. But he seemed not to hear her, and to be immersed in thought. Presently they were in the nave of the cathedral.

"O," cried she, drawing him forcibly back, "you must not bring me here."

"Nonsense!" said he, with a little frown, "I bring you here to witness a spectacle. Every intelligent person comes here, every Protestant foreigner. One's faith can not be of very hard enamel, if it is so easily scratched."

She was ready to answer, "The bloom of a peach, though, is easily rubbed off." But the solemnity of the place awed her. She looked around timidly and with repulsion—she saw numbers of penitents kneeling before pictures of the Virgin—she saw notices affixed to the doors, inscribed with "Pray for the soul of so-and-so." She saw no light but what streamed from wax tapers, or forced its way through stained glass. Mass was being performed in the presence of the bishop and chapter. A large body of troops filled the nave. The scenic effect overwhelmed her. The gorgeous dresses of the priests, the continual genuflections and crossings, the incessant tinkling of bells, the sickly smell of incense, the monotonous chants and rapid utterance of unintelligible prayers, wrought her up to a pitch of agony. She turned to her husband and murmured piteously, "O, I can not stand this!" but he seemed absorbed in devotion, and unable to attend to her. Shuddering at being a surprised participant in a service that she knew her father would have utterly condemned, a death-like paleness overspread her countenance; and when strains of mournful music swelled through the nave, and died in wails through the aisles, she sank in a dead faint at her husband's feet.

Cavour caught her from the ground, and carried her through the crowd, which made way for him; and many looks of pity and admiration fell on his lifeless burden. It was a long time before even the fresh air restored her. When she came to herself, and beheld him bending over her, she besought him with tears never to put her to such a test again. "You know you promised you would not," whispered she, and Cavour bit his lip. His mother's litter was in waiting; he placed her on it. Having conveyed her home and consigned her to female care, he turned away and went out of the house. As he met the congregation coming from the cathedral, he noticed that some of them were speaking of "that beautiful creature who fainted and was carried out;" and more than one acquaintance detained him to inquire how his sweet young wife was. "The music overpowered her," he replied; "her nerves are so exquisitely sensitive." And the excuse was accepted in good faith. He had come forth perplexed and annoyed; these flat-

tering inquiries, evincing real interest, pleased him. On his return home, he was told that the family physician had prescribed entire rest for Countess Octavia, and that she should not, in her present critical state, go any more to the cathedral.

"The cathedral scheme has been a failure," said the countess, with manifest vexation, to her confessor. "I almost think this girl must be a beautiful idiot, she is so insensible."

"Have patience, daughter," reiterated Don Pancrazio. "All women are not as richly endowed by Heaven as yourself. Her mind requires to be educated. I believe she will yield eventually to gentle suasion."

"But she is so self-willed," rejoined the countess. "She pinched my son's arm black and blue when he sprinkled her with holy water. He laughed when he told me so; but she was in earnest for all that."

"He has great power over her, however."

"She has great power over him. He is much more influenced by her than he ever was by me. Think how sinfully compliant he has been already, guaranteeing that there shall be no coercion; that she shall be undisturbed in the exercise of her pretended faith. O, father! it is very, very sad. Think how bad example spreads! When the servants see that she neither crosses herself, nor attends mass, nor uses a rosary, nor confesses, who can tell how neglectful they may become themselves?"

"I own I regret she does not confess," said Don Pancrazio. "That would give me a good hold upon her. I must exhort her to do so, and show Scripture warrant."

"O do, father, do!" said the countess. "The poor girl is so opinionated that she believes no one is versed in Scripture but herself."

"I will bring out a text or two that will knock her down," said Don Pancrazio. "Trust me for dealing with her, if you will but give me a fair opportunity."

"Talk to her to-morrow, by all means," said the countess. "You can not begin too soon."

"Send your son out of the way, then," returned Don Pancrazio, "for he is not much of an arguer, and might chance to spoil all by striking in at the wrong moment."

"I will manage that."

So the next day, when Octavia was all alone, reclining on a couch, and languidly employing her fingers in some little work that did not seem to interest her much, her maid Agnese told her that Don Pancrazio wished to see her. He was instantly admitted. The sight of his rotund person in its flowing cassock, and his fat, rosy, good-tempered face always rather pleased Octavia.

"Daughter," said he, "I come to say how sorry I am that you are indisposed, and that I trust the light affliction will be but for a moment. You know where those words come from, I dare say."

"Ay, that do I indeed," said Octavia. "It is not a text to forget. It is so excellently balanced; 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"Balanced? how balanced?" asked he, looking mystified.

"A light affliction against a weight of glory. Which is but for a moment, against an eternal glory."

"O, I see—an ingenious double metaphor."

"Surely, something more than ingenious," said Octavia. "Inspired. And inspiring."

"Ah, ah," said he, with a knowing smile, and folding his plump hands over one another, "now I am doing you good. I am drawing you into a little discussion; and that is what you like. Is it not, daughter?"

"Indeed it is," replied Octavia, smiling in return. "Like refreshing water to thirsty ground. When discussion is amicable instead of acrimonious, nothing can be pleasanter or more profitable."

"We will say nothing about profitable," said Don Pancrazio. "Some disputants I have met with would never budge an inch from their pre-conceived notions, just because they were pre-conceived. There was nothing profitable in that, daughter. They never knew when they were beaten. Whatever pleasure this might be to themselves, it could never be pleasant to those who argued with them."

"No, it could not be," said Octavia.

"And women are generally such poor logicians that they had better leave argument to men, daughter. To men who have made it their vocation. Do you remember the story, 'Let the cobbler stick to his last?'"

"O yes."

"Let women, in like manner, stick to their knickknacks."

"You remind me of what you said at Silvanella," said she, amused.

"If I said so at Silvanella, it was because I knew it to be a good maxim—a divine maxim."

"I never met with it in Holy Writ," she answered, quietly.

"Perhaps because you have not turned many leaves of Holy Writ."

"O yes, it is the *vade-mecum* of our people. Many of them have the New Testament by heart."

"Without having it in their head, may be. I mean, without having head to understand it."

"If we apply ourselves to its study with heart and with head, and with prayer for the Holy Spirit's guidance, I believe we may perceive its intense exactness of meaning."

"These are fine words, now," said Don Pancrazio, after a moment's pause, "to come out of a young lady's mouth. You read the learned tongues, I suppose."

"Not very well, sir."

"You have taken your degree at Bologna, perhaps."

"O no."

"Well, I should say then that you are hardly qualified to judge of the comparative merits of the real Word of God accepted by the only true Church, and the spurious version of it which the Vaudois possess."

"It is not spurious, indeed," cried Octavia, with energy.

"Do n't tell me, do n't tell me," interrupted Don Pancrazio. "I shall never believe it to be otherwise unless I compare one with the other, verse by verse, and word by word. Unluckily I have not a Vaudois version within reach."

"I will gladly try to get you one, sir, if you wish it," said Octavia.

"Do you happen to have one of your own?"

"Why yes, I have; only—"

"Only you do n't care to part with any thing that is in the least valuable to yourself, however a friend may need it. That's your Vaudois generosity, I suppose," retorted he, merrily.

"O no, no!" cried Octavia, eagerly. "Only it is a gift from my father, and it is my daily, hourly food. But since you, sir, really desire it,—if you really desire it—"

"I do really desire it," replied he, gazing earnestly on her lovely face. "I do really desire it, and from a really good motive, daughter."

"Take it then, dear sir," said Octavia, her whole countenance lighting up with divine faith, hope, and charity. "Take it, though it is my most valued treasure; and may the Holy Spirit bless it to you as you examine it! I only ask that you will faithfully restore it when your purpose is served."

"I will; all the saints be my witness," said he, calmly dropping it into his pocket.

MIND, or intelligence, is inseparably connected with sociability. Isolate the spirit of man from all intercourse with its kindred, from all those little and great sympathies which fill up and sweeten the chalice of life, and it loses its natural attributes—it ceases to be itself.

ONE OF THE WRONGS GAIL HAMILTON FORGOT.

BY MARY V. PARKER.

AGENTLEMAN, who had lived long and well enough to make his opinion a rule to judge other men's opinions by, was dying. Among his last requests he said: "Wife, I leave you to take especial care of Eddie's education and business training. Watch him closely. He is not yet old enough for me to determine the bent of his mind to any degree of certainty; but you will have ample time before he can enter upon any profession or trade to study the matter. Note his style of plays and recreation as he advances in years, and do n't let him enter on any business, however strong the inducement, unless you believe it accords with his taste. And, my dear, do n't condemn him to a liberal education unless he has a mind to it. It has been our pet plan, you know, to send him through college; but he had better never see college walls than to go there much against his will. I think there will be means enough to take him through without discommoding you, if he inclines to it. And, my dear, you will be sure to give this your personal attention, will you not?" Her answering kiss, between suppressed sobs, was assurance enough for the dying man.

"And what of our Nellie?" was interrogated as soon as voice would permit.

"The dear darling, God bless her; she has been our sunshine and our joy. Life's hold is very strong on me when I think of her; but His will, not mine. Let her have an education, and, most of all, teach her to be a good house-keeper."

"But what if she have no taste for house-keeping?"

"You must cultivate a taste;" and then the good man wound his arm around his lovely wife and baby girl and darling boy in one long embrace.

And there you are, dear Nellie, sitting upon your mother's lap, not so much to be pitied because you are an orphan, as because you have been condemned, by lips you love and hold most authoritative, to a life without choice of action; while your brother, no more free-spirited than yourself, has been commanded by the same authority to choose. And what is more, the world and fate and destiny combine to make the decision still more binding. You must be a house-keeper. This is not only your fate, dear Nellie, but it is the fate of all of us. If you follow out your sure destiny of loving, you must follow out as sure a destiny of housekeeping. If you have

a faculty for it, and can accomplish it easily and well, you are fortunate. If not, may the gods help you; you will need their help.

I believe the mental philosopher, in all his analysis of mind, has never detected any great difference between man's and woman's mental organism. He has decided that man draws his conclusions more logically, woman more intuitively. But I believe he has never discovered that her faculties can bend to one style of development any more easily than his, or that her tastes are any less diverse than his. Suppose we take all the men in a given community, comprising city and country, and require them to follow one style of business, say farming. What per cent of good farmers would we have? What kind of farmers would Shoemaker A, Blacksmith B, Carpenter C, Lawyer D, Minister E, Professor F, and Gambler G, make? and this, too, after they had been brought up "after the most straitest sect" of farming, either on some big county farm or by judicious fathers, and had been drilled to it from their earliest years, only subtracting that amount of time required for the different grades of education which boys, left to themselves, would choose. Would not their natural inclinations crop out over and above this training, and often to a very damaging extent?

Would not Gambler G be likely to be off playing poker when he should be planting corn? And Blacksmith B be tinkering his plowshare when he should be making a straight furrow? And Professor F lose his balance on the milking-stool from star-gazing? And would not Lawyer D, when he was set to mow, complain as Webster did, that the scythe was not hung to suit him; and when told to hang it to suit himself, do so by swinging it over a branch of the nearest tree? And how would Minister E get on digging potatoes? Would he not be likely to do as the little boy did—parody the Lord's Prayer, and say, "Give us this day our daily potatoes?" Would any one in his sane mind expect such a farming community to prosper, even the lamented Horace Greeley himself? And yet this would be no harder condition for the men than women are obliged to accept. And what would be the mental effect upon that community? Would there not be some danger that the average amiability of those men would be pretty low? Where would the sweet spirit of that professor find itself when surrounded by all the perplexities of such an uncongenial life? Where would the grace of the minister go, if every evening, when he kneeled at the family altar to give thanks, he must remember that the furrows he had been making all day

were shamefully crooked, though he had put forth every exertion to mark his piece straight? And how would the spirit of that lawyer keep up, if he found that his life-work, irrevocably fixed, was not only uncongenial, but entirely beyond his power to do well, though he had all the ambition and perseverance of ordinary men?

One writer has said that "to a sensitive man, who strives to do his business well, failure in any undertaking is terrible." Does not the experience of most of us prove the statement to be true? Is it any wonder, then, that so many of our amiable, high spirited, and cultivated young ladies become low-spirited, and even morose, soon after setting up for themselves? I do not mean that they appear thus to the outside world—who would be foolish enough for that?—but at home, where it is impossible to disguise their real feelings; to their husbands and near relatives. Is it any wonder, when, at every turn through their house, they have to admit to themselves that they are not accomplishing the work they supposed themselves fully equal to, though they put forth every effort? Is it not more of a wonder that there are as many well-kept homes as there are?

These cases of disappointment are not isolated and rare, but are of frequent occurrence. Are you sure, business man, that one is not sitting at your own hearth-stone? But no: you will never read this article, even should the editor give it place in print; for the most of you are as much afraid of being seen with a ladies' book in your hand, as your modest wife would be of being seen on a public rostrum. I wish some enterprising publisher would get up a magazine especially for gentlemen. I have no doubt he would get plenty of contributions free. But (supposing one of you should read this) is it not possible that the wife who has disappointed you by her irritability and nervousness, has done so just from this cause? If all that has ever been written about home being a "retreat for the weary, care-worn man of business, where he can find shelter from the storms of the heartless world," should be published in one volume, it would certainly make more than an octavo. But where is the retreat for woman? Surely, not at home; for that is her "business house." And he who speaks lightly of the work there performed, speaks foolishly. I suppose that if we look through the land into the homes of our industrious day-laborers, mechanics, artisans, and ordinary professional and business men, we will find that the average number of hours' work performed by the wives is a good deal higher than that performed by the husbands; and it is doubtful if the money earned

by the husbands would be sufficient to settle their wives' bills, if they charged ordinary prices for their work, even if they throw in the care of their little ones, to which there is no price fixed in "accounts current." If she has a faculty for turning her hand thus well and wisely—and a great many have—she is more than fortunate; but, whether she has or not, she must dig through it.

And is it not a sorry hour for that young wife when she wakes up to the consciousness of inability? Is it any wonder if she makes shipwreck of her good temper? These trials, caused by again and again failing in some little household duty, make such a weight upon her that she can not overcome it. And are you sure you have not added greatly to that weight in putting from you, by word or look, the story of her petty trials, and sending her sensitive nature back upon itself, wounded and hurt? Was it not hurt enough by the failure without being again wounded by your indifference? This is one of the wrongs women have a right to cry out against; and they do cry out against it all over our land, but in secret, unheard and unanswered. From many a heart the bitter cry of want of sympathy goes up, though it never escapes from the lips. I have seen a wife grow pale when she opened the oven-door, and saw the cake, which was puffy and light but a little before, sunk to the bottom of the tin, and I know a piercing cry of anguish rang through her heart; but her husband did not perceive it, though he stood within ten feet of her. She had company invited, and had neither time nor material for another trial. You say she should not care about such a trifle, do you? Ask your mother, who has kept house these forty years, if she has got over being sensitive on such a point.

A lady of my acquaintance, who had kept house longer than this lady of whom I was speaking had lived years, sat down and cried over the looks of her clothes after a washing. She had just removed to a new state. She had never before lived where the water she drank was not soft enough to make a suds any moment by adding the required soap; but in her new home she could no more make a suds without first cleansing the water, than she could make a ginger-bread out of common sand. But she knew nothing of the process of cleansing, and after trying again and again to do her washing well, and failing, she sat down and wept. And yet she was a woman of more than ordinary common sense, Christian principle, and thorough energy. But all her husband said was, "I would not be so foolish."

Woman's work is the most diversified, I apprehend, of any work that was ever undertaken by one pair of hands, or superintended by one brain; and I have never met the woman who could turn her hand equally well to every department. And, by woman's work, I mean the actual labor performed by her, letting pass the added strain on nerve and heart that results from the moral force she must exert in bringing up a family of children. One woman's sitting-room and parlor will always wear an air of comfort (and, if you can study the matter, you will find that she has a faculty for keeping things arranged; almost unconsciously she stops and picks up a stray spool or truant plaything, and restores it to its place; but she can never think of her back-room or closets without a cloud of real sorrow passing over her heart); while another will have her sitting-room and parlor always stirred up so that, if a friend or stranger calls, a sharp pang will seize her, and the expression, "How the house looks!" will be her exclamation, if she dares to make any. "If I had nothing to do but to cook," said one lady, "I believe I should be perfectly happy; but this washing dishes, making beds, sweeping house, and picking up around, I can never get done, as it seems to me it ought to be, to say nothing of those extra trials, washing and ironing, and days which I never get through without a headache—three days out of every seven, for it always takes two days for ironing." "I just like to wash when I have such soap," said another, eying a dish of that mottled jelly. "I just like it;" and she spoke as though she really enjoyed it. She always washed Monday, had her clothes on the line a little earlier than her neighbors, and never gave any quarters to washing-machines and new-fangled boilers. She was a host in herself washing-days; and yet she was not one of those coarse women we often meet, who, having spent all their lives in such work, have never had any time for culture. She was a real lady, and went through with the various suds with such a grace as fairly to dignify her work; and it was a real rest to her every time she thought of it during all the toilsome week. And it was a toilsome week; for this was the only thing she seemed to have a faculty for. Ironing she could never get done; and, as for baking-days, I always pitied her when they commenced, and more when they were over. I am glad for her that there are fifty-two Mondays in a year, but am sorry that there are the same number of Wednesdays and Saturdays. But how much of real solace is it to a woman of cultivated taste and intellect, to reflect that she gets her washing done a little

earlier Monday mornings than her neighbors, and that they really are a shade whiter? Yet this is the most restful and comforting reflection presented to her in all the round of weekly duties. All the rest give her a pang of sorrow when she thinks of them.

And then, again, there is such a countless number of women who can not be gratified even in the kind of housekeeping they must accept. They are obliged to adapt themselves to their husband's business. If he is a farmer, they must do the work of farmers' wives, and live in the country, whether it accords with their tastes or not. If they are mechanics or tradesmen, they must live in the village.

There is many a lady of high social qualities who is wearing out her life in solitude, and becoming gray before her time, because she is necessitated to live in the country; while I know well another living in town, whose finger-tips fairly ache to be paddling the cream, working over butter, turning cheese, seeing to the chickens, gathering eggs, and doing the various works of a farmer's wife. When she married, her husband was a farmer. How much that had to do in deciding her answer, when he asked her to be his wife, she never told me; but I know his occupation just suited her, and she looked forward to spending her days in a comfortable farm-house with joy. How long was she gratified in this? Just two years. Then it became irksome to him, and he hunted round till he found a situation; it was selling agricultural implements at six hundred a year. He sold his farm, bought a village lot, built a house, moved in, and took a few boarders just to help along. I was one of those boarders, and that is the way I know. Poor man! it never occurred to him that this was a trial to his wife. She did not say much. Why should she? She had lived with him two years, and any wife can find out by that time how much it will do to say. He was too obtuse to see that in her suggestion, "Had you not better keep the farm? you may not like your new business," she was putting in a plea for herself. But he liked it; and she became sorry-eyed, more and more every day. I saw her till she became a walking skeleton, with no elasticity in her step, and it was said she had consumption. I do not affirm that she would have kept her health had she remained in the country, but she would at least have had the element of joyousness to assist nature. But that keeping boarders—there was no joyousness in that, but a perpetual trial. But he did not see it; and never, in those years, did a word of expressed sympathy pass his lips.

I believe it has come to be an established

fact that one hour of mental labor tells more in wear on the physical and nervous system than two of manual labor. And some of you professional and business men console yourselves by thinking that surely your wives are exempt from that. But are they? Is there no mental effort necessary in planning three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five consecutive days? An old lady who had kept house nearly half a century, used often to say to her grown daughters: "Come, girls, contrive up something for dinner; I do n't care what it is, I will cook it. But it is so hard to get up a variety!" I have heard one of them say, since setting up for herself, "If I had only known, as I do now, what a trial it is to keep constantly planning one meal after another, I would not have put her off by, 'We do n't care what we have; we are always hungry enough to eat any thing.' I have often thought since," she added, "that it required more mental effort to get up a variety for dinner, than it did for us to teach the schools we had charge of. But it is only experience that will give us this knowledge." And when the question is settled as to just what to have, is there no mental effort needed to tell when the potatoes should go on, how long the corn should cook, and what kettle you can boil the beets in; and how all can be accommodated while the flat-irons are kept hot to improve the minutes in ironing? Then there is that endless round of stitch, stitch, stitching, which must occupy every moment that would otherwise be a leisure one. And if it was only the physical exertion required in this stitching, we could get on very well; but what a strain on the little brain-force we women have is required to plan all the sewing of a household, even if every thing is cut from full patterns of new cloth! And how much must that brain-force be increased in this re-making of old garments? turning, sponging, piecing, pressing, contriving to leave out a rent here, a grease-spot there, and then lengthening it all by strategy, to match a year's growth?

Said a lady in my presence, after an afternoon of such work, interspersed with taking care of a baby, "I do n't know why it is, but it seems to me nothing would taste so good as a piece of Graham bread and butter."

How many trades must a woman know if she would accomplish the sewing of a household? There is plain sewing, that is the alphabet; and I ask any competent witness if there are not more than twenty-six letters contained in it. Dress-making—of course no young man of limited means wants to marry a girl who can not make her own dresses—then cloak-making,

millining, at least enough of that art so she can trim over an old hat, now and then, for Fall or Spring; making bedding, curtains, carpets—she must know these, as it will come handy when getting settled in that new home. Then come baby-clothes, countless as to variety and number; first, second, and third suits when they merge into children's clothes. And, "Wife, if you only could learn to make my pants and vests—I won't ask you to do the coats—now you have a machine, it would be such a saving." If a woman has a faculty for all this, she will get along; she must get along whether she has or not. Every time she is successful with one of these duties, it strengthens her for another; but every time she fails, her forces are weakened, no less in the battle of life than with our armies during the Rebellion: one can not always climb up hill. If we have a difficult ascent to make—and who will say life's journey is not difficult and steep?—I suppose we had better go a little farther round, if, by so doing, we can avail ourselves of some level road.

An intelligent lady made the remark that she believed she could accomplish more work, if she went out two afternoons a week than she could if she stayed at home all the time. There was sound philosophy in this. We must rest somewhere. If we can in the regular line of home duties, we are to be congratulated; if not, we had better seek it elsewhere.

"I can not keep house successfully," said a woman, who knew her powers; and she set up a dress-making shop, where she could be successful, and supplied the home deficiency by hired help, which, she said, could do the work better and easier than she. Of course, she met the censure of the world; but what did she care as long as she kept her own good-nature? It seems no mystery to me, that there are so many discontented because unsuccessful housekeepers, "seeking a sphere." Some of them, doubtless, are wrongfully unsuccessful, because they have not put forth persevering effort; but others, having done their best, and still unsuccessful, are now looking for some worthy object to turn their attention to, some place where they may find rest—rest not without labor, but rest in labor. And if there is a place where rest is sweeter than in duty well performed, I have failed to see it. Rest, rest! we are promised rest in heaven; but it surely will not be rest in idleness, but in duties well and perfectly accomplished. And in this respect to how many of our housewives is home the type of heaven it has been represented to be? Do not suppose I am charging upon man the fixing of this condition upon woman, or that they can in any great

degree relieve them from these failures; but there is a thing they can do, that will relieve the trial of failure, and assuage the cry of anguish that goes up from so many hearth-stones—express a kind sympathy in these trials. A young lady who sought a situation in a high-school, but failed to pass a satisfactory examination, and was keenly sensitive to it, said to me, after receiving a letter from her intended, when he had learned the fact, "I don't care much, now; his sympathy is worth more than the situation." This was in courtship-days. How was it after marriage? But she, poor girl, had no means of knowing; her husband slept so soon in a soldier's grave. But how is it generally after marriage? Sympathy—expressed sympathy is worth more to a woman, almost, than success. And be sure of this, the less asked for, the more highly prized. If all that has ever been written about what mothers ought to teach their daughters before marriage should be collected, it would make a volume that would match that about home being a retreat for care-worn men. But how much space would be occupied in publishing all that has been written about what fathers ought to teach their sons?

Said a gentleman of culture, a professor in one of our highest institutions of learning, to his sister, "I have but one thing against our father: he let me enter matrimony without understanding one of its relations." And the great tears stood just back of his large, dark eyes—the sorriest place in the world for tears to stand. And yet he was not one of those who have made shipwreck of domestic happiness, at least not as the world counts shipwreck; but evidently he had come very near it. But he did not complain that it was his wife's fault, or that it was due to her mother's not having taught her "what every girl ought to know;" but he complained that "our father" let "me" enter that sacred relation unprepared. How many men have been alike unfortunate! And I do most respectfully charge home upon man the cause of much of woman's unwomanliness in the discussion of her rights, that has occupied so much time of late years. She is placed in a position in which, according to the showing—and I think it can not be gainsaid—most men would fail; and "to a sensitive man, failure is terrible." Yet there is so little sympathy felt for her, though she was promised it faithfully in courtship-days. This is the wrong Gail Hamilton forgot.

IT is a beautiful saying, which, if not very common, is very true, that if we speak kind words, we shall hear kind echoes.

Vol. XXXIII.—24

PALMYRA.

BY E. E. D.

UPON the desert's dusky rim, in sun-bright Syrian lands,
Like a dream of vanished glory, a marble city stands,
With broken shaft and crumbling arch and streets
Of ruined homes,
And temples, with the tufted palms upspringing from
their domes!
The caravans from Ispahan, with tinkling camel-bells,
And merchandise from Cashan, camp by its lonely wells.
The traveler and the poet beside its ruins dream;
The strange garbs of the Occident among its columns gleam.
And lingers there the sun, marching from east to west;
And lingers there the spicy wind from Araby the Blest!
But silent all the lordly halls, and sand-blown all the streets;
No rush of busy multitudes the wandering stranger greets.
But to the listening poet, who hears their message well,
The whispering winds, in echoing courts, the vanished glory tell,
When in her gilded palace Zenobia sat enthroned;
And from Altoon to Antioch the lands her scepter owned!
When, summoned by her genius, the temples upward grew,
And noise of toil and revelry the conquered desert knew!
When India brought her diamonds, and Afric golden sands,
And North and South their riches in endless caravans;
When Art her empire held, amid the desert wide,
And Happiness and Peace smiled brightly by her side;
When Rome's imperial legions before her warriors fled,
And level plains of Egypt were shaking 'neath their tread!
Gone with the desert blast, the glorious kingdom wide!
Vanished in wreaths of flame and war's effacing tide!
Fallen the beautiful queen, and fallen the city's pride!
Grim Desolation and Ruin sit frowning at her side!
But a charm from the regal woman rests on the crumbling halls,
And a glamour of Eastern beauty upon the broken walls!

A TREE-WEDDING.

BY MISS ANNIE C. WOOD.

HAVE been sitting, all morning, by the window, singing over to myself the sweet words of Solomon about Spring. In the garden opposite, the old negro is cropping the evergreen hedge, and setting out early peas, singing as he works. A troop of children just passed, leading their May-queen, flower-decked, and smiling gayly in spite of queenly importance. As the echo of their treble voices dies away in distant streets, fancy takes up their flowery chain, and dances back to Springs that are gone, when May was jubilee for me as well as for birds, and I saw spirits in flowers, and heard them in leaves.

Shall I tell you, my children, something of the old house where I passed many years? I imagine you nod, and listen. It was a broad, white house, standing in the midst of a great garden, from which one could discern the curling line of the Blue Ridge. In the house were innumerable closets and halls, famous for stolen suppers, tale-telling, or plotting any thing that its hair-brained occupants could devise. But to see the garden was to conceive some idea of the enchanted gardens of Arabian story. In Autumn, trees rained peaches, if you chose to shake them; vines were heavy with their fragrant bunches, which we were forbidden to touch, though I fear that many guilty throats were answerable for certain missing clusters, when grapes were gathered and wine was made. In Winter, snow contributed to our fun, and we disputed along the smooth hill-sides in noisy sledging-parties. Spring, however, displayed our play-ground in its most becoming garb. Here the girls, provided with huge and hideous sun-bonnets, passed their hours of play-time, the younger ones gamboling along the walks, or slanting in and out the leafy arcades like a troupe of mirth-mad fawns, while the older ones intertwined in stately confidence.

Here I and Lina, my favorite friend, walked and talked—talked about all the good dinners we had ever eaten (for school-girls are invariably hungry), or told stories. A favorite one was of the tree-wedding, for you know there are tree-lovers as well as bird-lovers. Silently our trees crowned themselves fair, or stretched forth their leafy arms to each other in airy embraces. Each morning a new flower opened, a new perfume was shed, until the garden, encircled with its prickly hedge, looked like a nosegay tied with a green ribbon.

We selected as bride a low hanging peach-tree, loaded with milk-white blooms; and who

should be groom but the handsome young cedar, toward whom the fair peach leaned so confidentially that their branches met? Before this leafy pair grew a stately yew, clad in sable and priestly foliage; in the rear bloomed the first brides-maid, a smiling young apple-tree, dressed in pink, and chattering gayly with a spruce elm, who seemed exceedingly proud of his new green leaves, unconscious that, in spite of his freshness, he was decidedly verdant. Another match for next year, said one. Then came the bridal party, a delicious retinue of lindens and aspens, all in a nervous flutter; these were headed by a paternal oak, bald at the top, and looking rather gloomy.

They were all a long time getting ready. It was, indeed, several weeks before the bridal peach had put out every blossom, though the cedar looked down upon her tenderly and truly, as if he had been ready ever since they were first planted. I noticed a group of young maples, who seemed dreadfully anxious lest they should not get their new coats in season; but the sun shone out brightly, and hurried them on. At last the dwarf pear-trees, who had lagged to be the freshest, came out and nodded good-naturedly, as if pleased with themselves. Even the onion-stalks put on white wreaths, and tried hard to be sweet. The laurels, out of breath to be in time, spread their stiff, white skirts ostentatiously in front of a group of timid virgin lilacs, loud in talk with some red-haired *pirus japonicas*.

The wisteria, though in half mourning, dressed up for the occasion, purpling the white espalier over, and making the air redolent of their pensive sweetness. A slender magnolia, hand in hand with an apricot, poured forth odorous charms from the south side of the house, near three airy young willows who were nodding their green bonnets killingly to a company of saplings just outside the fence. A dowager rose, with an elegant mock-orange, highly perfumed; a hedge of prim, spinster-like box,—brought up the rear. Under their espionage, a frail young lily, just out, and pale from excitement, almost fainted in the arms of a trim hawthorn.

At last the hour was come. It was a perfect day; the sky was breathlessly blue; not a breeze dared to trip over the carpet of green below; the sun shone brilliantly; every sprig had burst out to make a flowery pavement. Even the strawberries were reddening into rubies. A company of birds had arrived the night before. Though every thing seemed instinct with life, there was not a sound. All was silent ecstasy, until evening, when softly a

breeze started, the trees began to dance and whisper, the birds to wing and sing in delight. The bumble-bees and grasshoppers shrieked till they were hoarse. The marriage was over. These must be the congratulations. Then the stars awoke; the moon, a fair May moon, walked the heavens. Lina and I must go in. The dew was falling; and May-dew is dangerous. But we knew that the garden all night was alive with tender wood-spirits.

A CONSULTATION OF DOCTORS.

FROM "L'AMOUR DE MEDECIN" OF MOLIERE, BY MRS. ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

(The doctors are seen in an apartment alone, seated comfortably and ejaculating their wise "hems" and coughs.)

M. Desfonandrès—Paris has become wonderfully stretched out in these days, Messieurs; and what immense distances one has to traverse in order to make our profession yield us even a moiety of income!

M. Tomès—Yes. I confess that although I am the owner of a mule that is truly a miracle in compassing such distances, one would hardly credit the length of way he accomplishes every day in my rounds.

M. Desfonandrès—I have as marvelous a horse, and the animal is absolutely indefatigable.

M. Tomès—Have you an idea, Doctor, of the journey my mule has completed to-day? Let me enlighten you. I went first about the arsenal. From the arsenal to the Faubourg of St. Germain. From the Faubourg to the lower part of the Marshes; from the Marshes to the Gate of St. Honoré. From this gate to the Faubourg St. Jacques; from St. Jacques to the Gate de Richelieu; from Richelieu, here I am; and I ought still to visit the Place Royal.

M. Desfonandrès—My horse has followed nearly the same track to-day; and, more than that, I have been to Rouel to see a very bad patient.

M. Tomès—But apropos of our brotherhood, whose part do you take in the quarrel between the two doctors, Theophrastes and Artemius? For it is really an unfortunate affair, that affects our whole body.

M. Desfonandrès—Me! Why, I am for Artemius.

M. Tomès—And I am also. His advice, it is true, killed the patient, and that of Theophrastes would surely have done no better. But Artemius would have been wrong, under the circumstances, to have departed from the advice of his senior in consultation. Is it not so? What do you say?

M. Desfonandrès—Without doubt you are right. It is essential to guard all formalities and every established conventionalism in our profession, whatever happens.

M. Tomès—As for myself, I am unflinchingly strict, even to severity, in every such difficult place, unless it be as friend counsels friend. For example, three of us were assembled one day in consultation, who were confreres in the science of medicine, with one who might be considered somewhat outside our circle, when I made an end of the whole matter, by refusing to hear an opinion from one not definitely within the bound of our professional order. The family composing the household did what they could to reconcile the disparity in counsel, and the disease called for extreme measures; but I would not give up where the dignity of my calling was in debate. So the patient died bravely while the consultation, or, more properly, contest, was in progress, without our marring the bright escutcheon of any medical college.

M. Desfonandrès—This was a consistent policy, and easy to be comprehended by those of fine culture and breeding, and might furnish an instructive lesson to the ignorant and exacting.

M. Tomès—A man dead, you know, is simply a dead man, Doctor, and the fact does not involve much of consequence; but a neglected formula carries with it a notable prejudice against the whole corps of doctors.

(*Sganarelle*, the father of a sick girl, enters, in a state of frenzied grief, at this stage of the conference.)

Sganarelle—Messieurs, the distressing congestion in my daughter perceptibly increases. I beg you to tell me, without delay, on what you have decided in her case.

M. Tomès (addressing his confrere)—Go to her, Monsieur.

M. Desfonandrès—No, Monsieur, speak yourself, if you please.

M. Tomès—You jest with me, sir.

M. Desfonandrès—I declare that you must speak first.

M. Tomès—Monsieur!

M. Desfonandrès—Monsieur!

Sganarelle (the father)—Alas! for the love of Heaven, Messieurs, leave this cold etiquette; forget all dull formality, and remember that my child is dying.

(The doctors now speak all together.)

M. Tomès—The illness of your daughter—

M. Desfonandrès—The advice, Monsieur, of these signors together assembled—

M. Macrotèn—After having been long in consultation, we—

M. Baker—For the purpose of discussing—*Sganarelle* (the father)—Alas, alas, Messieurs! speak not all at once, I implore; but give, one after another, that learned advice that may bring comfort and a clear understanding to a perplexed and almost broken-hearted father.

M. Tomès—Monsieur, we have exchanged opinions as to the malady of your daughter, and my advice is—my own decision, understand—that it proceeds from a too great heat in the blood. Hence, I conclude that bleeding her as soon as possible will be the best remedy.

M. Desfonandrès—And I say, that her sickness is caused by a combination of viscid humors in the body, induced by repletion; and hence I advise administering an emetic to her.

M. Tomès—I assert that an emetic will kill her!

M. Desfonandrès—And I swear that blood-letting, in her case, will be nothing but murder in the first degree!

M. Tomès—And you call yourself a man of science, do you?

M. Desfonandrès—Yes; and I am able to cope with men of the highest erudition.

M. Tomès—Do you remember the man who died in your hands—that you killed, sir, not many weeks ago?

M. Desfonandrès—And do you remember the woman you sent mercilessly into another world three days ago, according to your own confession.

M. Tomès to Sganarelle—I have given my advice to you—

M. Desfonandrès (to the same)—I have told you what I think.

M. Tomès—If you do not bleed her, your daughter, within an hour, will be a dead woman. (*He goes out.*)

M. Desfonandrès—If you let them take a drop of blood from her, your daughter will not live a quarter of an hour. (*He goes out.*) *Curtain falls.*

IN AN ART-GALLERY.

BY JAMES FUMMILL.

REMEMBER the first time I entered an art-gallery. I was quite young then; and, of course, my judgment in regard to pictures was not definitely formed, and was very far from critical. And, so far as criticism is concerned, I have not advanced greatly in the course of years. Criticism in the fine arts never has been, and never will be, my "forte."

The first time I entered a gallery, I was struck with the beautiful colors of landscape and *genre* painting, with the graceful figures carved by the

sculptor's inspired chisel. To analyze the qualities that gave me pleasure, to point out the defects, if any, that detracted from that pleasure, was impossible. The aesthetic feeling was developed to a satisfactory degree; but I dared not mar my satisfaction by lingering over any flaws in the artist's work. Let those indulge in this severe task who are acquainted with pigments, gradation, radiance, tint, and color, and all the technical characteristics and phrases of art, and whose capable judgment is held in high regard by artists. Not for such as myself this duty, but only to enjoy the beauty of whatever is beautiful, and to turn away in silence from that which is unskillful and unchaste.

The work of criticism requires a cool head, a steady eye, and a fearless hand. The critic must be a man of positive character, and confident of his skill. With him, there may be enthusiasm; but there can be no rapture. This inspiring quality belongs to the Builder—to the genius, who gives form to misshapen things, who breathes a breath of life into chaotic masses. This quality belongs to the child in art, when led captive by the mystic tints and colors and the regal splendors of the artist's work.

When art is false, it needs no critic's eye to detect the falsehood, which repels the pure in mind as surely as falsehood in morals or impurity in the atmosphere. The first effect of a true picture is to give enjoyment to the high spiritual sense, just as sweet odors and sounds and the sight of many-colored skies and landscapes delight the ear and eye, the mind and soul. To those who are fond of art this is the test. If there is nothing in the picture that is enjoyable, it must be false, and no critic's pen can preserve it from disgrace.

And the more perfect the work of genius, the more enjoyable is it to all. The keenest critic and the simplest person of taste will enjoy it; though, indeed, the person of most culture will enjoy it at once and most highly. The cultured critic can tell you why your painter's sky is beautiful; why the water is so crystalline, and reflects so delightfully the verdure of the trees and the aspects of the heavens; why the lights and shadows are the very lights and shadows seen in nature itself; and can tell you even to what "school" the work belongs, or whether it belongs to no "school." And the picture may be the more pleasing to the sense on this account. But the neophyte in art, though unable to trace the work of the artist in its progress from the simplest tint to the most gorgeous color, from the highest light through every gradation to the blackest shadow, is yet able to

appreciate and take pleasure in its beauty. And this was always enough for me.

The first gallery of paintings that ever I entered was on Fourth Street, in my native city. Perhaps the pictures exhibited there were not the best nor from the highest class of artists; but they were such as drew together many people, and called forth some praise. The artists, too, some of them, were not unknown to fame. I remember paintings there from the easels of Cole, Read, Beard, and Frankenstein. These pictures are still extant, of course; but they are in the galleries and parlors of private families. We have no public art-gallery, even in Cincinnati, "the Queen of the West," because, perhaps, the taste for art in this land of machinery and merchandise is not sufficiently educated. An art-gallery does not "pay;" and we have not got far enough away from the dicker of trade to sustain any thing that does not "pay." We have artists constantly at work, always with a bit of canvas on their easels; but they are working for "pay." This is the grand inspiration now; and the dryads and wood-nymphs are dead.

Occasionally, walking along our busy thoroughfares, we get a glimpse in a shop-window of some "gem" that the artist has limned in spare moments of inspiration,—not a finished work, rounded into the beauty of perfection; but the dim hint of a divine possibility. May we mention Will Elbon? He has talent; but he is at hard labor—is he not?—for his bread and butter. We sometimes see a water-color fragment, that indicates the slumbering fire in his soul. May it burst out at no distant day! We saw a piece of his in a window the other day, a suggestive "cabinet" theme, called "Niagara," representing the Niagara rapids. There was life in it, and poetry—the "poetry of motion." The foam conveyed a sense of sound to the ear, and of motion to the eye. Whatever artists and connoisseurs may think of it, there is the soul of a painter in that little scene—a scene, too, without the accessories of landscape. There lay some of its truth, and all of its power. We want more of this, on a larger scale, with more care and labor, and with grander effects.

Another picture we saw in that same window, even smaller than the "Rapids:" only a "study." The modest artist concealed his name. It presented a simple scene of woodland and water, the trees mirrored in Summer greenness in the stream—how limpid that stream, even in the soft emerald of its leafy reflection! A coolness which did not chill, but tempered to mildness the warm atmosphere, breathed through all the lights and shadows. These are samples of the good work—it might be far

better—which we see every day in our casual rambles. An art-school, properly endowed, should foster and perfect this erratic talent.

But back to our art-gallery.

I wonder what artist painted the "Haunted Spring!" That was a special favorite of mine. The strange outline of a wondrous form rising from the shield of water, which rested upon the rim of a quaint old forest, wrought wonderful emotions in my young bosom. The rude hunter, in his rude hunter's dress, stood in the scene, like one enthralled, astonishment and awe in his face. And this it was for the half-savage to be haunted by a spiritual phantom of beauty that had never crossed his path before. It was an allegory and a revelation of that glorious reality that sometimes comes to the rudest man, whose soul reaches out for the Beautiful. Alas! how few witness it, even among those who have received the highest education!

There was another painting in the old gallery, which I have hung up in the gallery of my memory. Time may have dimmed the real picture. It may swing now, for aught I know, in some old garret, covered by the filmy tapestry of that quaint antiquary, the spider; the glory may have fled from its canvas; but to me its wondrous charms are perpetual. The picture I refer to was called "The Deserted Forest." All the scenery of that painting is fixed upon my mind indelibly. A wild solitude it was, where dark vines wreathed, like monster serpents, around the gnarled trees. The reeds bristled, in jagged nakedness, from the earth. Not a living thing was visible—bird, beast, insect, or reptile—nothing save those forest giants, with their drooping limbs, that had felt the touch of centuries, those uncouth reeds, and the snaky convoluted vines. Yes:—one thing more. A stream went, quiet as a specter, and beautiful as a dream of heaven, yet solemn as night, through this deserted forest, this haunt of Silence itself. That stream seemed to bear on its breast, as it gloomed its way through the unwieldy shrubbery, mysterious messages from the land of Solitude—messages that were returned to Solitude again, perhaps, before they reached the sunlight of the brighter world. It seemed, with its dull glitter, to reflect the strange and solemn grandeur of the old trees. One would not have been astonished to see some oozy half-kelpie-half-dryad, or a Caliban, starting from an ancient black trunk into the still-breathing canvas, to give an additional weirdness to the scene.

In this same gallery there was a series of paintings by Thomas Cole, "The Voyage of Life." Every body that knows any thing of

Western art and artists has heard of Cole, the painter of certain fancy pictures that the world will not soon willingly let die; among them "The Course of Empire," "The Cross and the World," "The Voyage of Life," "The Expulsion of Adam and Eve," "The Cross in the Wilderness," and "Prometheus Bound." These pictures are all pronounced masterpieces by those who have seen them. "The Voyage of Life," which adorned our Western gallery, is a series of four pictures, portraying childhood, youth, manhood, and old age—an allegory of life. Here is an artist who gives us "water," who has learned the secret from nature's self of so adjusting his colors in lights and shadows as to pour upon the canvas a most living stream. His charm of simplicity and variety, and the masterly command of perspective and atmospherical effect, are above all common praise. "Cole," says Bryant, "owed much to the study of nature in the Old World, and very little to its artists. He had a better teacher, and copied the works of a Greater Artist." He owed much, too, to the study of nature in the New World; for she is not every-where alike, though every-where worthy of study. The paintings which I have seen of his have many of the aspects of our Western clime.

Is it not a matter of regret that the works of our super-favored artists can not be placed together in an American gallery, for the admiration of the universal American eye, instead of being concealed in the private galleries of the citizen? These pictures of Cole's are scattered to the four corners of the globe, whereas they should be in the possession of the American people, and in a gallery of American art. Not only his, but there are hundreds of our artists, whose works are so scattered that it is almost impossible to preserve their name and fame. A collection of all these paintings would do a great deal, I have no doubt, to encourage in better and loftier labor American artists of talent who are frittering away their powers in namby-pamby sketches and idle caricature. The universal fame accorded to artists whose finished paintings are in public galleries, on constant exhibition, as subjects for study, would be an incentive to the ambition of young painters.

The gallery of which I am speaking was a temporary collection of unsold pictures, on exhibition for "pay." In the Queen City, we have had not a few exhibitions of this character, instituted for the benefit of the individual, and not for the benefit of the community. A number of artists have a number of unsold paintings. For the purpose of advertising them, and getting them into the market, they employ temporarily

a room, whether properly fitted for the purpose or not, and here hanging their paintings in any helter-skelter fashion, call upon the public to examine, and buy. The people can never be educated to a belief in the divinity of art by such a selfish plan as this.

The subject seems to me of sufficient importance for the attention of the State. As the Government establishes and patronizes universities for the superior education of her talented and aspiring sons and daughters, as she furnishes libraries for their further advancement in intelligence, so ought she to establish galleries of art for the cultivation of that high aesthetic sense which is superior to all the rest. I know that there is a very large class of the people, perhaps the majority, who will ridicule the idea that there can be any great benefit in a permanent exhibition of works of art by the Government. But this is because *their own* minds have not reached that state of cultivation which the better nature of man requires, and at some time in the near future, I hope, will demand. When man and society shall have reached this condition, I know that there will be a perpetual Summer in the soul. The love of beautiful paintings, beautiful statues, beautiful gardens and landscapes, is a natural quality in the spirit of man. It only wants educating—"bringing out."

Has not the Great Artist, whose works are all about us, in sea and sky, on hill and in valley, forever been teaching us to seek for the beautiful—the beautiful in forms and colors, as well as the beautiful in life and religion? Does not one in fact lead to the other? Are they not linked together in a glowing chain that reaches from the soul of the image to the soul of the Maker? The earth is full of God's glory; the sky is rich in such radiant and diverse colors, from His hand, as the grand artist loves to fix upon his canvas. Out of this atmosphere, from yon Autumn wood, from that storm-beaten headland, from the sunset and the sunrise sky, he gathers his images and his hues. They are the painter's study; and, when true to his art, from these he copies with a delighted and a liberal hand. Is not this an indication of the sublime reality that Art and Religion go hand in hand,—the one developing and purifying the faculties of the mind, the other coloring our daily lives with the hues of sanctified Love as we walk the heavenward path?

—
NONE so wise as the man who knows nothing. His ignorance is the mother of his impudence, and the nurse of his obstinacy.

"AMONG THE SAINTS."
THE WHITE THREE THOUSAND OF THE MILAN
CATHEDRAL.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

THERE'S a winding stair-way in the tower,
Leading upward, ever high and higher,
From the silence of the old cathedral ;
From the shadow of the ancient columns
Standing strong, in still and solemn grayness,
'Neath the fretted roof's uplifted arches ;
From the windows, where the common sunlight,
Through the glowing robes of saints transmitted,
Grows a golden glory flecked with rubies ;
From the crypt where silver lamp's faint flicker
On the crystal coffin and the jewels,
Makes them smile with cold, unmeaning glitter,
Mocking ghastly dust they can not cover ;
From the listle¹ cross and gorgeous altar ;
From the hurried priest's monotonous droning,
And the echoes of the faint responses ;
From the kneelers idling at their praying,
Swiftly slipping beads through careless fingers ;
From the footfalls of the curious strangers,
And the truer pleading of the beggars,—
Halt and maimed, for whom is no Bethesda ;
Leprous-limbed, for whom there rolls no Jordān ;
Blind, who, waiting ever by the way-side,
Never hear the step of heavenly Healer,—
From the organ's grand majestic hymning,
And the bell that, in its mighty sweetness,
Gives the soul of the cathedral ut'rance,
Like a great heart's high harmonious throbbing,
Finding echo in the hidden places.
Mounting slow the staircase in the tower,
All the mingled sounds are lost in silence—
Lost the dimness, gold and ruby tinted
In a canopy of white and turquoise,
God's o'ershadowing clouds and arch of azure.
All the giant temple is below us ;
Far below us the tumultuous city,
Quivering like a restless human creature,
Pulsing with the pain of human heart-aches ;
Yet alive with hopes of myriad mortals,
With the floods of love and death and passion,
Finding veins in every street and byway—
Veins whose outlet is the old cathedral,
Streams that leave their wrecks at this wide portal,
When the floods are gone, and tides are ebbing.
Standing here, the temple seems immortal,
Even as if the dead hands that upreared it,
With unseen and ever silent touches,
Swept away the dust of its decaying,—
Till it stands so sacred in its whiteness,
So unsullied in its marble vesture,
That, methinks, Jerusalem the Golden,
Coming down from God with fair adorning,
If it had but need of one fair temple,
For the kings to bring their glory into—
Even of the Bride let down from heaven,
With the glory of the Lord upon her,
With her golden streets and walls of jasper,
With her pearly gates swung wide forever,

With her light beyond the sun's clear shining—
Might not find this house of God's unworthy.
Here have human faith and love and longing
Crystallized in forms of grace and beauty,
Till each slender shaft and shrine and column
Is a tear or prayer or hope embodied—
Voices something that were else unspoken.
Every statue of the white three thousand,
Waiting, silent, through the drifting ages,
While the Italian sod takes to her bosom,
One by one, the countless generations
Who have lifted up their eyes in dying
To the marble faces shining on them,
Has its comfort and its benediction.
Glorious company of saints and martyrs !
In their hands the palms of triumph bearing,
On their brows the peace of those who conquered—
Calm, sweet souls, who are to-day's possession,
Whose good deeds, to every time belonging,
Bridge with blessing and with inspiration
All the seas of years that swell between us !
No more seem they marble statues only,
But each niche reveals a face, transfigured
With the peace of one who overcometh,—
All the patient look of calm endurance,
All the upraised tearful glance of yearning,
Overswept by some high hope of service,
To be wrought for those who still must struggle.
These are dwellers in a higher temple ;
Human hearts have shrined their life and story,
Human lives have caught their hidden glory,
By their helping grown to greater meetness
For that chiefest joy, the sure indwelling
Of the love that gives our life completeness.
Far below us lies the living city,
Calm before us spreads the wide Campagna ;
All the hill-sides smile with countless vineyards,
All the slopes show silvery shine of olives ;
And, beyond, rise up the glorious mountains,
The eternal mountains of the Alpen land.
Far to southward sleeps the clime of blossoms—
Dreams the Italy, that more than ever
Should arise and don her beauteous garments,
Should lift up her voice in purer praising,
That, no longer down the mountain-passes,
Or 'cross seas her foes shall come upon her ;
That the dust is swept from off her altars ;
That the iron chains of superstition
Bind no more the spirits of her people ;
That her worshiping may yet be worthy
Of her temples and the God above them !

GOOD FROM EVIL.

O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—
To pangs of nature—sins of will—
Defect of doubt and taint of blood ;
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY PROFESSOR E. C. MERRICK.

NATURE reflects her Divine Original in three aspects—the *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good*—which, together, fill the entire angle of the soul's vision, and constitute the sum total of what man can conceive of God. They are ultimate generalizations under which, either positively or negatively, all phenomena may be co-ordinated. In the progress of human thought each of these conceptions of the higher reason has been challenged by a vicious metaphysics as invalid and chimerical. Men of the noblest intellects have contended that truth, beauty, and goodness are mere ideas, with no corresponding reality; that they are but false pictures of external existence which the mind frames for its own delusion. Pilate asked of Jesus, "What is truth?" and immediately arose from his judgment-seat as if to evade an answer. In this despairing query of the Roman Governor is revealed the utter failure of ancient thought, in spite of its splendid efforts, to secure a basis of faith. Modern philosophy has repeatedly grappled with the same problem, only to meet the same mortifying failure. Truth, at least in part, is the accurate conception of objects and principles external to the mind. It is the result of patient and faithful generalization of phenomena; a sifting process for which a finite mind requires a whole eternity. Men, impatient of this infinitely protracted labor and expectation, have sought a royal road to final and absolute knowledge. They attempted to force a settlement of the question by denying all existence external to the mind. In order to bridge the chasm between the subjective and the objective, between mind and matter, they annihilated it, confounding all existence in one seething, horrid, nightmare dream of pantheism. Thus the ideal of the true was submerged—buried out of sight under a great mass of abortive speculation, in the chaos into which Spinoza precipitated Cartesianism.

The ideal of the *good* has been no less completely undermined and exploded than that of the *true*. Virtue has been held up as a mere empty name—a mental conception with no answering reality; a chimera of the imagination. It could not be expected, then, that the ideal of the beautiful should escape the same destructive metaphysics. From the nature and direction of earlier philosophic speculations, it was necessarily involved in the fate of its sister ideals. It is but lately that it has been recognized as a separate principle; and even yet philosophic

speculation in regard to the beautiful tends to revert to its original confusion. It was reserved for Anglo-Saxon mind to grapple seriously with the question of objective beauty. The Germans complain of our art-criticism as meagre and unsatisfactory. However this may be, it is evident that we have apprehended the subject of beauty in a far more fundamental aspect than they. While they have confined their studies mostly to the *idea* of the beautiful, in its subjective aspects, we have determined the existence of the beautiful itself, as an objective principle external to, and independent of, the percipient faculty. The universe would be just as beautiful as it now is, if the faculty itself were paralyzed and the idea obliterated from the human soul.

The idea of the beautiful was not separately apprehended by ancient philosophy. Plato, the great father of *a priori* thinking, confounded it with the good, and referred its perception to the moral element in the human soul. On the other hand, Aristotle, the authoritative expounder of the *a posteriori* method, linked it with the true, and made its perception a function of the intellect. This radical divergence has been propagated through all the ages of philosophic thought. The Platonic theory was eloquently defended by Plotinus, one of the great lights of the Alexandrian school of Neoplatonism. The authority of Aristotle, however, prevailed in the development and interpretation of Christian theology, especially among the schoolmen. Thomas Aquinas was the mediæval champion of the Aristotelian view, stereotyping the beautiful in the intellect. Duns Scotus, however, contended that it pertained to the moral faculty. Thus the mutual errors of the great masters of Greek philosophy have been transmitted even down to our own times.

Ancient Rome, at best, was but an awkward devotee of the muses. The old Roman soul, full of stern, impassive, powerful, organizing manhood, was but slenderly endowed with æsthetic sensibility. Having conquered the world, it sat down systematically to the task of refining its coarse-grained metal, and of molding it, if possible, in the delicate forms of Greek sentiment and art. It imported Greek culture and Greek modes of thought and feeling; but these exotics found a hard, ungenial soil. By a large infusion of these foreign elements an æsthetic literature was *got up*; but never was the beautiful a subject of special contemplation to the Roman mind, nor did it ever transcend the dicta of its Hellenic masters. Modern Rome exhibits one of the strangest transformations of national character known in history.

From a combination of old Latin elements, broken and corrupted, as they were, with the uncultivated barbarism of the North, there sprang a new race of antipodal characteristics—a perfect mass of æsthetic sensibility. The love of the beautiful is the natural instinct of the modern Italian soul. Its achievements in art are still the wonder of the world. The very air of the peninsula seems to be redolent with beauty, and the whole people spontaneously surrender to its magic influence. Yet with all its wealth of beautiful emotion, Italian genius has troubled itself very little with inquiries concerning the beautiful itself in its essential character.

The French mind, so wonderfully æsthetic in its sensibilities, and so delicate in its execution of art, has ever given its best thoughts to studies entirely foreign to æsthetic science. Descartes ambitiously attempted to reconstruct human thinking by provisionally rejecting all preconceived opinions, and by refusing to readmit them except upon indubitable evidence. He attempted to place himself outside of his own existence, and to accept it only upon sufficient cause shown. His famous argument, *cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I am—has become familiar. He founded a noble school of thinkers; but only the less prominent and gifted among them gave any thought to the development of the beautiful. Among later writers, Jouffroy and Cousin have imported foreign speculations; but the French mind has been singularly barren of original ideas upon the objectively beautiful.

Among the Germans, the leading thinker who deemed the beautiful worthy of the special elaboration of genius, was Baumgarten, who made the beautiful to be the principle which appeals to sensibility. The term æsthetics—from the Greek, *aiōthavopat*, I feel—he made to cover every form of sensitive apprehension. The idea of beauty is grasped not merely by the understanding nor by the passions nor by the sense, but by a *cognitio sensitiva*, an act which involves the entire range of the faculties; but neither did he, nor subsequently did Kant and his school, bridge the chasm between the subjective and the objective. Schiller tried to compass this result by making beauty the easy and harmonious blending of idea and form, originating in a perfect union of matter and spirit, and springing from pure abstract reflection of the higher reason. Yet even he but superficially glanced at the great issue as to the nature of objective beauty.

Among the earlier English thinkers, the Earl of Shaftesbury, from the stand-point of a high-

toned Platonist, necessarily confounded the beautiful with the good. His speculations are not remarkably lucid. They embody a "rapturous Platonic doctrine," in which the sensibilities bear an undue proportion to the reason. He added a valuable element to ethical science by designating as the moral sense, the faculty which apprehends the good. Hutcheson improved upon this hint by suggesting a separate faculty for the appreciation of the beautiful. He assumed the objective aspect of beauty. Burke wasted an immense amount of intellectual labor in attempting to establish the paradox that the beautiful depends entirely upon bodily organism. The Scottish school of Reid devised the "symbolic theory." From the Platonic stand-point, that material objects are beautiful only as they express spiritual ideas, he made matter the mere symbol of moral beauty. Alison, starting from the symbolic idea, denied *in toto* the existence of any outward reality corresponding to the inward sense of beauty. Objects were beautiful, not in virtue of any quality or attribute of their own, but merely through some principle of mental association, linking them with past pleasing emotions held in the memory. The chameleon play of this idea, then, takes its tone and color entirely from surrounding objects. It varies with every development of individual experience, with every caprice and mood of feeling. It is but the halo of the mind's own light, bathing external objects with the varied colors of the rainbow, which are but the result of chromatic aberration. This association theory was powerfully sustained by Lord Jeffrey in his celebrated article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and in the *Edinburgh Review*. The emotion of beauty he resolves into the reflection of some other and more radical emotion recalled by mental suggestion. In spite of the brilliant advocacy of Alison and Jeffrey, this theory had nearly broken down under its own weight, scarcely needing the staggering blows dealt it by Blakie, Ruskin, and other late writers. Ruskin backsides into the old Platonic rut of confounding the beautiful and the good.

An American writer, Professor H. N. Day, in his "Science of Æsthetics," presents a very interesting *résumé* of the question of objective beauty. He shows that the association theory of Alison and Jeffrey is opposed to the common sense of mankind. No mind, unsophisticated by speculation, hesitates for a moment in ascribing the pleasurable emotion to some quality in external objects. Human language recognizes the universal belief in this truth, and even Jeffrey himself, a great master of speech, frequently

betrays himself by the involuntary use of language opposed to his theory. The objective reality of beauty is attested by all the indications which verify the existence of any object or quality. The universal consciousness of men seems to be decisive on this point.

In tracing the mental phenomena which follow the view of a beautiful object—the rainbow, for instance—Professor Day finds, first, an affection of the outward sense which is immediately followed by a perception. The mind takes cognizance of its impression from without, and instinctively refers that impression to an external object. Different properties in that object successively attract attention, and awaken perceptions which are followed by emotions more or less vivid. Among these perceptions is a property or quality which is immediately followed by the emotion of beauty. In the analysis of this mental affection there is, first, the intuition of power. The mind becomes impressed with the mighty movement of some unseen force, which, upon the dark pale of the retiring cloud, traces a many-colored arch with matchless accuracy and skill. This idea is not a perception, but an intuition. It is the interpretation of the perception by the higher reason. The same faculty of intuition then suggests intelligence guiding the exercise of that power. Every part of the rainbow stands in orderly relation to the others, upon a programme which can at once be recognized at least in its general features. This order is an objective reality which is perceived by the mind. The idea of intelligence devising that order is an intuition. Again, there is associated with the wondrous workmanship of the bow the idea of perfect freedom. It is so delicately spread upon the dark bosom of the cloud, so neatly rounded in its outline, so genially blended in its different hues, that no limited hand, no restrained power, could accomplish it. The ease and grace of execution are objects of perception; intuition suggests as the quality from which these flow a perfect freedom. A still fuller contemplation of the bow awakens the intuition of love as the motive power back of all this machinery—love displaying itself in its most engaging attributes. Finally, the same faculty of intuition evolves the idea of spirit as the subject in which inhere all these attributes—power, intelligence, freedom, love. It is the intuition of spiritual existence, of mind recognizing mind beneath the forms of matter, that awakens the emotion of beauty. Thus the analysis ultimates in a fundamental Platonic idea.

A question of practical interest meets us right here: Why are ideas of the beautiful

among men so variant and even discordant? If the emotion is the result of mere association, or if it is based upon mere utility or any other specific relation, we have no difficulty in accepting, without reserve, the old maxim, *De gustibus non est disputandum*. There is, indeed, no disputation concerning tastes if there be no standard, no fundamental principles of real beauty. If there be such a standard, then all the variations in the conceptions of beauty among men may be resolved into aberrations from that standard. To meet this very point, Professor Day, in his very satisfactory chapter on "The Universality of Beauty," shows that the emotion is uniformly produced when the necessary conditions are present. Sound is always produced when the vibrations of the air, originating in the vibrations of a sonorous body, impinge upon the tympanum of the ear over which nerves of sensation are reticulated. If those nerves are paralyzed or diseased, they will either fail entirely to transmit the vibrations to the sensorium, or they will transmit them imperfectly. The failure of the sensitive faculty, however, will not in any way impair the vibrations themselves. So the failure to perceive the beautiful in external objects, or the imperfect and distorted perception which results in such a confusion of ideas, is no argument against the existence of objective beauty; they may be fully accounted for by imperfections in the media of perception. An eye-glass that is not perfect in its structure presents the most fantastic distortions of all objects seen through it. When the medium of perception has been perfectly clarified, obliquities disappear.

The apprehension of beauty varies in compass and strength in different minds. The same faculty in different stages of development will put forth very different efforts, and will realize remarkably variant results. Hence, training and discipline are essential to its normal exercise, as in the case of every other faculty, either mental or muscular. The improvement of the faculty brings the mind, through its more perfect exercise, into closer relations with the world of beauty outside of it. The sensibility acquires a wider play through the multiplicity of objects exciting it. Consciousness becomes more skilled in arresting and detaining the fugitive emotions for the criticism of the judgment. The latter acquires increasing facility in the comparison of experiences, and thus the mind approximates the true standard of beauty.

Has a perfect standard of beauty ever been realized? We may answer this question by asking another: Has a perfect conception of truth ever been realized by a finite mind?

Never has a perfect line been drawn with the most elaborate instruments and processes; never has a perfect triangle or a perfect circle been described. The microscope shows great, rough gaps of raw steel in the apparently perfect polish of the needle. In both theory and practice, man finds it necessary to rest satisfied with mere approximations. Yet this fact does not in any degree weaken the universal confidence in a perfect though unrealized standard of truth. If this be true of truth, why not of beauty? In both cases, we see but "through a glass darkly." In both, mankind varies the rough wide angles of difference; but in both we "shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

ST. DOMINGO.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. *Irving's Voyages of Columbus.* 1828.
2. *Redpath's Guide to Hayti.* 1861.
3. *Report of the Commission of Inquiry.* 1871.
4. *Santo Domingo, Past and Present: Samuel Hazard.* 1873.
5. *Congressional Globe, 1869 to 1873.*
6. *President Grant's Inaugural.* 1873.

ST. DOMINGO is the largest, save one, of the islands constituting the Western Archipelago. Cuba, lying at the foot of the Florida Peninsula, directly in the pathway of our oceanic communication with Mexico and the Gulf States, has a territory equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania. Further out into the Atlantic stretches the second in size of these grand tropical gardens, St. Domingo, almost as large as the State of Maine, shared, unequally, by two nominal republics—Dominica, in the eastern or Spanish portion of the island, about the size of New Hampshire and Massachusetts put together; and Hayti, occupying the negro, French, western end of the isle, equal to the State of Vermont in superficial area.

This fertile gem, called by the natives Haiti, and by Columbus Hispaniola (little Spain), was among the earliest discoveries of the great navigator, who reached San Salvador, October 12th, 1492, Cuba on the 27th of the same month, and Hayti on the 6th of December following. No island of the West India group has greater historic interest than this "Queen of the Antilles." Here was planted the earliest colony, and here commenced the first settlement of the New World. Here began those tragical scenes of violence and blood that sealed the fate of the aboriginal tribes. Here was the beginning,

and here also the beginning of the end, of African slavery in the Western Hemisphere.

To the dramatic pages of Irving we turn for the early history of the island so intimately connected with the four voyages of the great Genoese Captain; where he left his brother in command, whence he was transported to Spain by the orders of Bobadilla as a chained felon, and where his remains found their appropriate resting-place after his decease. The first thing that strikes us is the futility and transiency of all the efforts of Spain to colonize the island. At best, it was but the temporary residence of fortune-hunting adventurers and refugees. The proud hidalgos of Spain would not labor, because it degraded their gentle blood, and the torrid heats disabled those whites from regular industry who were otherwise inclined to it. The first effort was to make the Indians work for them, and through native hands to wash gold from the sands of the rivers, make sugar, and raise cotton and coffee.

The heart bleeds as we contemplate the fate of the simple natives. With few wants, very scant needs in the way of shelter, food, and clothing, the Indian dreamed away existence in luxurious ease and constitutional idleness. He had no need of labor, and knew nothing of sustained industry or of privation. Nature furnished food and shelter, and he had very little trouble to gather her products, and no need of garnering her stores. When the white man appeared, he worshiped him as a god. He believed these gorgeously apparelled and dignified beings, with their winged ships and thunderuttering guns, to have descended from the skies. Alas! the cruel deception! How soon were they undeceived, and taught that these self-constituted owners and task-masters were cruel as demons, fierce as the hurricane, avaricious as the grave, glutinous as the devouring sea, lustful, treacherous, deadly!

These victims of cruelty and despair rushed into the jaws of death to escape death, hung themselves, stabbed themselves, and clubbed out the brains of their offspring, to shun the horrors of the living death of servitude to the pale tyrant who drove them to enforced labor at the point of the lance and the tip of the lash. The sole compensation for the sufferings of these inoffensive islanders is found in the brevity of their duration. They disappeared in an incredibly short space of time—in fifteen years it is said—and have left hardly a trace of their existence in a soil which was all their own until trodden by the accursed foot of the white.

The hardy African became the substitute for the frail and sensitive Indian in the hunt for

gold in the mines, and the raising of coffee and sugar upon the estates. Nor was the bold and adventurous Spaniard left to the enjoyment of his new-found possessions, and their harvest of wealth and luxurious enjoyment. His avaricious and greedy European neighbors crossed the Atlantic, not only on voyages of discovery on their own account, but to profit by the yields of a fertile soil, from which they were excluded by the jealousy of the Spaniards, a jealousy peculiar to the age. Reckless adventurers settled on the neighboring islands. Freebooters preyed piratically on Spanish commerce, and buccaneers made raids on Spanish territory. Warlike squadrons attacked the island and captured its capital; and from the middle of the seventeenth century the French had established themselves permanently in the west end of the coveted island. The French planters, like the Spanish, subjected the African to all the horrors and cruelties of slavery, and provoked, even before the close of the century, that bloody retaliation that subsequently wiped out the white man from the island altogether. After a century of struggle, the Spaniards and French, in 1776, agreed by treaty to a boundary-line between their respective possessions.

The boundary between Hayti and St. Domingo, at the present day, is clearly marked on the beautiful map—a copy of the official map of the Dominican Republic—which accompanies the Report of the Commission of Inquiry, and which is coarsely imitated in the volume of Mr. Hazard. The rude map in Redpath's Guide is very misleading, and gives full one-third of the island to the Empire of Hayti.

The spirit of revolution which freed the American colonies from England in 1776, and destroyed monarchy in France in 1789, extended to St. Domingo. Hazard desires to correct the popular notion that the blacks, in consequence of the cruel treatment of the slaves, rose upon their masters, and massacred all the whites who did not escape from the island. He chronicles three revolutions—that of the whites, that of the mulattoes, that of the negroes. First, the creole planters aspired to independence of French rule and to self-government. The mulattoes wanted to be recognized, but were scorned by the whites; and both whites and mulattoes trampled upon and disregarded the rights of the negro. The negroes revolted; the whites accused the mulattoes of instigating the revolt, and murdered the dark races indiscriminately. Blacks and mulattoes united, and defeated the whites in a battle fought in 1792. The home Government wished to legalize black slavery, and to give to the free colored population the

rights of citizens. Rejected by whites and mulattoes, the negroes naturally enough rebelled, and, in the hour of ascendancy, murdered men, women, and children, without mercy and without discrimination.

In a vain effort to get possession of the island, the English sacrificed forty to fifty thousand men and a hundred millions of dollars. At the commencement of the present century, the island was under the government of the famous Toussaint, a negro slave, made commander-in-chief of the French forces in their struggles against the English in 1797. He was taken prisoner and sent to France, where he died in 1803.

In their efforts to subjugate the revolted island, the French sacrificed twenty thousand men and thirty millions of dollars; and outdid even the Spaniards themselves in their cruelty to the negroes, who were shot by platoons, drowned by ship-loads, and hunted with ferocious blood-hounds. If the negroes butchered the whites when they fell into their hands, they only followed the example of their masters, and showed themselves apt scholars of bloody teachers.

Can we call Dessalines, the successor of Toussaint L'Ouverture, ferocious and blood-thirsty, because he slaughtered all the whites in the island, when they claimed Christian civilization, and yet taught the art of wholesale butchery, by their own example, to this rude, illiterate, uncultivated negro? Hazard says: "Hardly established in his position of governor for life, this monster in human form issued a proclamation for the murder of all the French on the island; and when the people hesitated, he and his soldiers proceeded to the different towns, and murdered in cold blood the French, without distinction of age or sex." This tyrant was himself murdered by his own soldiers in 1806. We can not recount the doings of Christophe and Petion in the civil war inaugurated after the death of Dessalines. After the death of these rival chiefs, Boyer succeeded to command; and the whole island united under him in one Government, named the Republic of Hayti, of which he was president. "President Boyer made a peaceful entry into the city of St. Domingo; and the beginning of the year 1822 saw the whole island in possession of one Government, the Republic of Hayti, under whose rule it was to remain for upward of twenty-two years." (Hazard, page 163).

In 1844, a total separation was declared between the Dominican Republic and Hayti. We can not, in this brief article, follow the fortunes of Hayti, after the fall of Boyer, in 1843; the

despotism of Soulouque, Faustin I, and so on down to the present time; nor yet of the Dominican Republic, under Santana and Baez, with their chronic political upheavals and revolutions.

Now that slavery is abolished every-where but in the Spanish West Indies, Hayti has ceased to be the "only country in the Western World where the black man and the man of color are undisputed lords." (Redpath, *Introduction*.) From Alaska to Terra del Fuego, Freedom has her choice of resting-places in the Western Continent. To a Government owning the fairest portion of that continent, and embracing every variety of soil, climate, and production, peculiar to the continent, the acquisition of a few thousand square miles can not be much of an object. Cuba, which lies at our national threshold, and the purchase or annexation of which has been an object of ambition with presidents and politicians for the last twenty years at least, has ceased to be an object of desire to the slave-power, and so has Hayti to the party of freedom. We do not want the one for a slave-mart or a bulwark of slavery, nor the other as a refuge for runaway slaves or a secure home for free people of color. Hence the popular question, "What for?" when the Dominican Republic asks to be recognized as a state or territory of the American Union, and the President of the United States negotiates a provisional treaty, and submits it to the Senate for ratification. Do we need the Bay of Samana as an advanced post for our fleet in the event of an European war? Do we need vantage-ground for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine? Can we lend any aid, other than friendly counsel and the moral force of a good example, to the Roman Catholic nationalities that are every-where, on both continents, struggling toward republican freedom, and every-where finding the popular movement clogged by the priestly doctrines of the supremacy of ecclesiasticism and absolutism? By the annexation of St. Domingo, Cuba would be as surely flanked as Charleston was by the advance of Sherman from Atlanta. It would be at once the death of slavery and the slave-trade, and of Spanish rule in this hemisphere. Probably this is desirable. Probably we are to lead the way to general self-government.

To effect this, we need not complicate our political relations. St. Domingo would gladly affiliate with us. Hayti would spurn our supremacy. The accession of the one would imply the troubles of another boundary-line to define, defend, and watch; raids and counter-raids; and, ultimately, another Mexican inva-

sion, conquest, and spoliation. With the broad millions of Texan and Southern acres uncultivated, we do not need additional cotton-fields or cattle-prairies or sugar and coffee plantations. If we had St. Domingo, with whom should we people it? Its present population is about that of the city of Cincinnati, sprinkled over an area two-thirds the size of the State of Ohio. They are an honest and innocent people now. Their principal vices are laziness and small drunkenness, Sunday parades and cock-fighting. How we should debauch their innocence by a few years' contact with our politics and civilization! What could we do with a language which is a Babel of European tongues, mixed up with those of every petty chieftaincy of the west coast of Africa? What could we do with a religion that is a mongrel reproduction of Romanism and the fetichisms of Congo, Loango, Guinea, and the Gold Coast? What would be our social affiliations with a people whose fathers were Europeans and mothers African, with every conceivable shade of commixture, from ivory to ebony? What would become of our pride in pure descent and clean genealogical registry?

In his recent *Inaugural*, General Grant, to use a common phrase in a political sense, drops St. Domingo "like a hot potato." The petty chieftains of the island may keep up the petty squabbles with which they have kept the sparse populations of the island in a chronic Mexican or Spanish ferment for three-quarters of a century. We have no surplus population to spare, no surplus capital to invest in machinery, cities, and railroads. The best, perhaps only, use we could make of the island, would be to use it as a sanitarium. The phlegmatic would be stirred to life by its hurricanes and earthquakes. The nervous would be quieted by its balms; the consumptive restored by its uniform warmth and genial breezes.

It is doubtful if the hurrying industry of the northern zones can ever be introduced into the tropics. If it were not for heats and hurricanes, earthquakes and alligators, tarantulas and scorpions, fleas, mosquitoes, centipedes, and the yellow-jack, St. Domingo would be a regular paradise,—where all the fruits of paradise are to be had for the plucking; where artificial shelter from sun and rains would be almost needless; and where fig-leaf raiment would be almost a nuisance, and where the popular ideal of heaven, a land of rest and enjoyment, would be perfectly realized.

If we do not want these garden islands, will we let the natives fight each other for amusement, or make treaties with foreign powers as

they list, sell themselves to France or England or Spain, or any buyer? Will we stand by and see the new-found European power, Prussia, annex St. Domingo to Alsace and Lorraine? Probably Germany has a greater interest to-day, through her merchants, in St. Domingo than any other trans-oceanic power. Germany would convert the island into a tobacco plantation, and perhaps colonize it with a race that would develop its resources as England,

France, Spain, and the creoles have failed to do. Hazard proposes the idea of international organization for the purposes of colonizing and settling the desolate Fijis of the earth. The overcrowded populations of Europe might well embark in some scheme of a more equitable distribution of the human race over the world's surface; but for ourselves we have all we can do to cultivate, settle, and develop our own national domain.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say;
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break.
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday;
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white;
 And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
 They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what is that to me?
 There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any Summer day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass.
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
 And the cowslip and the crow-foot are over all the hill,
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year:
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

QUEEN LOUISA of Prussia was one of the noblest queens of modern times; and, though for over sixty years she has now lain in her quiet mausoleum, in the beautiful gardens of the Palace of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, she still lives in the affections of her family and the hearts of her people. Napoleon did violence to her tenderest and her noblest sentiments in reviling her character, and basely persecuting her because she was intensely devoted to the interests of her nation, which he was crushing under his iron heel. As with his victorious armies he approached Berlin, she with a bursting heart fled to a distant city of her realm, rather than run the risk of personal insult from his presence; but her intense grief for the sorrows of her country soon brought her to a sick couch, from which the unexampled devotion of her nation could not afterward raise her, when she was subsequently brought back to Berlin amid a scene of triumph and expressions of affection rarely equaled in the history of the world. The decline of her enemy simply revived her hopes for the future of her family and her father-land; and, though so young, she felt that her end was not far off, and longed once again to see the home from which she had been taken as a blooming bride of seventeen. Her royal husband granted the request of the pure woman whom he worshiped, and she was tenderly taken to the palace of her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg—but alas! only to die.

In a few days this was evident, and Frederick William of Prussia, her husband, and her two sons—the younger now Emperor of Germany—were hastily summoned to her bedside. They arrived just in time to calm her dying moments, and receive her saintly blessing. And a rare delineation of this solemn scene now before us revives in our mind the intense significance of the event. The king stands by the bedside bathed in tears; the crown-prince, afterward Frederick William IV, is leaning in deep sorrow on his breast, and the youngest son—now the emperor—has cast himself in boyish despair at the bedside of the mother, who has placed her emaciated hand on his head in the act of imparting the maternal blessing. Could she have anticipated that just this boy was to live one day to punish the people and the descendants of the man who had so ruthlessly crushed all she held dear in this world? Could she then foresee that just he was destined to make her

most ardent aspirations a reality; namely, to unite her divided and oppressed people into one great nation, and assure to them the highest position among the powers of earth? As she felt the death-struggle approaching, the royal woman bent her head gently back, closed her eyes, and said, with a clear voice, "Lord Jesus, Jesus, make it brief!" And brief it was; in five minutes the king, in sobs and tears, tenderly pressed shut those eyes that had been the stars of his life—those eyes full of soul, of truth, and goodness, that had so faithfully guided him in his dark path. Her pure features were in no way disfigured by the struggle of death, and victory and peace seemed to have alighted on her brow. But Louisa yet lived in the final conflict with Napoleon in 1813, for her spirit was with the army of her country, and the Prussian soldiers placed her portrait on their banners, and swore to avenge the broken heart of their beloved queen. And she lived yet, the most faithful "Watch on the Rhine," when, two years ago, the son whom she had blessed in dying, crossed the stream with his courageous hosts, resolved to finish the work which his father was only permitted to begin. She lived in every battle fought by the Prussians; she lived in the proud Palace of Versailles, when her boy William was there crowned Emperor of United Germany; and her spirit followed the returning heroes, to be with them in their unexampled triumph in their own capital, on the return of peace. And the first pious duty of the emperor and his sons on their return, was to visit the tomb of Queen Louisa, and thank God for such a woman and such a mother. And every year, on the anniversary of her death, her children and children's children visit in deep solemnity this sacred mausoleum, and others will continue to do so when these have passed away forever. Her nation will ever continue to honor her godly fear, her purity of heart, her domestic virtues, and her genuine love of liberty and of her country. Happy Germania! if her pious example and inspiring power shall continue to live in the hearts of your children!

WHILE Napoleon III was in his brief imprisonment in the fine old Palace of Wilhelmshöhe, the table in his private cabinet was adorned with a rare little marble statuette by Wagler, bearing the appellation of "Cupid under the Slipper." Some of the

malicious tongues around the palace declared that it had been placed there as a daily reminder to the fallen monarch of the ill-fortune that had attended his evident subjection to the fair Eugénie, whose slipper, though not always perhaps apparent, was nevertheless ever powerful in bringing the emperor to terms and measures; for it was pretty clearly understood that the empress managed to rule at the Tuilleries.

This little statuette is of marvelous execution and rare workmanship, and is now quite famous as having given rise among artists to the question as to the propriety of thus violating the classical spirit of the antique in representing Cupid as the conquered and not the conqueror. For his bent bow and sure arrows are nowhere to be seen; his hands are bound behind his back, which is bent in the attitude of submission, and his wings are clipped. "Can this," they say, "be the Amor of the ancients, who bound those golden bands between gods and heroes?" But the reply is, that in very ancient times the slipper was the symbol of submission, for even in one of the heroic poems of the Hindoos, *Romas* is represented as yielding up the government to a younger brother by the mere symbol of sending him his slippers; and an Indian maiden pressed the sandal of her lover on her bosom until it left its mark there.

Among the ancient Germans, the betrothed brought to his future bride the slipper, who indicated her submission to her lord the moment she had placed it on her foot. But these German dames of primeval times well understood how to turn the slipper on their lords, as did their classic sisters of Greece and Rome; so that ancient laws may be found containing all sorts of decrees regarding the rule of the slipper. The statutes of the old city of Schwarzburg award imprisonment to a man who allows himself to be ruled by his wife, and bid the roof to be removed from his house. And another ancient chronicle tells us of a German preacher who was much annoyed by the fact that the men of his congregation were so much controlled by their wives. One day, after having given out the usual hymn from his pulpit, he said, "Let him among you who is master in his own house lead the singing." Not a voice was heard, when the good pastor exclaimed with indignation: "What, are ye men? Is there not among you a ruler in his own house?" And then turning to the women he said, "Let, then, the one among you who rules her house commence the hymn!" In an instant every woman in the congregation started the hymn in a loud voice, each one anxious not to be the last. And thus Wagler justifies himself for representing Cupid under the slipper as by no means a modern exaggeration, or a violation done to the ancient conception of the light-footed god of love.

AMONG other efforts to afford improved opportunities to the women of Germany for obtaining an education that will prove a support to them in life, we notice the establishment, in Baden, under the protection of her Highness the Grand Duchess Louisa, of a central institution for the training and

protection of governesses. Family teaching is very largely resorted to among the wealthy all over Europe, and affords occupation to an immense number of young women. But there seem to be very few safeguards for either party. Parents can seldom be sure, without an actual trial, of obtaining what they desire, and poor governesses are too often left alone and unprotected in their battle with the world, if they meet with unkind or too exacting employers. The young ladies are to be enrolled and trained in this institution, and looked upon as its wards. Worthy girls receive a certificate of competency and fidelity, which proves an answer to all questions as to their capacity; and in case they need occupation, they return, if they wish, to the home of the institution while waiting for employment. The principal of the establishment is to be Miss Fanny Trier, who has labored in this capacity for some years in Paris, and has gained a large experience. The moment is a very favorable one for such an enterprise in Germany; for the war left a great many worthy families without the means of support, and the daughters of fallen officers are obliged to depend on their accomplishments as a means of support. And then a great many German governesses have been driven from France by the bitter prejudice there existing just now against the whole nation, so that many of these unprotected girls scarcely know which way to turn for kindly counsel and assistance. In such a crisis, a home and a retreat, where they may find aid and sympathy, will doubtless save many of them from great suffering, and exposure to a life of infamy and shame as the only resort to eke out an existence. It is a pleasant feature that the royal ladies of Germany thus interest themselves in the welfare of their humbler and suffering sisters.

AND, again, quite a number of the first teachers of Berlin have petitioned the Government to place some disposable localities at their command into the hands of an executive committee, with a view to establish popular kindergartens, where gratuitous instruction may be given to small children. And they also recommend that hereafter no popular or common schools be constructed without ample accommodations for kindergartens. These institutions are, therefore, in a fair way to become an integral part of the regular common-school system in Prussia. And these same teachers also recommend that all seminaries for young ladies, having the sanction of the Government, shall be required to maintain a department for the training of kindergarten teachers, and also a school of little ones, where they may have the opportunity of actual practice, if they desire; so that all young ladies graduating from the better institutions will at least be capable of undertaking this branch of instruction. It is certainly true that the Germans have not been quite as ready to adopt this, their own home system, as might have been expected from them; but it proceeds probably from the cause that, as a nation, they are quite inclined to train the children at home during the earliest years, and have their doubts as to the propriety of relegating this

duty to strangers. But there is just now quite a revival of feeling regarding these infant schools, and partly from the fact they are becoming popular outside of Germany. One has just been established in the city of Nancy, in France, and another in Brescia, in Italy, to say nothing of a few in this country.

WHEN these lines reach our readers, the great gates of the Vienna Exposition will be on the eve of opening to receive all the world to witness the most magnificent display of industry and art ever arranged since Adam delved and Eve spun. The great park in which all the wonders are to be displayed, was of yore without an equal in Europe; and what will it be now with its countless attractions? Many a pleasant hour have we spent in its shady walks under broad-armed oaks and trembling aspens, dining in its cafés, sitting in its open-air concerts, or watching a joyous group of little ones crazy with delight over the odd antics of some Punch and Judy performances. And aside from the fashionable park, where pleasures were comparatively dear and dainty, was one

for the "people" properly so-called. It bore the name of the "Sausage Park"—or Prater, in the Viennese tongue—and its name had the good quality of being frankly honest; for the greatest delicacy there to be found were the steaming boiled sausages, the favorite food of the jolly and good-natured plebs of Vienna. And we confess to a weakness—for we were younger than we are now—we frequently risked losing the sight of royal carriages and their dazzling inmates, yea, even of meeting emperor and empress on the promenade, for the pleasure of seeing the people in the very heyday of innocent enjoyment. Such swings, such rocking-horses, such miniature railroads, such a multitude of games, such capers and carousings, and, withal, such sausages! And then what songs and hearty laughs and childish sports, and games for the boys and the girls and the men, and the women too! But, alas, for the "Sausage Prater!"—we read that it is being invaded by all sorts of structures for the uses of the Exposition; which latter we scarcely care to see without the Sausage Prater in its pristine simplicity.

Scientific.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

No man can wear the universe as a skull-cap that he can take off and examine at his leisure. Notwithstanding the intellectual vision of man or of woman is not a constant quantity. If we may be extravagant enough to consider the many scientific aids that progress brings us as improved members developed from man himself, a part of his body—the carpenter's chisel, an extension of the carpenter's hand; the surgeon's scalpel, a further growth of the surgeon's hand; the sewing-machine, a wonderful development of woman's hand—then we may liken the scientist possessed of the spectroscope, to some enormous crustacean whose eyes are placed upon the extremities of immense foot-stalks which he can throw far forward of his body, in order that he may thus inspect more remote objects. With this instrument, man can closely scan the distant spheres; he can even tell their very chemical composition.

These are days of grief for any lurking fact that would escape detection. The investigator is sure to touch it with his spear—a spear as potent as Ithuriel's. The fact, discovered and surprised, must disclose itself, and bear self-witness to its nature. Nothing in the universe is in itself alone valuable to man; every thing is valuable as it is either necessary or advantageous to his physical existence, and as it leads him to greater discoveries and to higher thoughts. A piece of original chaos as a mere curiosity would not, in these utilitarian days, command a premium simply to be immured in a museum. Every man and every woman has a desire to grow in knowledge as well as in grace. To be ignorant of

the spectroscope, is not to know one-third of the great advance that scientific research has made during the last twenty-five years. To be ignorant of the spectroscope, or, at least, not to have a "bowing acquaintance" with it when it is mentioned in conversation, is to place yourself in the position of him who maintained utter silence in company, and of whom it was said: "If you are foolish, you do a wise thing; but if you are wise, you do a foolish thing."

But what is the spectroscope? A triangular piece of glass is a simple thing; yet a plain triangular piece of glass will split a sunbeam! You have seen the pendant upon a chandelier produce the brilliant hues of the rainbow when the sunlight fell upon it. To say that white light, or common sunlight—which, by the by, is only relatively white, our sun being, in fact, a strong yellow star—is composed of the seven different colors of the rainbow; that these colors have different degrees of refrangibility, that is, their respective departures from a straight line as they enter the glass are unequal, the red being bent the least, and the violet the most; that the bright band produced by the pendant is called the solar spectrum, containing the colors in the following order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, with all their intermediate shades,—to say all this, is to instruct a very few adult persons in these "foremost files of time." The spectroscope is an instrument for producing and viewing spectra. The light must pass through a narrow slit; it then falls upon a lens, by which its rays are rendered parallel. It next enters a prism of glass, when it is refracted

(bent from a straight line), and dispersed (separated) into its constituents. From thence the colors pass through a telescope and enter the eye of the observer. Simple, is it not? Yet, as was intimated, this apparatus represents, in our estimation, one-third of the scientific advancement of the last twenty-five years.

It was noticed by Wollaston, in 1802, that certain dark lines crossed the solar spectrum. They were the same to him as the writing in an unknown language. He could not read them, but left for another the fame of the discovery of the most powerful means of investigation ever given to the physicist, the chemist, and the astronomer—spectrum analysis. If Wollaston could discover but four of these dark lines, they were cast in more pleasant places for Fraunhofer, who followed him in the investigation, in 1815. The latter observed and definitely mapped the places of more than six hundred. Of iron alone, there have at the present time been discovered four hundred and sixty—enough, one would think, to render another, for this metal at least, as superfluous as a baby in China. But I hear the reader say: "What are these dark lines? and are you not unmethodical by talking so much about 'dark lines' before you have given their special description or explanation?" Not so. At this point of their history nothing was known as to their cause. It was reserved for Kirchhoff, in 1859, to make them significant.

Thus far, gentle reader, we (you and your humble servant) have been warming up our steeds. Now, always with your permission, we will ply the spurs, and clear the hedge before us.

If any one of the metals be vaporized and rendered incandescent, its light will, if passed through a prism, as before stated, and received upon a screen, produce a spectrum of distinctive bright lines invariable as to number, color, and position. Iron, for example, will give six hundred, calcium eighty-nine, nickel fifty-one, sodium nine, and hydrogen four. It is not necessary that any metal should be used alone; copper will give its characteristic lines; zinc will declare itself by its invariable symbols; but subject brass, which is composed of copper and zinc, to the same test, and the spectra of copper and zinc will reveal themselves. Distance is no element in the problem, granted only that the light from these substances in a state of luminous vapor can be secured. What was it that Kirchhoff did? He discovered that if the light from an incandescent metal be made to pass through the vapor of the same metal, the vapor will wholly absorb this light, provided the metal and the vapor are at the same temperature. Thus a dark line will be produced in the spectrum, where otherwise a bright one would appear. This in general. What is the special application? The metal sodium gives nine bright lines as its spectrum. Cause the light from any substance containing sodium, and giving a continuous spectrum (all the colors blending like the rainbow), to pass through sodium vapor, and the sodium light coming from the metal will be absorbed, dark lines appearing in its place. We are conscious that something like an explanation

of the undulatory theory of light, and the interference of waves of light and sound (ether and air), would be germane to our subject, but the proposed length of this article will not permit.

We have made the desperate leap, and survive. We passed not only the short distance of a somewhat prickly hedge of facts, but we reached the sun itself, which is ninety-one million five hundred thousand miles distant; nay, more, we shot out into space more than ninety-one million times this distance; we passed to the fixed stars, the nearest of which, Alpha Centauri, is distant twenty millions of millions of miles. We arrived at that body, wherever it may be, from which we can receive light. The characteristic bright or dark lines will appear, and we may be as sure that iron or calcium or nickel or hydrogen or, in fine, any one of the sixty-three elementary substances exists there as we are that it exists upon the earth.

"The world was not made in a day," and it may be questioned whether the universe is yet finished, if, indeed, it will ever be completed, in the proper understanding of the term. The spectra of solids and liquids differ so widely from the spectra of gases and vapors, that it can be determined for a certainty whether the light comes from the former or from the latter. The telescope has resolved some of the nebulae; others it fails to resolve. But the spectroscope continues where the telescope becomes powerless. By the spectroscope, we know that there are nebulae consisting entirely of gases, nature's raw material for the manufacture of worlds. What nature is doing in these vast spaces we can only surmise. The matter is there "without form and void." Our own globe was once in a gaseous state, out of which it has developed with all its elements of form and beauty. Its sister planets have been thus condensed, in different degrees, from this nebulous condition. To what better use than to pass into this condition—suitable to the home of organized existences—this immensity of matter, in the depths of space, can, in the economy of nature, be put, we fail to conjecture. That any other supposed result might not be quite as natural, we, of course, in absence of further knowledge, can not say.

But some may not properly appreciate the utility of investigating the constituents of the sun and the fixed stars. "Is that the only benefit that the spectroscope confers?" may be asked. We recall the *a fortiori* argument of the recruit who belonged to the brass band, and played the bass-drum. The company having been out upon an excursion, and about to return by rail, our somewhat obfuscated drummer could not readily find his ticket for the conductor. "Come, look sharp," said that official; "you surely can not have lost it!" "Can not have lost it? Why, man, I've lost the big drum!"

The spectroscope will detect the most minute blood corpuscle that may stain the murderer's garments. Dr. Bence Jones discovered the presence of the very small particles of metal in the living body, introduced a few minutes previously. The spectroscope will discover the presence of one two-

hundred-millionth of a grain of common salt. These are a few of the many examples of spectrum analysis. In the fields of medicine, physiology, botany, zoölogy, chemistry, and technology, grand results are yet in prospect. It becomes us, in view of the majestic subject, and the stupendous interests wrapped up in it, to look upon the whole field of inquiry with a hopeful but humble spirit not unattended with awe and veneration. The truth is all before us, and our minds should be like a man in a house, in every

window of which an æolian harp is placed. Every breeze that blows brings sweet tones to his senses. Through the eye, through the ear, through every sense, let truth, in whatever form it may present itself, enter, breathing soft cadences or sweeping in with loftier tones, that shall either in one form soothe the perturbed spirit, or in another stir the mind to enthusiastic and sympathetic joy, according as our harps may be fitted by nature to furnish the music. By all means, however, let them produce the music.

Art Notes.

— PROFESSOR O. N. ROOD, of Columbia College, has been giving some extremely able and instructive lectures at the National Academy of Design, in New York, on the relation between Painting and Modern Optics. Among other interesting topics touched upon, were the resources of nature, and the poverty of the artist in portraying natural objects. Some experiments he had recently made proved that white paper, illuminated by a good gallery light, had but one two-hundredth of the brightness of a moderately clear sky. On this same occasion, in the natural scene examined, there were eleven thousand four hundred and fifty-seven actual grades of illumination, to represent which the painter had at his disposal only fifty-seven grades of equal strength. After considering the immense difficulties in the way of the painter's complete triumph, Professor Rood exhorted all to grant to the artist perfect liberty to use any and all the means which his experience or instinct might lead him to adopt, pledging to him our heartiest sympathy in his difficult work, and a thankful heart for all the real joy and all the warm love of nature his labors have inspired.

— The sale of Kensett's paintings began March 24th, at the National Academy of Design, New York.

— A commission for two portraits of Charles Sumner has been given to a Washington artist by the representatives of the Haytian Government. They will be placed in the halls of the Haytian Congress.

— Ben. J. Lossing, in a late number of the *New York Evening Post*, gives nearly a column to a description of a full-length portrait of Cecil, Lord Baltimore, owned by Titian R. Peale, Esq., of Washington. This is believed to be an original Van Dyke. At the conclusion of an examination of its genuineness, Mr. Lossing says, "It seems to me that few old pictures can be so well authenticated as this." His suggestion that a picture of such historic and artistic value ought to belong to a public museum of art, must be indorsed by every thoughtful reader.

— It is surprising what the imagination can do for some people. The striking similarity of face and form of General Sheridan, to those of Napoleon the Great, recently discovered by Edmund Yates,

appears most ridiculous in view of the fact that it is almost impossible to know how the Great Captain looked, since the only accurate portrait ever painted is said to have been suppressed because of its strict fidelity to truth.

— The plans of buildings suitable for the purposes of our Centennial Exhibition are being somewhat extensively discussed by architects and others. The Committee have decided to locate these buildings in Fairmount Park, on elevated and easily accessible grounds. Plans will be thrown open to competition, and it is hoped much effort will be made to make these buildings a credit to our Nation and to her first Centennial. After the magnificent provisions made by the liberality of the Austrian Government for the World's Exposition at Vienna, America will be wonderfully stimulated to do just the best thing, and to send out to the world invitations to compete in plans for the proposed buildings. Already hints and suggestions are received by the Committee from various sources. The idea seems to be gaining favor to erect such a structure as shall be permanent, and adapt it to useful and educating purposes. Mr. George Gove suggests the erection of an immense crystal palace, forty acres in extent, wherein consumptives and other valetudinarians may enjoy the benefits of an equable climate, without the trouble and expense of a journey to the South. Should the building be a permanent structure, it is earnestly to be hoped that most careful study will be given to its architectural character, so that it may be a monument to which we can refer with real satisfaction, and not be obliged to hide our heads in shame, as we must now do in passing the Washington Monument.

— New York lovers of the opera have never been more highly favored than during the past season. Madame Lucca, Clara Kellogg, and Herr Wachtel have proved a musical trio superior to any, perhaps, ever before heard in America. It is doubtful whether Wachtel is excelled by any living tenor; while Lucca, in certain *roles*, is entirely unrivaled. She is inferior to some in tragic power and effect; in strength and volume of voice she has several rivals: but in the conception of the characters she impersonates; in her charming naturalness; in depth of feeling and

true pathos; in the sweetness, richness, purity, and melting quality of her tones; in every thing that constitutes the true woman,—she is probably without an equal in the musical world. Added to all is the fact that she has here selected several characters peculiarly German, which are rendered with a perfection unattained and unattainable by the mere foreigner. At home, in the Royal Opera of Berlin, her announcements crowd the immense building. In America she has proved no less a favorite. Not one of the great numbers who have listened to her wonderful impersonations, that will not ardently hope for her early return to our shores, where real musical genius has met so generous encouragement. The praises of Miss Kellogg are on the lips of all Americans, and we feel proud of her splendid triumphs abroad.

— *Pall Mall Budget* says Meissonier's last painting has been purchased for twenty thousand dollars in gold by Messrs. Wallis & Co., London, who will first place it on exhibition at Vienna.

— A selection from Bach's "Passion" was given in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, during Holy Week, by a choir of one hundred and fifty voices and a full orchestra.

— Queen Victoria has ordered a sarcophagus and pedestal of Peterhead granite, in which the remains of the late Emperor Napoleon may be placed until their ultimate destination is determined.

— The foreign journals announce that Alexandre Dumas and George Sand have jointly written a tragedy entitled "Brutus," which Victor Hugo says is superior to any tragedy ever written in modern times. So much for Hugo's opinion!

— Three new halls have been opened in the Louvre, for the exhibition of pictures by Rubens, Vandyke, Snyders, and small paintings of the Dutch school, which have not found places in the Grand Gallery.

— The German artists have threatened not to exhibit any of their works at Vienna, if they are not treated on a footing of perfect equality with the French, who, it is said, have been unduly favored as regards space and light.

— A white marble statue of Victoria has been placed in the vestibule of the state apartments at Windsor Castle. This statue, in which the queen is represented as sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side, is said to weigh seven tons.

— Robert Burns's popularity with his countrymen never wanes. It is proposed to erect still another monument to this poet of the people. The amount is to be raised by shilling subscriptions, and already amounts to the sum of £1,200.

— It seems Sheridan's works do not wane in popularity with our English cousins. Charing Cross Theater has been crowded for a hundred nights with "The Rivals," and at the Vaudeville Theater "The School for Scandal" has drawn multitudes for two hundred representations.

— The plans of the four celebrated competing artists, Siewering, Schoper, Dondorf, and Calandrelli, for the Goethe monument at Berlin, have been examined by the commission, and the preference given to the plan of Schoper. The work is to be erected on the outskirts of the Thiergarten.

— The second centenary of Molière is to be celebrated this month in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. Special performances of his works will be given eight days in succession by artists of the Théâtre Français, the Odeon, and the French Theater of St. Petersburg.

— A recent French journal says there is reason to believe that the long lost-portrait of Molière, painted by Sebastian Bourdon, has been discovered among the Ingres collection at the Museum of Montauban, and that it was restored by the latter painter, who purchased it at a dealer's sale.

— The sculptor Zumbush, of Munich, has proved the successful competitor for the preparation of a monument, at the public cost, to the deceased King Maximilian. The monument is to be of colossal proportions, the figure of the king being forty-five feet high. The King Louis of Bavaria has given five thousand gilders toward the necessary decoration of the place for the erection of this monument.

— It will be recollect that in July of last year the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, in London, offered a trophy of the value of £1,000, to be contended for by musical societies in the United Kingdom. This trophy was recently presented to the successful competitors—the South Wales Social Union—by Mr. Thomas Hughes, Member of Parliament, the Chairman of the Company. This musical Association will hold the trophy until July next, when it will be again competed for. By this means, it is said, a wonderful increase of interest in sacred music of a high order is being awakened throughout the Kingdom.

— The Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart received, last Autumn, one hundred and seventy new pupils. It now numbers in all four hundred and eighty-eight pupils; an increase of thirty-five over last year. At this Conservatory are pupils from all parts of the globe—among them we notice fifty-one from the United States of America. The instruction is given by twenty-three professors, two assistants, and one female teacher. Anna Mæhlig, the celebrated pianist who accompanied the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, is a native of Stuttgart, and has most kindly offered to assist American ladies seeking musical instruction in Stuttgart. The Conservatory of Stuttgart is now very sharply competing with that of Leipsic for superiority.

— The School of Art for Women, in Munich, that has been very largely frequented, even by students from foreign countries, has recently been firmly established on a liberal basis by Government aid. Its character has unfortunately undergone very considerable change. It has assumed more the character of a school for industrial arts, since the opinion widely

prevails, in circles of competent judges, that only in rare instances have women succeeded in giving to the world art-works of a high order of excellence. This opinion seems to be confirmed by the careful study of the history of art.

—A correspondent of the *Nation* speaks of the rapid decay of the works of Tintoret at Venice. It is well known that the colors used by this great artist possessed not the permanence of those of his contemporaries. The shadows of his pictures deepen more and more each year. "Incurable blackness is settling fast upon all of them, and they frown at you across the somber splendor of their great chambers like gaunt, twilight phantoms of pictures. To our children's children, Tintoret, as things are going, can be hardly more than a name; and such of them as shall miss the tragic beauty, already so dimmed and stained, of the great 'Bearing of the Cross' at San Rocco, will live and die without knowing the largest eloquence of art. If you wish to add the last touch to the solemnity of the place, recall, as vividly as possible, while you linger at San Rocco, the painter's singularly interesting portrait of himself, at the Louvre. The old man looks out of the canvas from beneath a brow as sad as a sunless twilight, with just such a stoical hopelessness as you might fancy him to wear, if he stood at your side,

gazing at his rotting canvases. It is not whimsical to fancy it the face of a man who felt that he had given the world more than the world was likely to repay."

—Some months since, we mentioned the fact that Wagner, the German musician, was building an opera-house in Bayreuth for the special presentation of his own productions, to the necessary funds for whose erection various crowned heads had liberally contributed. Before entering upon this special work, he is visiting England for the purpose of making presentations of his compositions. There seems to be a strange and almost inexplicable contradiction of judgment of the works of Wagner—his friends being among the most enthusiastic admirers that any master has ever had, and his critics, even though not unfriendly to the man, being terribly severe in their condemnation of his style. Certainly Wagner's intense realism in music is not popular with the best of his English audiences. Regarding music in the opera as only the means, and not the end—as only an illustration of the words, and not the words as a mere means of supporting the music—Wagner thereby robs music of the charm of vagueness, and makes it do menial service to painting and to poetry. He must labor hard and wait long before the best thinkers can be brought to indorse this view of music.

Current History.

—BIELA'S comet is a small affair, with a period of about seven years (first discovered to be periodic in 1826, by the Austrian officer whose name it bears). It was observed again, on its return in 1832, when great alarm was excited among those unversed in astronomy, by the fact that it crossed the earth's orbit only about a month before the earth reached the point of intersection. In 1839, it was not seen; in 1846, it separated into two, under the action of some unknown cause; in 1852, the two parts were observed as two separate and independent comets; and since then nothing has been seen of it until within a few weeks, though it was anxiously searched for in 1859 and 1866.

—It may be said in round numbers that each gallon of the Thames water carries to the ocean about nineteen grains of dissolved mineral matter, or over fifteen hundred tons daily, of which seven hundred and ninety-seven tons is carbonate of lime or dissolved lime-stone, and two hundred and thirty-eight tons sulphate of lime or gypsum. Now the area of land drained by the Thames is estimated at two thousand and seventy-two square miles; from which, according to the calculation which we have given, 290,905 tons of carbonate of lime are dissolved annually, equal to one hundred and forty tons from each square mile, or fourteen thousand tons in a century. If we suppose this carbonate of lime to be in the

form of chalk, in which it now exists over a great part of the region thus drained, we find that, as a ton of chalk measures about fifteen cubic feet, the above amount would be equal to a layer of one foot in thickness in thirteen thousand years. In other words, at the present rate of solution of the carbonate of lime in the basin of the Thames, the level of the whole region would in that period be reduced one foot.

—Eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside lies Roman London; and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of those savage charioteers who, long ages ago, bravely confronted the legions of Rome. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tesselated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the ancient Roman gods. So the present has grown up upon the ashes of the past.

—Chaldean chronology begins with the conquest of Babylonia by the Elamites, and the seating upon the throne of an Elamite dynasty, the first king of which was Chedornahundi. In Smith's "History of Assurbanipal," page 382, M. Bosanquet, a diligent student of chronology, brings arguments to prove that the date of this earliest Babylonian epoch was B. C. 2287; and in this he is followed by D. H. Haigh, in the last number of Lepsius's *Zeitschrift*.

für Egyptische Sprache. The date is found from an inscription of Assurbanipal, in which he reports his restoring, in the year B. C. 655, from Elam, which he had conquered, an image of the goddess Nara, which had been captured at Babylon by Chedornahundi, sixteen hundred and thirty-five years before.

— President Thiers's library embraces 120,000 volumes.

— With all our newspapers in the United States, it appears that we have only one newspaper to every 5,653 inhabitants.

— Out of the 22,701,000 population of England and Wales, more than 800,000 are on the parish registers as subjects of poor-law relief.

— The census of Brazil has just been completed. The population of the Empire is 10,000,000, including nearly 2,000,000 slaves, and 250,000 aborigines.

— The dispute between the English and Russian Governments ended by the latter accepting the boundary-lines laid down by the former.

— It is said that over one hundred students are now employed at Jeddo in codifying and simplifying the Japanese characters, with a view of adapting them to the sounds used in foreign languages.

— Italy has nineteen illustrated papers, with an aggregate circulation of 75,000 copies. None of the political dailies of Italy have a circulation of over 10,000, and the compensation paid to editors and reporters is very small.

— The revised returns of the census of 1871 show that the total population of the United Kingdom at that time amounted to 31,628,338. Of this number 21,495,131 belonged to England, 1,217,135 to Wales, 3,360,018 to Scotland, 5,411,416 to Ireland, and 144,638 to the adjacent islands, in the British seas.

— The last census of Palestine shows a total Jewish population of 15,293 souls. Of these, 8,000 (more than half) live in Jerusalem, about 4,000 in Safet, 2,000 in Tiberias, and 800 in Hebron. The remainder, about 400, are divided between Acco, Jaffa, Haifa, Sichem, and Shefa Amar.

— The Hoosac Tunnel has thus far cost about \$900 per yard. The Mont Cenis Tunnel cost £7,450,450, or \$37,252,000. The Kilsby Tunnel, in England, estimated at £90,000, cost £350,000, or \$1,750,000—\$1,300,000 more than the original estimate.

— The *Great Eastern* is to sail, with four consorts, the last of May, to lay the line of the Anglo-American and French cable. This line is to touch Halifax and New York, and will, it is hoped, be ready for use by the first of July.

— But fifteen per cent of the lands on the island of Cuba are under cultivation, yet she exports annually to the amount of \$90,000,000. There is a yearly revenue of \$37,000,000. A third of the island is covered with timber, which yields woods of many valuable kinds. It is also rich in gold, copper, lead, and iron.

— Amadeus has formally assumed the rights of an Italian citizen, and has been appointed lieutenant-general in the Italian army by the king.

— The total appropriations of the last session of Congress exceed those of the session preceding it by the amount of \$16,000,000.

— A reconciliation has been effected between the Duke of Montpensier and ex-Queen Isabella. Prince Alphonso is to marry a daughter of the duke, who will assume the regency of Spain.

— The Grand Vizier of Persia has begun the introduction of Western manners into Eastern society by giving a series of entertainments to the diplomatic corps and the nobility.

— The bill legalizing the marriage between a widower and his deceased wife's sister, has just been reported in the House of Commons for the sixty-third time. Though over fifty thousand women have petitioned for the passage of the bill, there is no prospect of its passage.

— France, March 8th, officially gave Germany financial guarantees for the payment of the war indemnity, and negotiations for the German evacuation are already commenced. The Government, up to this date, has paid Germany three and a half billion francs.

— Olozaga, the Spanish Minister to France, has notified Senor Castellar that the representatives in Paris of the different powers of Europe have decided to send a collective note to the Government of Spain, declaring their belief that their respective Governments will cease to hold diplomatic relations with it in the event of the proclamation of a federal republic.

— The French Government has just given an order for twelve hundred small wooden houses destined for the penitentiary colony of New Caledonia. These buildings, which may be set up and taken to pieces with the greatest facility, are composed each of two rooms—one for the habitation of the colonist, and the other to serve as a workshop. Each cost the State about two hundred francs.

— The population of Egypt in March, 1872, was 5,203,405 souls, including 88,038 foreigners. In May, 1867, the population amounted to 4,915,000, showing an increase of 288,405 in five years. Alexandria, however, has shown a remarkable increase of inhabitants. In 1800 the city contained 7,000 inhabitants, and in 1842 the number had increased to 60,000. In 1862 the population had risen to 164,400, while in 1872 the census gives 219,602 inhabitants, of whom 53,828 were foreigners.

— The debate on dissolving the Spanish Assembly and convoking a Constituent Cortes, opened March 8th. The President announced that he should not oppose the dissolution of the Assembly. It was determined to take the bill into consideration, by one hundred and eighty-four yeas to nineteen nays. The *Imparcial* says the vote is a death-blow to the Radical party. Reports state that the Carlists can not muster over ten or twelve thousand men, chiefly paid

partisans. The Federal Republic was proclaimed at Barcelona, Sunday morning, March 9th.

— The salary question was settled by Congress, just before its adjournment, by fixing the compensation of Government officers as follows :

The President.....	\$50,000
The Vice-President.....	10,000
Chief Justice Supreme Court.....	10,500
Justices Supreme Court, each.....	10,000
Cabinet Officers.....	10,000
Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, State, and Interior.....	6,000
Speaker of the House, after the present Congress.....	10,000
Senators, Representatives, and Delegates, including the present Congress.....	7,500

— Mr. Charles Clermont-Gauneau, the dragoman of our consulate at Jerusalem, has discovered a bibliographical curiosity of great value. It is a long proclamation, written in the year 896 B. C.—that is, about eighty years after Solomon's death—by Mesa, King of Moab, and contemporary of Ahab and Jehoshaphat. It is engraved on a massive block of basalt about three feet high, two wide, and one thick, rounded at the top in the supposed shape of the table of the Decalogue. Mesa tells his combats against the King of Israel, his liege, enumerating his battles, sieges, and works, the whole forming thirty-four lines engraved in very small characters, and written in the language of the Old Testament. It is the oldest specimen known of the alphabetical writing, and almost a prototype of our present characters, twenty-two Phoenician letters having been adopted by the Greeks almost without alterations. This stela was found at three days' ride from Jerusalem, beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan, among ruins called "Dhiban" by the Arabs, but which are those of the old Moabite city of Dibon, mentioned by Isaiah and Jeremiah.

— Charles Pettit M'Ilvaine was born in Burlington, New Jersey, January 18, 1799. Was graduated at Princeton in 1816, admitted to deacon's orders in 1820; and, having labored in Christ's Church, Georgetown, Maryland, he received priest's orders two years later. In 1825, he became Professor of Ethics and Chaplain at the West Point Military Academy. He became rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, New York, in 1827, where he remained until 1832, in which year he was consecrated Bishop of Ohio, from which time until 1840 he was nominal President of Kenyon College, at Gambier, O. He resided at Gambier from 1835 to 1847, when he removed to Cincinnati, where he resided during the remainder of his life. In 1853, the degree of D. C. L. was conferred on him by the University of Oxford, and in 1858, LL. D. by the University of Cambridge. Bishop Bedell was appointed his assistant in the Diocese of Ohio, in the year 1859. Bishop M'Ilvaine was a writer of strength and clearness. His "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," delivered in the New York University, in 1831, ran through thirty editions. In 1840, his "Oxford Divinity compared with the Romish and Anglican Churches" was published, and in 1854, his sermons, "Truth and Life," also two volumes of "Select Family and Parish Sermons." His influence as a writer was much more felt in England than in

this country. The bishop was a decided Low Churchman, and always discouraged the tendency to High Church extremes. He was highly respected by those he opposed, and generally loved by those over and with whom he officiated. He died at Florence, Italy, on the 13th of March, at the age of seventy-four years.

— Massachusetts prints half the religious journals in the country.

— Iceland, with 50,000 inhabitants, has three hundred priests of the Lutheran Church. The Government pays their salaries, from twenty to three hundred dollars a year.

— The whole number of Congregational churches in the United States is 3,623; of which 776 have vacant pulpits, and 1,562 are under the care of "acting pastors."

— Professor Tyndall, it is said, is going to join the Church—the Rev. M. D. Conway's Church, in London—the religion of which is a combination of Judaic-Christianity, Zoroastrism, Buddhism, Brahminism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, and the ancient religions.

— What it costs to "run" the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is shown in the following figures : Mr. Beecher is paid annually, \$20,000; Mr. Haliday, assistant, \$3,000; Mr. Weld, first sexton, \$3,500; Mr. Raynor, second sexton, \$1,200. The music costs \$8,000, insurance \$500, current expenses \$7,000, Plymouth library \$700; total \$43,900.

— At the request of three hundred Liberal Catholics, Père Hyacinthe has resumed the pulpit at Geneva, and numbers are uniting with him against Ultramontanism.

— The Right Rev. Dr. Lachat has been deposed from his bishopric by the Diocese of Basle, Switzerland, for having suspended a priest who had refused to proclaim the infallibility dogma, and had attacked certain other abuses of the Church of Rome.

— The Pope, in replying to an address presented to him March 8th, said that reconciliation with the Italian Government was impossible, and that God would punish the invaders of his kingdom.

— Kedama, the Japanese law student in Washington, has been elected to deacon's orders by the Baltimore Methodist Conference, and admitted to full connection. He will return to Japan.

— The "Protestant Episcopal Almanac" gives the following summary of statistics for the Protestant Episcopal Church :

Bishops	51
Bishops elect	3
Presbyters and Deacons.....	2,953
Baptisms.....	35,990
Confirmations.....	22,011
Communicants.....	239,218
Marriages	10,093
Burials	18,204
Ordinations—Deacons.....	165
Ordinations—Presbyters.....	87
Candidates for Orders.....	336
Sunday-school Teachers.....	24,171
Sunday-school Scholars.....	324,042
Contributions.....	\$6,304,608.79

Contemporary Literature.

THE art of printing enables the Christian public to say of many a dead worker and saint, "He being dead, yet speaketh." Judiciously written memoirs are always delightful and profitable reading, and probably nobody lives who would not wish to have at least a brief and truthful obituary given to survivors, even though it were condensed into a sentence or two on a tombstone. The best obituary is living results of faithful work, and the recorded utterances designed to influence the lives of those about us, when we had no idea that those utterances would live after we were dead.

Messrs. Nelson & Phillips have printed, under the title of *New Life Dawning*, a biographical sketch of Professor Bernard H. Nadal, D. D., and appended thereto a selection from his discourses, which will be read by the friends and students of the departed minister and professor, and by the Christian public generally, with great interest. Born in 1812, converted at the age of twenty, entering the itinerancy at twenty-three, graduating at Dickinson College while sustaining a pastorate at Carlisle, filling nearly twenty pastorates in the course of his itinerant life, and finally doing honor to himself, and giving credit to the institution, by filling the Chair of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, Dr. Nadal was every-where, and in all places, a man and a Christian, a thinker and a talker, and, better than all, a living exemplar of the doctrines that he wrought into words and wove into his writings and public discourses. We subscribe to the words of Bishop Foster, when he says of his friend and colleague, he was "the generous friend, the genial colleague, the cultivated scholar, the tireless student, the tender-hearted, gentlemanly Christian." His discourses are full of life and fire and incident, and are models for young men as pulpit compositions.

PREACHERS, and probably sundry other good people, will gratefully thank Messrs. Nelson & Phillips for placing within their reach Dr. Adolf Wuttke's *Christian Ethics*, translated from the German by John P. Lacroix, with a masterly introduction by Rev. Dr. Warren of the Boston University. Those who have been hitherto shut up to Paley, with his lax morality, Wayland, Dymond, and shoals of inferior moralizers, will be pleased to see a treatise that presents ethical science, not from a merely natural and rationalistic, but from a thoroughly evangelical stand-point. There is only a step further to go, if it is desirable to take it; and that is, for Dr. Warren, or some other able hand, to present us with a treatise on morals that shall be Arminio-Wesleyan, as well as evangelical and Christian.

JOHN BENT & CO., Boston, send us a neat little pocket volume, one hundred and sixty pages of

Scripture texts, calendered for all the months of the year, entitled *Daily Helps in the Way of Holiness*. We have no great affection for the plan of torturing Scripture out of its legitimate connection, and making detached passages mean any thing that the fancy of a quoter may choose to dictate. Nevertheless, pearls of wisdom lie scattered all through the Sacred Volume, that one may safely collect and hoard for instruction and edification, if judiciously done. If we may not, or will not, read whole chapters of Holy Writ, to read single verses is better than nothing.

The Wonderful Lamp is not Aladdin's, but a better than Aladdin's, pointed out to the young in a pretty volume by Dr. Alexander Macleod. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A little book full of instruction and incident for youthful readers.

Comfort Ye, Comfort Ye; or, the Harp taken from the Willows, is a book full of spiritual consolation and comfort, from the pen of J. R. M'Duff, D. D. (Robert Carter & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A volume at once expository and practical, founded on the last twenty-seven chapters of the Book of Isaiah, fitted for Sunday evening, family reading, and valuable as a commentary and help to ministers, constructing discourses on the topic of the book, or on any text from the latter portion of the prophecy of Isaiah.

In the body of the magazine we have made *Santo Domingo, Past and Present*, by Samuel Hazard (Harper & Brothers, New York, and Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), the text of an article. It remains to notice here the book itself. It is a full, stout volume, of over five hundred pages, and contains all one would desire to know of St. Domingo in a course of ordinary reading. Mr. Hazard visited the island in person, and records his own observations, corroborated by consulting, in the libraries of England, every thing valuable in nearly two hundred volumes on the history of the country. The book is profusely illustrated with instructive engravings. Price, \$3.50.

PARENTS—thoughtful, conscientious, judicious parents—are often inquiring "how they shall bring up their offspring," often saying to older and more experienced persons, "Give me some advice on the subject of child-training." The ignorant, opinionated, careless, incapable slaves of custom, willing pupils of tradition, prefer to go on in the old way, to follow the beaten track, to do as their fathers and mothers did, and as their ignorant ancestors have done from time immemorial. Thinking parents read with avidity essays on Education, listen to theories of training, and endeavor to adopt the best modes in

bringing up their families and rearing their little ones. Great improvements have been witnessed in some departments of this responsible work; in other directions, parents and superintendents of instruction are still as ignorant and willfully stupid as Esquimaux. Some are willing to adopt plans, and do try to carry out theories, but lack the brains, patience, or invention requisite to convert their good intentions into assured success. A nice little book, full of suggestive hints, and thoroughly on the right track, on the subject of the treatment and education of children, is, *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*, by "H. H." (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati); price, one dollar; and we know not how a dollar could be more profitably invested by teachers, parents, governesses, and every class of child-trainers. It is full of entertainment and instruction; and we feel warranted and safe in saying that the carrying out of the principles of the author, adapting them to the ever-varying circumstances of life with ingenuity, will save children much pain and parents much labor. This little volume deserves to be, and really is, a hand-book on the right treatment and correct education of children and youth.

THE prevailing passion of the age for romance has not destroyed the taste for essay. Essayists are more numerous in this century than they were in the last, and are not lacking in Addisonian grace or Johnsonian power. Charles Dudley Warner's *Back-Log Studies* (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston), are after the fashion of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," and are quite equal to Holmes in quiet humor and quaint suggestiveness. The author overflows with observation and truthful criticism of men, manners, politics, customs, topics, authors, and works of art in all time and both hemispheres. It is delightful reading, and as instructive as it is delightful.

ANOTHER series of delightful essays, full of vivacity and practical thought, lies before us in Mrs. J. C. R. Dor's *Bride and Bridegroom*, in the form of letters to a couple of acquaintances, stretching through a period of years, and embracing sensible suggestions and advice from the days of courtship to the maturity of parenthood. No book that we know of seems so suitable for a bridal present—better far than the everlasting salt-spoons, butter-dishes, and sirup-cups that figure, often three or four times over, among the gifts which guests are invited to inspect, and expected to admire, spread out upon the piano, at every wedding one is bidden to. Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden have gotten up the book in tasteful style. It will be equally attractive and useful in the library, on the center-table, or in the hands of the more advanced youth of our Bible-classes and Sunday-schools.

HALLAM is a classic. His well-known *Constitutional History of England*, edited by Dr. William Smith, for the special use of students and general readers (in one volume, duodecimo, seven hundred and fifty pages, with an exhaustive Index, over thirty

pages long), comes to us from the Harpers', through Robert Clarke & Co. A book for every library in the land.

THE late Corresponding Secretary of the American Seaman's Friend Society has embodied his twenty-six years' pleadings for the sailor in a neat volume entitled *The Land of Shadowing Wings; or, the Empire of the Sea*, published by Nelson & Phillips and Hitchcock & Walden. It consists of ten chapters, the suggestive titles of which are: How to be Rich; The Ships of Commerce First; The Old Sea-captain's Cry in a Storm; The Light of Zebulun and Nephthalim; The Conversion of Commerce; The Religion of Sacrifices; The Twelfth Commandment; The Mission of Commerce; The Daughter of Tyre; America, the Land of Shadowing Wings. A book for seamen and their friends.

If one desires to spend a few hours in good company, and a good deal of it, let him get Rev. Frederick Arnold's *Turning Points in Life* (Harper & Brothers, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), showing how slight and trivial circumstances, favorable moments, or unfavorable, exercised a lasting influence on the life and destinies of individuals, armies, kings, and nations. The style is lively, the reflections philosophical and profound, citations are numerous, incidents abound. The book is full of agreeable and profitable reading, and has a full Index at the end.

IN an octavo volume of six hundred pages, Mrs. Julia M'Nair Wright (Zeigler & M'Curdy, of Philadelphia, publishers) has, under the title, *Saints and Sinners of the Bible*, written up the histories of some thirty-five or forty of those who were so lucky, or unlucky, as to be embalmed for the world's praise or dispraise, and who are periodically dragged from their cements and sarcophagi for inspection and question by the pious, the curious, and the interviewers of each succeeding age.

THE visit of Professor Tyndall to the United States was one of the events of the current year, 1872-3. His lectures were the treat of a life-time to those who were privileged to hear them. To those who were not, there is some slight compensation in their publication by Messrs. Appleton & Co., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Tyndall's *Lectures on Light*, six in number, were composed in this country, and delivered in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn, New Haven, and New York, and netted twenty-three thousand dollars, thirteen thousand of which Professor Tyndall conveyed, in trust, to a committee, authorized to expend the interest of it in aid of students who devote themselves to original scientific research. In the volume before us, in the compass of two hundred pages, we have what the scientific world of the present day knows about light. Tyndall is a voluminous writer, scientific, popular, and probably without a superior either in knowledge of physics or the modes of presenting to others the results of researches in understandable form. A profound thinker, a great

worker, an indefatigable writer, a popular lecturer, and a brilliant experimenter, few men stand higher in the scale of usefulness and public favor than Professor John Tyndall.

MANY books we glance at, some we scurry through, some we look carefully over, a few we read. Nine books in ten are not worth printing, and ninety in a hundred of these are not worth reading after they are printed. So it must be a novel or a useful topic, or an unusual attractiveness of style, that will chain our attention from the preface to the end. *Woman in American Society*, by Abba Gould Woolson (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), is a book of this character. This series of essays on woman, in all her relations as school-girl, candidate for matrimony, citizen's wife, farmer's wife, originally published in the *Boston Journal*, needed not the recommend of John G. Whittier to attest their worth, or to secure the attention they deserve. Thoroughly literary, thoroughly practical, and dealing unsparing blows at the follies, the frivolities, the mistakes of American manners and American Society, and pointing out rational remedies for antiquated abuses, the results of ignorance, the tyranny of custom, and the slavery of fashion, this book is worthy of the perusal of every lover of the sex, and of every well-wisher to the future of the American people.

RELIGIOUS novels. We have half a dozen on hand. Here are two of the Hollywood Series, written by a Methodist Minister, under the *nom de plume* Francis Forrester, a worthy successor of Frank and Fanny of the same cognomen, *Stephen and his Tempter*, and *Florence Baldwin's Picnic*, published by Perkinpine & Higgins, of Philadelphia. Capital stories for boys, and sure to have as great a Sunday-school run as all the works of Esquire Forrester do.

NEXT, we have *Annetta; or, the Story of a Life*, by Margie S. Hughes, published by Hitchcock & Walden, which proves to be the story of several lives, with some good living, and some tragic dying, interspersed with incident, useful sentiment, and pious reflection.

Not Bread Alone: a novel on prayer, by Jennie M. Drinkwater, published by Robert Carter, New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. The authoress is a capital dialogist, and is perfectly at home with girls and boys. The burden of the story is the conclusion, slowly arrived at by Eggleston's little Shocky, that "God hadn't forgot." The fifth chapter is a lively dialogue headed, "What is Prayer?" and the motto of the fifteenth is, "We ought always to pray, and not to faint." Thus, in these novelistic days, are the Bible and religion being woven into romance.

Morag is a Sunday-school tale of the Highlands of Scotland, anonymous, and a republication by Robert Carter (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), evidently from a woman's pen. Blanche Clifford, a London miss, goes to spend the Summer shooting-season with her sporting father among the moors

of Scotland, and there falls in with little Morag, a girl of her own age, the wild, untamed, unkempt daughter of a game-keeper; teaches her to read, teaches her all she herself knows about the Bible, God, Christ, and religion, does sundry other missionary work, and then dies, leaving her Scotch *protégée* to grow to a good Christian womanhood. Nelson & Phillips advertise to issue the same story.

Beechwood, by Rebecca Ruter Springer (Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia), belongs to the class of romanised religion, or religionized literature. The book is in the form of a diary. The writer of the diary, beginning at fifteen, forms a first attachment for a young gentleman who proves not to be steady enough to suit her, and she breaks it off and marries a bachelor nearly as old as her mother. She deals with poetry as well as prose, and intersperses the story with some good verses. Geographical accuracy is of no account in a novel—*vide* Thackeray's "Virginians"—and it is no wonder that the authoress locates Yale College in Hartford instead of New Haven. The authoress is said to be a graduate of the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, and her book does no discredit to herself or the institution.

WELL-KNOWN novels are Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*, household edition by Harpers, and Cooper's *Pilot*, in paper, by D. Appleton & Co., New York, Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

JOHN E. POTTER & Co., Philadelphia, are publishing, in numbers, a *Complete Bible Cyclopaedia*, edited by Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., LL. D., with valuable contributions by eminent divines, illustrated by about three thousand engravings—thus teaching almost as much by the eye as by the letter-press. We do not like to see pictured Bibles; but here is a whole gallery of illustrations of Bible matters in a volume that contains every thing that can elucidate the sacred text. Issued in numbers at fifty cents a number, it makes payment easy to subscribers, who will possess themselves of a Biblical library and never feel the expense.

Pay-day at Babel, and Odes, by Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. Van Nostrand, New York.

FESTIVAL MUSIC.—Messrs. Church & Co., have published in neat style, paper covers, for use at the Cincinnati May Musical Festival, *Beethoven's Ninth Symphony*, vocal score, with a new translation of the words from the German; *Orpheus*, by Gluck; *Dettingen Te Deum*, by Handel; besides extracts from Mozart's *Magic Flute*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* and *Messiah*. Much credit is due to this enterprising firm for the tasteful manner in which these cheap and popular editions of these works of the great masters are issued.

JUVENILE SONG-BOOKS.—*Songs for Worship*, by T. C. O'Kane, for the use of Sunday-school, family, and social meeting, by Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden.

Cheerful Voices, by L. O. Emerson, Boston. Oliver Ditson & Co., publishers. First lessons, songs, duets, trios, and choruses, sacred and secular.

Our Letter-Bag.

SHAVINGS—FROM THE CAPITOL.—Why not? If the newspapers find us so entertaining—catching us up in choice morsels, rolling us under the intellectual tongue dressed to every conceivable taste; now abusing our Congress, now our hotels, anon making us hide our sensitive faces with shame, as we tread the picture-lined corridors of the capitol, denouncing our officials, sneering at our customs; in fact, slashing us about and throwing mire over us, as if we were the boot of a worn-out stage,—if this kind of sauce is so palatable to general readers, why not vary it with a relish of occasional truth?

Certainly, to be noticed by abuse is better than to be ignored. We have long been highly honored. Now, if we were not somebody, or somebody's collateral is it too much to presume that we'd be let alone? But the newspaper has sat upon us—a perpetual coroner's jury—keeping the doctor away, and the public at large in the opinion that we were past recovery. For a long time we were reputed to be the very worst place ever devised or imagined; a kind of social excrescence, which every body sought to pick. Collectively, we were a vast, moral graveyard, reeking with the half-buried remains of decayed politicians: individually, spreaders of pestilence.

Now there are just one hundred and thirty-three professional scribblers, male and female (*vide* Directory), who, I doubt not, are this minute skirmishing around like so many literary sharp-shooters, turning us inside out for something new. And these in buckram are not less formidable, for now and then one in hoop-skirts. It is this body of one hundred and thirty-three, backed by some five hundred "occasionals"—a sort of light infantry—that works upon us like so much salt-water internally administered. The man who, by chance or sympathy, writes a good word for us is "recalled to fill another department of his journal." We have been so put upon these many years, that nobody wonders more that we were not wiped out—removed.

But we are changed. We are fast arriving at the dignity of cleanliness. Our hotels have changed hands. We have a Board of Public Works, and a Board of Health, and board at reduced rates. We have a representative in Congress, and the small-pox, and some other distinctive claims to respectability. We close our saloons on Sunday, and hope soon to close them every day, except Fourth of July and New-Year's. We wear clean shirts, and attend Church once a week. We have even so far recovered our sense of decency as to put a few of these sharp-shooters in jail. The one who said the most to our discredit has condescended to settle among us, stealing our very name for the title of his paper! Our wealthy citizens are building palatial rows, our new-comers are filling them, and clamoring for more.

Our society in Winter is fast assuming the position for culture, refinement, and high literary taste, of the best in the country.

MURRAY.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.—Thanks for the beautiful picture given us in the March number of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY*! Do I not speak for hundreds of my sister readers, and admirers of art, as well as for myself? O, how pretty! what a lovely face! what an exquisite form! what a radiant countenance! These exclamations have doubtless burst from the lips of old and young when eager eyes rested for the first time on that fair engraving. Did we not contrast our own thoughts with hers? If we had been fretting or pining or scolding, harboring spiteful revenge against our neighbor, and imagining our innocent selves most bitterly persecuted, was not that sweet face the mildest and yet the most timely and effective reproach that could have been offered? Ah! how many of us were just then ashamed of our selfish, unpleasant thoughts, and blamed ourselves with our extreme ugliness!

But look again. Can we divine those pleasant thoughts? The artist knows what they are; but he has left us to settle the question according to our several fancies. Is she weaving a rose-garland for the Queen of May, and silently dreaming of to-morrow's jubilee? Are the fragrant, zephyric wings of a thousand hidden Cupids fanning her into blissful reveries? and do the birds pour into her ears the soft, sweet music of love; while in the transparent atmosphere around her, she sees a vision—the enchanting vision of her lover? Have opening blossoms and verdant leaves and the cooling shade, the blended voices of birds and brooks and balmy breezes, the distant sunshine, the pearly clouds, and the azure heavens, filled her soul with poetry, and lifted her thoughts to the great Author of the beautiful? Does she ask, "If God has made this world, where none but pilgrim sinners are, so pleasing, so sublime—O, what must heaven be, the home he has prepared for the blest?" What pleasant thoughts! Fair, but silent, inanimate maid though you be, you are speaking to thousands, and performing a mission of love. Like contact with the good and the pure, is the influence of chaste and beautiful pictures. Now that Summer's sunshine and shade are blending their sweet effects, and all the world is clothed in its richest garments, while we sit encircled with loveliness, wooed by nature's enchanting smiles, rapt in joyous, happy meditations, we would again thank the artist for giving to us, and to the world, his "Pleasant Thoughts."

E. E. E.

CRITIQUES.—As a late number of the *REPOSITORY* has recently taken up the character and inimitable

satires of Molière, I fancied the heart of your witty critique, who declares "the staid old home and religious magazine drags its slow length along, often interesting, but never funny—promptly suppressing any dangerous tendencies to animation," might perhaps be rejuvenated by Molière's fun, or an item of it; for it is quite impossible that the whole play of "Amour Médecin" should find its way into the pages of any magazine, as it takes so many more words to express an idea in English than it does in the original French. Do you as you like, however, about the publication; although I have half suspected myself that our magazine needed more "traps to catch sunbeams" in its essays, while it lacks nothing in the way of spicy vivacity, so far as the editor's contributions and "Table" are concerned.

Have you read the mystic poem in the February *Scribner*, from the pen of a lady, heretofore one of the most pleasant, sane, and common-sense writers for the *REPOSITORY*? Is it not a pity, that in these days of literary or of other so-called "progress," and etherealized philosophy, every poet who has a soaring mood, feels called upon to darken counsel literally by the verbose clothing of ideas, until our minds wander in a kind of *Dante-Inferno*, groping after comprehension of these mysterious rhymes?

As Hannah More once said to Horace Walpole, "To get at such ideas, is like picking wild blackberries—the fruit may be sweet enough, when you find it; but one gets so scratched and vexed in the picking, that who cares for the good when secured?"

If, therefore, you have not read Amanda T. Jones's poem, "One Night," it may entertain you to do so.

And with one other contributor in March number of *REPOSITORY*, excellent as the article is in the main, I must have a clashing word.

I wonder how Miss Emma G. Wilbur ever read Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation," in the way of novels, that she can have the courage to place so polluted a name and besotted a brain by the side and in the same order of mind with the saintly Mrs. Browning; the brave, pure, womanly Miss Mulock; with the almost inspired genius of Dickens and Scott; with the cynical but never depraved pen of Thackeray. No writer of the present day is so low in his demoralization—none so dangerous in his perhaps attractive obscurity. It is a mysterious problem that I can not solve, how the *Harpers*—with their high religious instinct and venerable position as editors of the very highest status and seniors in publication—can suffer their magazines to be polluted by such worse than trash. But it is never well to handle such men.

I congratulate you in having secured a work by the author of that quaint and beautiful volume, "Mary Powell," which interested us many years gone by, and "Octavia" is written with the same simplicity and elegance. E. M.

RED WING COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—The readers of the *LADIES' REPOSITORY* perhaps never heard of this school; so, with the editor's permission, I will proceed to tell them that it was established, a

year ago last Summer, at Red Wing, Minnesota. The building is of brick, and is situated on one of the beautiful bluffs, which are so numerous in Southern Minnesota. It is four stories high, besides the basement, in which are kitchens, dining-hall, and armory for the boys, who drill every pleasant day under competent officers. The main floor has parlors, sitting-rooms, teachers' offices, and a well-supplied reading-room. Floor number two consists of a large assembly-room and recitation-rooms. The third floor is divided into twelve comfortable and pleasant rooms, occupied by the lady boarders. The fourth is similar to the third, and is known as the boys' floor. Spacious halls run through the center of each of the stories.

The Faculty consists of Professor Hood, the Principal, an intelligent Christian gentleman; Mrs. Hood, a lady of delicate health but winning address, and beloved by all the boarders; Mrs. Bunnell, the matron, one of the noblest women that ever lived; Professor Beaman, a thorough scholar and gentleman, but belonging to that class of people who deem woman's intellect very small compared with man's; Miss Rowell, Principal of the Preparatory Department, a young lady of more than ordinary mental culture and worth; Professor Krapf, a graduate from a German university, and himself a German, who teaches all that wish to study that language, and has also a large class in Music, both instrumental and vocal. Last, but not least, is Miss Slater, who has only been here a week or two, but whom we already love.

A. B.

A QUERY.—In the November number of the *REPOSITORY* for 1872, on page 339, is a piece entitled "Winona," in which we read, on page 341, that the young maiden, Winona, "leaped off the rock into the water," when beyond the sight of her pursuer, swam to shore, and at last reached civilization. In the March number for 1873, on page 178, is a piece entitled "The Mississippi," in which reference is made to the Maiden's Rock, and reads that Winona threw herself down this precipice and "fell a lifeless corpse."

Can you or your correspondents give me any information as to which was right; whether she swam to shore and reached civilization, or fell a lifeless corpse?

J. H.

[We do not consider it of any serious consequence how she died.—EDITOR.]

GRACE.

The last is gone! last of those fleeting things
That money buys, the place called fondly home;
A stranger has the spot where childhood's voice
Echoed in songs and glee the bright day long;
Where, each new morn, the sound of prayer went up,
And at the close of day fresh thanks were heard
To Him on high "who doeth all things well."
Farewell, old home! hereafter stranger feet
Shall tread thy halls; new voices break the silence
Reigning there. I envy not their gladness;
For my best treasures still are all my own;
Those money can not buy: my own loved ones
They gather round the hearth-stone, and their smile
Bids care begone, and lifts our souls to Heaven.

B.

Editor's Table.

MAY, MAYING, MAY-DAY.—In old times the first day of this Spring month was celebrated as a festival. If our calendars were right, the first day of Spring would coincide with the twenty-first of March, the day in which the sun crosses the equator at the vernal equinox. Time was when the rural populations of several countries of Europe gathered flowers, made floral offerings, elected a queen, and danced around the "May-pole." These customs have fallen into disuse in the other continent, and have never been adopted in this. Much is said and written about the "merry month of May;" but in the Northern States of the Union it is a harsh, uncomfortable month.

"April showers
Bring May flowers."

may be true in England; but with us June is really the flowery month, the first that brings balm and perfume and perfect freedom from water-proofs and overshoes. In New York City the first of May is moving-day. Carpets are torn up, goods hustled into carts and wagons and drays of all descriptions, some families turning out while others are moving in, and all is hurry, bustle, and confusion—a harvest for express-wagons and carriers; distress, damage, loss, and misery to thousands who do not own their own homes. Franklin said, "Three moves are equal to one fire." If so, how many families have been many times burned out? After all, May is a beautiful month, whose lovely, pleasant days are the harbingers of birds and fruits and flowers. We print elsewhere Tennyson's beautiful "May Queen," in the recitation of which Mrs. Scott Siddons appears to much better advantage than in the "sleep-walking scene" as Lady Macbeth.

THE *Methodist*, one of the best of our denominational papers, which usually speaks independently, and seldom says what it does not mean, notices the REPOSITORY as follows:

"The LADIES' REPOSITORY shows great vigor under Dr. Wentworth's management. He is happily carrying out the example which his predecessors have set him, of making each volume an improvement upon the last. The REPOSITORY continues to grow better. The selection of illustrations is made with taste, and an appreciation of art, while the articles are all adapted to the peculiar design of the magazine: they are presented to the reader with great variety in subject and style. The March number is illustrated by a fine landscape of 'Morning at Calamity Point' (in the heart of the Adirondacks), and an ideal picture entitled 'Pleasant Thoughts.' The list of articles is full and attractive."

EVANSTON COLLEGE FOR LADIES, Miss Frances E. Willard, Principal, "is the only woman's college

in existence having trustees, faculty, and pupils all of the 'gentler sex.'" No wonder the Evanston College for Ladies is a decided success.

TO POETS.—Before you send off your next batch of verses to press, compare them, verse by verse and line by line, with what John Wesley says about Charles Wesley's hymns; and remember that Charles Wesley would not have been the poet he was if he had not had John Wesley for a critic.

No doggerel.
No botches.
No patched-up rhymes.
No feeble expletives.
Nothing turgid or bombastic.
Nothing low or creeping.
No cant expressions.
No words without meaning.

ONE PEOPLE AND ONE TONGUE.—President Grant wound up his Inaugural of last March with what, in this country, was understood to be a rhetorical flourish of the millennial type, when the world shall resume its ante Flood and Babel condition and experiences, and be once more one people and one tongue. The warlike Prussians fire up at this, and want to know if the President of the Union means to insult them by intimating that German and Welch and Senegambian and Choctaw are to be wiped out, and English to become the paradisian colloquial of the world. European monarchs and statesmen have yet to learn, and they are slow in acquiring the information, that the utterances of senators and presidents carry with them no weight beyond the expression of opinions for which they are alone responsible, and do not convey a national threat or conceal a national design, as the intimations of monarchical officials are accustomed to do. We hope the day will come when railroads, telegraphs, commerce, and Christianity shall make the divided races one, and when there shall be a language that can be used by all races in common. We have long believed a universal alphabet a possibility. We believe also in the possibility of a universal language. It will not be English or German, or any other dialect full of unmouthable consonants and impossible vowels. If it were ours to do, we would take the three thousand languages of the world and out of them adopt the best words to signify things and ideas, the easiest and most natural inflections, and the most regular conjugations, such as would be possible to all organs, and such as would reject all barbarisms. Who will invent and patent such a language at a general convention of the nations?

WOMAN, WORK, WAGES. is a trinity that enlists more reflection, excites more discussion, and provides more topics for press and lecture rostrum than the

ages-long question of three persons in one Godhead. English Emily Faithfull and American Anna Dickinson have been urging these and kindred topics upon the attention of the country with an eloquence and earnestness proportioned to their magnitude and intrinsic worth. We are, as in duty bound in virtue of our office as the conductor of a woman's journal, great advocates for the rights of woman; but when we were stowed, in March last, into the rear of a large audience-room, and compelled to stand for an hour just out of ear-shot of the fair transatlantic celebrity, we felt that it ought not to be regarded as one of the rights of the sex to charge half a dollar a head to several hundreds more than the speaker could make hear. Miss Dickinson speaks extempore, or recites from memory, while Miss Faithfull reads from a thoroughly prepared manuscript. Miss Faithfull is calm and deliberate, and her enunciation clear and distinct; Miss Dickinson is earnest, often loud, but runs her words together in such a manner as to render it difficult for the ear to disentangle the sense, and compels the closest attention to keep the run of her discourse. Man certainly has the vocal advantage of woman as a public speaker. Miss Faithfull and Miss Dickinson both dwelt upon the disabilities of woman, though both conceded that machinery and social and civil regulations and public opinion were fast removing the barriers to woman's full enfranchisement. Miss Dickinson's notices of her ten-years' labor for the advancement of her sex were rather sad, discouraging, and dirge-like. She had labored to create opportunity; but she intimated that woman's opportunity was often greater than her capacity, and opportunity and capacity were both greater than willingness. The great lack of the sex seemed to be the want of a settled aim, education for a specific end, and a determined purpose to make some special trade or calling a life-business. Most women enter upon callings merely as a make-shift, a stopping-place for temporary convenience, a stepping-stone to something else higher and better. Miss Faithfull insisted more strongly on the perfect identity of interest between the sexes, that man's rights and woman's were one and identical; that whatever promoted woman's usefulness or enlarged her sphere did the same for the opposite sex. Both intimated a sort of heartless, lackadaisical, want-of-interest style, in which women employed in public stations, for instance, as clerks or telegraph-operators, go to work. The contrast made by these speakers between girls and boys as *employés*, was intensely favorable to the boys. The hands won't work when the heart is not in the work to be done. A woman will not make an efficient teacher, who takes up teaching merely to while away time till she gets an acceptable marriage offer. A girl will not make a good housekeeper if she enters without heart upon household duties. She will not be a successful seamstress who does not give herself and her time up to the needle and sewing-machine, and who does not revel in fashions and dress-patterns. In her fifteen-years' labor for the enlargement of the possibilities of woman, Miss Faithfull has seen vast improvement in the tone of

public feeling and opinion in reference to woman, and in the ideas of women themselves as to what they are able to do. Idleness is a curse, and no class of society should tolerate it, much less be proud of it. The first element of successful industry is the finding something to do; the next is to do it. Opportunity will not fail her who has capacity and willingness. In this country, at least, there are abundance of open doors, and those who will may enter them. It need not be said of the American woman as of a voluptuous and idle Oriental, "The iniquity of thy sister Sodom was pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness."

BISHOP M'ILVAINE.—The death of this eminent servant of God and the Church has given voice to sentiments of regard for his person and admiration for his talents and usefulness on every hand. To the clergy of Ohio he was especially endeared by his broad views, his unflinching advocacy of right, and his just catholicity. The Preachers' Meeting of Cincinnati passed appropriate resolutions, in which they express their sense of great loss, their reverence for his high intellectual qualities, his eminence as an author, his deep-toned piety, his active philanthropy, his suavity of manner, his inflexible rectitude, and the illustration afforded by his long and useful life that the Christian is the highest style of a man, and his exemplification of the fact that the broadest field of usefulness is that of the Christian minister. He lived for the good of men and the glory of God, and rests from his labors and enjoys a rich reward.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The first week in May will witness a grand musical performance in Exposition Hall, which will rival, if it does not surpass, the great musical gatherings of Boston and New York. Thirty-six choral societies will aggregate their strength, so that some twelve hundred trained voices will unite to reproduce some of the choicest works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Gluck. The world-renowned leader, Theodore Thomas, is to conduct the performance, and his celebrated band, heavily re-enforced, will add the requisite orchestral accompaniment, in addition to a powerful organ, which is being built for the occasion. Cannons and bells will be dispensed with. Madam Dexter, of Cincinnati, and Madam Smith, of Boston, will be the soprano soloists; Miss Cary, alto; Whitney, of Boston, basso; Rudolphsen, baritone; and Mr. Varley, of England, said to be a worthy successor of the renowned Sims Reeves, will be the tenor. Four evening and three day concerts are proposed, and admission to all, with reserved seats on a transferable ticket, is offered for the low price of ten dollars; single admission, with reserved seat, two dollars. Chorus singers and local committees and managers give their services. Professional players and singers must be paid. Expenses are heavy, and Boston jubilees proved to be ruinously unprofitable. It is hoped that a tasteful public will generously make this, so far as paying expenses is concerned, a pecuniary success. Beyond this, profit is neither expected nor desired.

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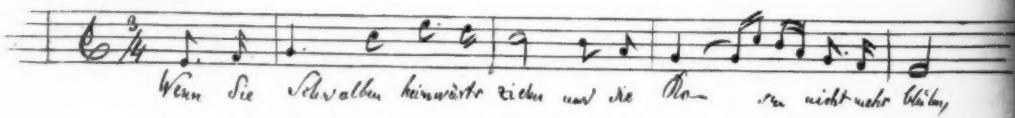
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"When the Swallows homeward fly"



Engraved for the Ladies Repository by W. Wellstood.

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Thom Hob.





CLIFFORD BURKE